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THE

# LIFE AND OPINIONS

OF

GENERAL

# SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER,

G.C.B.

22314

BY LIEUT.-GEN. SIR W. NAPIER, K.C.B.

ETC. ETC.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.—VOL. IV.

WITH PORTRAITS

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## NOTICE.

In the comparison of Charles Napier and Desaix, 1st Vol., the French general is represented as a small man; but it would appear from Marshal Marmont's memoirs that he was tall.

The description of the swordplayer's feat, vol. 2—cutting an orange on Sir C. Napier's hand—has, it is said, been taken as implying a horizontal stroke. That would not have been remarkable as regards dexterity or nerve. The cut was *vertical*—downwards, on to the hand.

# LIFE

OF

# CHARLES JAMES NAPIER.

## SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

### SEVENTH PERIOD.

How little Charles Napier allowed ill-treatment to affect his public conduct is now to be shewn. Comprehending the art of governing largely, he with a stoic's austerity set all personal feelings aside while labouring in that vocation: and his Memoir on Scinde, before mentioned, as hastily composed for Sir John Hobhouse, will indicate his power of mind in the accomplishment.

"Memoir on Scinde, 1846.—As the system on which I have governed Scinde for near four years is not known at home, except to Lord Ellenborough, it may be well to give a slight sketch of it.

"1°. State of the People.—The people of Scinde are wild, uneducated, and warlike, but a noble nation if the word nation can be applied to men who have no national feelings, no union. They are divided into tribes, some stationary, some nomadic. All are addicted to robbery and murder, if we choose to call their acts by those names; but to do so would not be strictly just, because no law existed under the

Ameers against such crimes, in which those princes largely participated. A few general rules did exist under the Mahometan rulers, but were so entirely open to every species of corrupt influence that it is an abuse of terms to call them laws. They only applied, if applied at all, to the first of three great classes into which the population is divided, viz. Beloochees, Scindees, Hindoos.

"The first are Mahometans, and till the conquest were masters of the other two, who were their slaves. The Scindees were absolute serfs, over whom every petty Belooch chief held the power of life and death, and used it freely. Each tribe protected itself, because in reality no law existed; and in a very curious way they did so. Tribe A, being in want, would rob tribe B, which took no notice of the depredation for a time, longer or shorter according to circumstances. But when the proper time came for remuneration, tribe B, having perhaps a quarrel with tribe C, proposed to pardon A if it would help B to rob C. This accepted, a small compensation for the original robbery made up the quarrel between A and B, and so on. Thus a sort of rotatory system of plunder, well understood, went on amongst all the tribes.

"In this manner pressing necessities were relieved by what may be rather called forced loans than robbery; and between these domestic attacks there intervened the plunder of travellers, and the levying of black mail on caravans. This black mail, with a limited but existing commerce, enabled the tribes to live in a country where neither lodging, nor clothing, nor firing, are needed, and where the greatest chief lives under a mat stretched on a few poles. It is true the richer Hindoos have houses in the towns; but they are built of mud, and purposely wretched in appearance, or the Ameers would have instantly squeezed money from the owners.

"The above system seems to us robbery, to the people of Scinde a conventional arrangement well understood, and

producing no very bitter hostilities amongst the tribes; but, except amongst chiefs it in a great measure prevented intermarriages, and each tribe kept itself pure and distinct. And with regard to murder, as we Europeans would call it, it was in fact a rude natural law, understood and rigidly maintained. If one of tribe A seduced a woman of tribe B, the woman's friends killed both, and a blood feud arose; the two tribes, from the moment, become deadly enemies, unless both tribes joined to slay the culpable pair: in that case no feud arises. But suppose a man of A seduces a woman of B and her relations kill her, while the man escapes; then tribe B will have a blood feud against A, and the first man of A they catch will be slain. The feud would then cease so far as the tribes were concerned, but the worst consequence of such a barbarous state would follow.

"The innocent man killed has probably no connection with the offending man of his tribe, and his family will in public avow the justice of his slaughter; but in secret they vow a private feud with the man, and the family of the man who slew their kinsman: they watch him for years, and either he or some of his family is finally slain! Then the balance of blood is upset, and both tribes arise in arms. These private blood feuds are by no means objected to by the tribes; the family who suffer unavenged would be dishonoured.

"I have traced out the minuteness with which this blood system has been followed for many generations, and have had several opportunities of doing so:—recently a remarkable one, between the Bullfoot Noomrees and the Choota Noomrees. The first are our subjects, the last our neighbours; they knew I would not let them fight, and made me umpire. Originally one tribe, they split 100 years ago, and have carried their feud down to the present hour. The chiefs embraced in my presence with a peculiar ceremony, the Choota making the first advances, as the Bullfoot is the acknowledged head of all the Noomree tribes. When I

proposed reconciliation, they said my sword was stronger than their swords, and what I ordered they would obey.

"Here it must be remarked, that on a reconciliation it is not unusual for the murderer to give a sister, or daughter, in marriage to the next akin of the murdered man; and I have known a daughter of a slain man given to his slayer. Educated to expect this, it is not by the women considered so shocking as it would be with us.

"From the time a blood feud begins an exact account is kept, and until both parties have slain an equal number no reconciliation can take place: sometimes not then; and so accurately is this account kept, that it even comprises wounds not mortal. This is all murder according to our ideas, but among them is no more so than duels amongst us; not indeed so much, for we, if we choose to seek it, have a protection in law, whereas these people before the conquest had no other protection. The terms, robbers and murderers, cannot therefore justly apply to the people of Scinde; and as to petty thieving it is scarcely known, except a little in the large towns, and in our cantonments, filled as they are with blackguards from Bombay.

"This perfect division of tribes prevented their having any national feelings, or any attachment whatever to their late masters the Ameers. I saw this at my first coming, and on the conquest turned it to account, by giving each chief all he possessed before the battle of Meeanee, and also greater security of possession: for under the Ameers no man who was not very powerful was secure of his jaghire. I thus attached the nobles to an order of things giving them advantages not before enjoyed; and I acquired great knowledge of their feelings from the collectors:—especially from Captain Rathborne the collector at Hydrabad, who lives on intimate terms with the most powerful of them, and is himself an officer of great ability.

"System of Government.—I shall now state my mode of governing and reclaiming these rude people.

"Having secured the confidence of the chief men as to their possessions, my next object was gradually to subvert their power over the Hindoo and Scindee slaves: not called so but being so in fact. The abolition of slavery by the supreme government gave the first blow to this, so far as their purchased Africans were concerned. The second step was to listen to all complaints of ill-treatment made by the poor, whether against Englishmen or Beloochees; this produced a feeling that justice and protection would be given to all under the British rule. The third step was to deprive the chiefs of the power of capital punishment, of torture, in fine of all punishments, forcing them to apply to our magistrates for justice. This in some measure lowered the chiefs in the estimation of their retainers, but raised the latter in their own estimation, and it was necessary.

"The fourth step was to abolish the abominable old Indian system of regulating the price of labour by a tariff; the market for labour was at once thrown open, and wages rose, from forced labour, nearly unpaid, to 3*d.* and even 4*d.* a day. This met with opposition from the English, and strange to say, I have hardly been able to enforce this rule yet! A tariff on labour is said to prevail in India at this moment; but this is not known personally to me, and I can hardly believe in such foul injustice and tyranny towards the labouring class. By this measure the condition and feelings of the poor have been so much improved, that if the government was so unwise as to restore the Ameers, my doubt is great as to their being able to hold their thrones for six months: all would be confusion and bloodshed.

"Fifthly.—I deprived all people of the right to wear arms in public, with exception of the chiefs, on whom the prohibition would have fallen as an indignity; and probably they would not have borne it so patiently as they have other rules, of a nature more fatal to their supremacy as feudal chiefs. Moreover had they been prevented wearing arms, all would have been involved in discontent and have

made common cause: by leaving them their swords and shields, them alone, their personal consequence and appearance was augmented, and their vanity flattered. Their followers cared little for the deprivation, not being worked up to anger by the chiefs; but if so worked, in a contrary case, would have cared much, and been prompt to use the arms against us. All was received with good temper, and the chiefs girded with their swords acquired additional importance.

"But this was not all. The Scindees and the Hindoos who never were allowed to bear arms, the first being all cultivators the last all merchants, also acquired importance, which pleased them much. They found themselves on a level as to civil rights with their former tyrants, by having the latter pulled down, which gratified them perhaps more than being raised themselves. They were no longer in awe of the armed Belooch, whose scymitar had been before drawn on the slightest provocation and fatally applied. It is now man to man, and the Scindee is as good as the Belooch in a bodily contest, allowing for the habitual fear of the slave; this cannot be at once removed, and prevails the more strongly from those unhappy reports, spread by the infamous Indian press, that the Ameers are to be restored.

"A letter arrived last Christmas from the ex-Ameers, stating that Lord Ashley had written to them, saying they were to return and live on the frontier as private gentlemen. I am unable to say what truth there is in this report, but the Hindoo merchants believed in it; and in consequence thereof sent quantities of their money away to Muscat and Bombay, and prepared to abandon Scinde. The first notice I had of it was from a great sirdar, nephew of the Ameers—a man who stood by them to the last against us, and who possesses a principality in Scinde, restored to him by me, as a reward for his faith to his family. He fought at Meeanee and at Dubba, and again in the desert; and when Mohamed the Lion fled from Scinde this sirdar laid his

sword at my feet: he has heartily entered into English habits, improving his land, and is very clever in adopting civilization.

"He said, 'I and many others will be ruined if this news be true, for we must join the Ameers in a conspiracy to overthrow the English government, and we shall all be ruined: for God's sake tell your government to let us alone. We are quite happy and getting rich, but all who have Talpoor blood in us must join our chiefs if you let them come here. As to their living as private gentlemen it is nonsense.' Such were his words, and assuredly, if the Ameers are allowed to come, blood will be shed; not by the people, but by the great sirdars, who are, as they frankly avow, bound in honour to help their family chiefs. This Talpoor sirdar's expressions were emphatic. 'The first time I was received by the general, as a brave man and faithful soldier who had honourably fought against him, and I have received from him all, more than all I had before, and if I fight again it will be as a traitor, and I can have no claim for mercy, and shall be destroyed, having deserved my fate.' Thus speaking to Captain Rathborne he got excited, and taking a jug of water that stood near him filled a glass, and exclaimed, 'You English are an odd people. You have conquered Scinde, you have done us good, all is full like this glass, but when you have all ready for profit, instead of drinking you throw it away thus;' and he emptied his glass on the floor. He avows his dislike of his family, but says, 'If they come and call on me to help them, life, everything, shall be sacrificed to my honour as a sirdar of Scinde, and a prince of the Talpoor family. I tell you this beforehand, and do not therefore accuse me of ingratitude to the general, or of being a traitor. The English government is mad if it allows the Ameers to return.'

"The prohibition of bearing arms has done vast good, tending more than most things to make the people quiet and orderly, and preventing blood feuds and murders, from

the sudden ebullitions of temper peculiar to men of hot climates.

"Collection of Revenue.—When the above-mentioned steps were effected, I divided the country in three great collectorates, each having a head-collector, and a certain number of deputies, all English officers. They are all magistrates, with restricted powers of punishment, and to help them I gave them the whole establishment of the Ameers for collecting money and inflicting vengeance. As to punishing moral crimes the Ameers never interfered. The only crime in their eyes was disobedience of their orders; and those orders had but two objects; amassing money and obtaining materials for their debaucheries. The last was easy, being only painful to individuals; but the first opened a door to great and general calamity, to injustice, torture, wholesale ruin.

"Their machinery for general extortion consisted of *kardars*, head men of villages, who collected the taxes: of *umbardars*, who, when the grain was collected, took charge for the Ameers. Each of these kardars and umbardars had their familiars to execute their orders, and what those orders were depended upon what the kardars generally were; not always though, as the following fact shows. If the price of grain was high, the Ameers ordered the kardars to sell immediately at a price stated in the order, one always above the market price, and to place the money in the treasury without delay. The kardars would then assemble the richest people, divide the grain, make each take a portion and pay the money instantly, perhaps more for his own pocket. If any refused a hot iron ramrod was placed between his thighs as he hung by his thumbs from a beam. The money being thus collected, and God help the kardars if it were not, each zemindar, or farmer, took his forced purchase away and divided it in like manner, and with like persuasion amongst his ryots, who, being poorer, had larger allowances of hot ramrods. The kardar in such cases

could not help himself if he would, and it gave him an opportunity of extorting money for himself, for the Ameers would not listen to any complaint if their money was right."

This was the patriarchal government so regretted; the object of Lord Ashley's anxious solicitude!

"All these kardars and umbardars I made over in mess to the collectors, who thus had all the actual servants of the Ameers, and thus also a large body of influential men were enlisted by self-interest on the side of the conquerors: they robbed us of course at first, as the English officers, besides being new to the duties, were quite ignorant of what ought to be paid; but now the collectors know their work, and from their military habits and experience in commanding men, they very quickly got the machinery into high order, and the revenue rapidly improves. They all keep diaries, which are sent to me weekly, and I thus learn what goes on in each district. These diaries are read to me by the secretary of government, Captain Brown, an officer from whom, I have, during my whole residence in Scinde received such able assistance, that in justice he should be styled my colleague rather than my secretary.

"Police.—For the peace of the country, and to prevent the troops being disseminated, which would bring them into too familiar contact with the people—thus diminishing that wholesome fear of our power which is to be maintained by shewing the troops only in large masses—I established a strong police of two thousand men, well armed, well drilled, and divided into three classes: one for the town, two for the country. The first are all infantry, the last, infantry and cavalry, and called the rural police. These assist the collectors but are under their own officers, a separate body to which the tranquillity of the country is entrusted. The police never agree with the kardars, for they inform against the frauds of kardars, umbardars and zemindars; and these again complain whenever the usual faults of police, viz. insolence and overbearing are displayed. In

this manner both are kept in check, and both protect the poor, not from humanity but spite. The motive signifies little, the government and the poor profit from the results; and the poor, looking to both for protection, dislike neither; but their appeals give much trouble to the English officers and myself at times. One or two deputy-collectors have been weak enough to enter into the disputes of their subordinates, but this is ephemeral, and there are enough of men with sense and temper to control this folly. The whole appears to work well, and the police not only seize almost every thief, but are very good troops. I took a large detachment into the hills to make soldiers of them. They had at first sundry battles with large bands of robbers, whom they generally defeated: now no bands exist.

"Control of the Administration of Justice.—For this purpose an officer was placed by me as judge advocate general, and he has by practice and study acquired much knowledge of his work, and of military law: he was sent to me by Lord Ellenborough on that account I believe. He is calm and dispassionate, has good sense and an amiable disposition; which, with great industry and uprightness, singularly qualifies Captain Keith Young, that is his name, for the post he so worthily fills. To him I have given two deputies.

"To the judge advocate general all the magistrates send their reports of the trials they are competent to enter upon. Those crimes which are of a deeper dye, such as murder, robbery with violence &c. are first examined by the magistrates; and the preliminary depositions on oath are sent to the judge advocate general. He submits them to the governor, who orders thereupon, if he judges it fitting, a trial by a military commission, consisting of a field officer and two captains; or, if officers are scarce, a subaltern of not less than seven years' service, and a deputy judge advocate, conduct the form of proceeding, but without a voice as to finding or sentence. The minutes of trial go to the judge advocate general, who makes a short report upon

the sentence and submits the whole to the governor. If the court, the judge advocate general, and the governor, all concur, the last confirms the sentence and orders execution. If the court and judge advocate general differ, the governor's opinion decides.

"Under this system, justice, as quick as I can ensure it though not so quick as I wish, is administered; and the prisoners have in fact the opinion of three courts: 1° the Commission, 2° the Judge Advocate, 3° the Governor. I read all the trials with great attention, frequently twice or thrice over, especially when the sentence is capital; and never order execution till I have given at least two, often several days consideration to the matter. In smaller affairs the deputy-collectors try cases at once, and send the proceedings to the collectors, who either confirm the award or object; in either case he forwards the proceedings to the judge advocate general, who has in some cases a casting voice, but in others appeals to the governor.

"In addition to the above there are for civil cases what are termed *punchayets*. I have made a slight change in these: formerly they had no remuneration, but I give them an allowance, just sufficient to cover their loss of time. They are something like our juries; perhaps courts of arbitration would be a better appellation. Hitherto I have confined their functions to civil cases, reserving the trials of all criminal cases for Englishmen; but my wish is to enlarge the operations of these tribunals, which under another name I found existing in Greece, and very useful. They exist I believe in all eastern countries under various names. The English jury is but our form of it; in Greece it is the 'Court of Ancients;' in India a punchayet. Their powers vary at different periods, and in different countries, according to circumstances. In India and Scinde this power is limited; in the Punjaub they lately assumed supreme power. This subject demands much consideration, as a cautious mode of gradually inducing the people to take part in the government of their

own country; but it is very possible the directors do not think that so advisable and wise as it appears to me.

"Such is the simple process by which justice is administered in Scinde, and the frequent disagreements between the opinions of the magistrates, military commissioners, judge advocate and governor, proves in my opinion the independence of the judges, and the good working of the system. It is merciful rather than harsh, especially as the judge advocate and myself, so far as we can with justice, endeavour to modify the sentences and make them go with the feelings of the people, and not produce disgust with the government. I have long since applied for leave to transport culprits to Aden, but have not had any answer. If it should be permitted, the necessity for capital punishment will be much abated here, and the government would gain cheap labour for the fortifications there. The culprits would come back at the end of the sentence, and that great evil, so justly reprobated by the Archbishop of Dublin, forming a condemned population, would be avoided.

"Revenue.—Under the Ameers it was averaged at between 35 lacs and 40 lacs. Under my government it has gradually increased from 9 lacs to 31 lacs; and there appears no reason to doubt its being 35 lacs next April: the general opinion of the collectors is that it will in 1848 be 40 lacs, and gradually increase, because commerce is gradually doing so, and cultivation has this last year been greatly extended. However this letter is for facts, not conjectures and theories. I am given to understand, that the conquest of Scinde has added very much to the Bombay revenue, by preventing the smuggling of opium into that presidency through the Portuguese colony of Demaum, but this is not of my own knowledge and I have no means of ascertaining the fact"—shewn in the parliamentary papers afterwards, to have amounted to nearly four millions sterling. "But I have also to point out, that when the Ameers' revenue averaged 35 or 40 lacs, one of the most productive of their

taxes was the transit duty *radari*. This has been abolished, and yet there is every probability that our revenue will exceed that of the Ameers: many other taxes have been abolished by me, and in comparing the two revenues, the amounts of all the abolished taxes should be added to mine, when it will appear that the lesser taxation has produced more revenue.

"Commerce.—Our imports of European goods have, since 1843, increased from three to nine lacs in 1845; and to ten lacs the first six months of 1846: and the merchants now cry out for steamers to convey their goods up the Indian rivers to the sources of the Indus and Sutlege. Memorials to this effect have come to me, and I have begged of the governor-general to make over four of the war steamers to this government for mercantile purposes. They will thus repay their own expence, be equally available for war, and facilitate commerce by a rapid and safe transmission of goods. The calculation now is, that six boats out of seven are lost coming down the river at certain seasons, or the goods are destroyed by the badness of the country boats and ignorance of the boatmen: this is a prohibition of commerce. No steamer was ever lost on the Indus.

"I understand that trading companies would instantly be formed; but merchants are not altogether to be trusted in this country upon such points, the desire of gain deceives them. However, this demand for steamers having arisen I think it ought to be complied with, and the more so as we have discovered an inland passage for steamers from Kurrachee to the mouth of the Indus: one steamer has actually passed through it. It runs parallel to and very near the shore, which shelters it from the furious monsoon sea, whose violence during five months renders a passage between Kurrachee and the mouths of the Indus impracticable; the only doubt is whether this inland passage is affected by the inundations: this will be decided when the waters subside."—It was not so affected.

"If all turns out right Kurrachee will be the real mouth of the Indus, and not like the other mouths, varying with every inundation and useless for commerce. Even should this passage fail the merchants will equally require steamers for their commerce, from Tattah to the sources of the five waters.

"Agriculture.—Cultivation and revenue are both on the increase in Scinde, the cause being that heavy taxation has ceased; and since we have ruled, considerable immigration has taken place from the neighbouring countries. I am endeavouring to improve still more the ryots' condition: for you must know sir, that the system of farming revenue has generally prevailed in Scinde; the Ameers farmed every branch. This detestable practice has been abolished by me, but still the zemindar exists. He hires large tracts of land from government, or from jaghirdars, and while he cheats his landlord starves the ryot, as far as men can be starved in a country full of game and wild fruits:—men who can rear fowls without cost, and who have abundance of fuel for the mere gathering:—men who go naked, who require no houses, and who make no difficulty of stealing a sheep if hard pushed. A man first steals a camel, rides it one hundred miles to steal a sheep, returns next night and turns the camel out in the jungle from whence he took him. No one is the wiser, unless the owner of the sheep misses his animal in time, that is to say, while the footmarks of the camel are fresh: in that case he hires a *puggee* who *pugs*, i. e. traces the camel, and the thief is caught. These puggees are unerring, and they follow a track for eight or ten days and nights. Unless a storm of wind effaces the footsteps with sand, or a fall of rain washes them away, no ingenuity seems able to evade a good puggee.

"The zemindar oppresses the labourer, driving him to idleness and robbery. I mean to grant small farms to the ryots and thus take them out of the zemindars' hands, by giving them only as much land as they, the ryots, can

cultivate by their own labour; and they are to pay their rents to the sub-collector direct, without the intervention of either kardars or zemindars. My hope is that this will not only raise the character of the poorer ryots, but greatly increase our fame in the surrounding nations, and add to the population of Scinde, to its happiness, and its revenue. I have also adopted a measure, successful to my knowledge in England, that of making small loans to the poor when they are distressed by unforeseen accidents. These loans are repaid to government, because they are advanced with caution by the district collectors and sub-collectors, and the repayments, by instalments, is rigidly enforced under certain rules.

"Taxation may be still more reduced, and yet the revenue will increase: this can, and shall be proved. Our crops this year are good; but in great danger from locusts, which have destroyed the grain in the neighbouring countries. This country has had no time to settle yet after the conquest. People fancy that trade and agriculture are at once to spring up like Aladdin's palace. I reckon that it will require at least ten years for Scinde to recover from the effects of the Ameers' tyranny, and from such a great revolution as the people have undergone: it appears to me no ordinary matter that already they are tranquil and rapidly improving. At the time of the battle of Hydrabad, my expectation was that it would take ten years to get Scinde into the state it is now in. Lieutenant-Colonel Outram publicly proclaimed that we should have ten years of guerilla war. So much for his knowledge of the people of Scinde!

"Military.—I shall make a full statement under this heading in another paper, because the papers laid before parliament and ordered to be printed by the Commons, 30th April 1846, are not correct. Meanwhile I have only to say, that the large force maintained in Scinde are not here for Scinde but for the Punjaub. For two years my con-

stant report has been that 5000 men are more than sufficient for defence, and the preservation of internal tranquillity. This has been contradicted by an ignorant and factious party at Bombay, but I am ready to prove that this force is more than sufficient. Have I not quitted Scinde with nearly my whole force even when the Sikhs were up and might have been looked to for help, as they were always by the Ameers? And has there ever been the least doubt of the public tranquillity? Never! And there never will be while I am here, because that tranquillity has been based, not on force of arms after the battles, but upon the justice and kindness of the government towards all ranks. Not an Englishman has been murdered since the Ameers quitted the country; not an Englishman has ever been insulted! These are facts of no small weight, and not of usual occurrence in these Eastern countries: nor in any recently-conquered country.

"The extraordinary military expenses are of two kinds. One relating to supplies; the other to building of barracks. The first will diminish when the force does, and three-fourths must for the last two years be placed to the account of the Punjaub; the other fourth to the first *occupation* of Scinde, not a penny to the *conquest of Scinde*, except the cost of barracks at Hydrabad, and that has been very much more than covered by the surplus revenue paid into the general treasury. The conquest of Scinde has not cost a shilling to the East India Company! On the contrary, it has saved money. For I defy any politician or soldier to say with truth that, had the Ameers still ruled, we could have occupied Kurrachee and Sukkur with a smaller force than was here during the events of the last two years, at Gwalior and on the Sutlege. I will say more. Had the Ameers ruled during the last two years, Scinde would have presented sanguinary scenes when Gwalior was in arms and the Sikhs crossed the Sutlege; had the governor-general been weak enough to reduce the garrison to 5000

men in 1842-3—that force being divided at Kurrachee and Sukkur—he would have lost the whole country. The delusion of Lieutenant-Colonel Outram, who could not perceive the Ameers' hostility till they attacked him at the Residency, would, had he retained the direction of affairs I succeeded to, have lost the whole army.

"He would again have lost it in 1844, or even in 1845. For all would have been apparently tranquil the first year till Gwalior was ready; and in the second till the Sikh army crossed the river, which would have been attended by a simultaneous and equally unexpected attack on Kurrachee and Sukkur: no reserves could have been then brought up, and the enemy would have found a weak, divided, and every way unprepared force. Lord Keane's large force was scarcely able to hold the Ameers in check even before the Affghanistan disaster. The result would have been cost of blood and treasure far exceeding what has been expended: therefore I assume the Scinde conquest to be, except in the opinion of an obstinate faction, a great saving of blood and money. And there is the honour of our arms, which has certainly not been stained since the end of 1842.

"My opinion may be called an impartial one as regards the policy of the conquest, for I cannot recollect ever having presumed to offer a single suggestion to Lord Ellenborough on the subject. So far from it, that I did not expect it to be annexed till I was appointed governor: my notion was that the Ameers would be subsidized. I admire Lord Ellenborough's policy, it is true, but I must equally have obeyed my orders had I disapproved. I believe I am a singular instance of a successful general run down by his own government for having obeyed the superior authority set over him by that government! And singular also in receiving no support from home, when all I have done has been approved of by successive governors-general. Yet this is what Lord Ripon and the Court of Directors have done by me. I am prepared to prove that the conquest has been less

expensive in blood and money than the occupation would have been, according to the original intention after the destruction at Cabool. And if the intention was not to occupy Scinde with a diminished force, then the result of the conquest is the addition of its revenue to the public treasury without any additional outlay. This is the real state of the case, and it will be so found, when passion, prejudice, and the very insidious, very virulent, and not very honourable warfare made upon me shall subside: a moment I wait for with patience because confident of the result.

"Climate.—That the climate of Scinde is very hot is unquestionable; but that it is more unhealthy than any other part of India is untrue. No doubt many soldiers have died; so they have on every new conquest, and for very simple reasons:—want of comfort, want of good barracks, want of local experience. All these fell on the army of Scinde at once. The country was so entirely ruined by nearly a century of tyrannical government, that we are really more like a colony planted in a desert, than an army occupying an inhabited country! We have lost but few officers, even including those who died of cholera and other diseases unconnected with locality: they were better lodged and had more comforts. But now we are gradually getting good barracks constructed, and Scinde will not be unhealthy beyond what all parts of India must ever be to Europeans. Twice since the conquest have epidemics fallen on the troops; moreover the European soldiers have suffered from drinking ardent spirits—bad ardent spirits, and because their constitutions are not congenial to a hot climate: we have also twice had cholera. All this frightens weak and timid people, and they unjustly condemn the climate.

"Natural Riches.—This country is capable of immense produce: the soil is rich beyond description. My efforts are directed to control the waters of the Indus, and this will ere long be effected: then the produce will be very great; at least so think all who are best able to estimate its

resources. The present want is that of a sufficient population to cultivate the great quantity of waste land. The mines are supposed to be rich, and the fields of salt are innumerable.

"Surrounding States.—The newspapers talk of our being constantly embroiled with neighbouring states and tribes. This shews great ignorance on the part of those who make such assertions: not one neighbouring tribe has the least desire to quarrel with us, they gradually come to settle in Scinde! All who love peace and desire to cultivate and enjoy the fruits of their labours, wish to settle in Scinde, and numbers do so. A report shall be made out of foreigners who have settled here since the conquest.

"Such is the general state of Scinde since I have governed it, and nothing has been mis-stated. To enter into details would require more time than is at my command, and have made this memoir a book: if there are points requiring more detail it can be furnished. But under my system the revenue has increased and is increasing; the people are contented and happy; there have been no conspiracies, or insurrections, though the hill campaign and the Sikh war furnished tempting opportunities.

"Here sir, I will venture an opinion, and it is a correct one. Not formed by an *old Indian*, which frequently means a man who has been living twenty years in India, eating and drinking; who without any knowledge of the people dogmatizes upon India, as if, instead of being in profound ignorance, he possessed a thorough acquaintance with people and country. No! My opinion is that of a man who has for five years studied the character of the people, and governed them for four years.

"It is this. If a civil government is formed in Scinde the revenue will be swamped by large salaries to civil servants, with immense establishments and little work. For as civil servants of experience and real knowledge will not quit their good positions in India to come here, the province will

be overrun with young and ignorant men, initiated in all that is luxurious and idle in India, without experience, or perhaps ability to acquire it. They may be very good fellows, smoke, hunt hogs, race, drink beer, and issue their orders in bad Hindustanee to subservient native clerks; but these last will, consequently, soon get the real power into their hands, and turn it to account by all sorts of venality and oppression of the people.

"The result of all this will, or at least may be, bloodshed and waste of money. The people here have no respect for civil servants: soldiers themselves, they look to be governed by soldiers; a feeling which would make them ready to draw swords if affronted by civil servants. And in proportion as the civil servants increased expence would increase, and the military decrease, and the defence of the country would get weaker."

This view has been confirmed since. The expence of Scindian government has increased under the Bombay civil system; and the surplus revenue raised by Sir C. Napier in troubled times, has in profound peace sunk to a deficit of £300,000, as shewn in parliament by Sir Erskine Perry, April 18th, 1856.

"I am aware that inconvenience arises from the extensive employment of military men in civil government; and I have introduced four or five uncovenanted civil servants with good effect, because, with one exception, they have conducted themselves with diligence and modesty; but three covenanted servants sent to me by Lord Ellenborough were quite useless. They were, I have no doubt, clever and gentlemanlike young men, yet a dozen such would have paralyzed my government. They would have thrown it into the hands of clerks and natives. These men do the business certainly, but then let them have the pay and responsibility. Get rid of the gentlemen with their high salaries, their cheroots, their wild pigs, and beer barrels: let those men who do the work have the offices! When men have other

pleasures than their business they are good for nothing in that business.

"Let me now conclude by saying, that though the officers with me, and I myself, might have done more and better, no one will deny that we have struggled against many and great difficulties: war, with pestilence in its utmost extent and virulence; the destruction of a whole harvest by locusts; and the greatest part of another by an unprecedented sudden fall of the inundation before the grain was mature: these have been amongst the evils which have afflicted Scinde since 1843.

"In the midst of an extensive military command I have had to construct the entire machinery of a civil government, being assisted only by young officers who at our first starting had little or no experience; but zeal and abilities have served me well, and diligence has overcome the greatest obstacles. In the collection of revenue a total want of local knowledge was nearly insuperable. How we have succeeded we must leave the world to judge; but we have done our best; and if, as is stated in the journals, it is intended to change the system of rule here to one more analogous to that of India, I am ready, if called upon, to give a full account of my mode of conducting this government since it was confided to me by Lord Ellenborough in 1843: ready also to deliver it over to my successor, who, my hope is, may feel the same interest in its welfare that I do. If on the contrary, the present government approves of what I have done, and wish me to remain in my present position, I am prepared to continue my exertions as long as my health will permit me to do so with justice to the public service."

A change of system had been loudly clamoured for by the Bombay gang at this time, and echoed in England; but it was understood that this able memoir, written off in two hours! stopped the intrigue. To the copy of it sent to his brother were added some notes, with the following explana-

tions. "These notes are old but will give Sir John Hobhouse a good idea of my system, so far as they go, and if you think them worth sending to him do so. They are a rough sketch of crude ideas; but several things, indeed nearly all mentioned, have been effected, with small modifications.

"Private Notes. — 1°. All land ought to be let by government on leases of 7, 14, and 21 years: the best land, that is land where water is most easily supplied, on the shorter leases.

"2°. The produce being divided into three portions, government should take a third; the remaining two-thirds going to the occupant, who takes all the expences of cultivation.

"3°. If the occupant cannot supply his land with water the government is bound to do so for him; but he must keep the canal or well, as the case may be, in repair under a penalty.

"4°. Government should give a premium for every new well dug, if the water be good and the well a Pukhur one, i. e. built with burnt bricks. The well should be valued and paid for when the tenant quits the land, unless he be turned out for misconduct. But that can only be by decision of the governor, who is to order a visit by the magistrate of another district, and his reports being compared with that of the district magistrate the decision will be made. No tenant should be turned out unless for some very grave offence; and if punished by a less authority than the governor's it would, besides being injurious to the government in other ways, shake the confidence of the tenants generally, and hurt cultivation.

"5°. All waste land taken on lease should be let for 21 years, and the first two years rent free. If at the end of two years the whole is not in a state of cultivation, the government will mulct the tenant to the amount which the land ought to have paid had rent been demanded; unless he

satisfies the collector that there was adequate cause for the neglect.

"6°. If a man takes a lease he shall be bound to cultivate the land until the expiration of his lease; and he must pay full rent in cash quarterly for his leasehold: if he does not cultivate the same, he must go to prison, and there labour until government is remunerated by the market price of his labour, deducting only the expence of his keep.

"7°. All leases are to explain clearly, 1°. The term of the lease. 2°. The extent of the leasehold. 3°. The forfeit in case of breach of contract.

"8°. The collectors, at the recommendation of sub-collectors, may make occasional advances to poor people of respectable conduct; these advances must be small and repayment rigidly exacted as to sum and time. They may be made to the amount of the cost of a pair of bullocks, or a cow; or in such small sums in money as the collector may deem useful assistance to meritorious men, who without such aid would sink in the scale and turn robbers.

"An advance on loan to build a well might enable a good cultivator to repay the money tenfold: but I repeat, that the repayment must be rigidly adhered to, and the debt registered. Such loans may be for a month, for half a year, or a whole year, or even longer, at the discretion of the collectors, who, though not responsible for repayment of course, are to be nevertheless responsible for the money, unless, at the expiration of the period, he has made demand for repayment. As no honest debtor should fail a fine is to be levied on those who omit to repay their loans; this fine is to equal the interest of the sum at 4 per cent., or whatever sum government pays as interest at the time.

"These loans are very useful, but their utility wholly depends upon the exactness with which they are repaid. I prefer them, very much, to the habit prevalent in Scinde, of remitting a portion of the rent: that practice opens a door for much fraud upon government, and is only of question-

able utility to the poor. The propriety of it is a matter of much doubt in each particular case; it is also a breach of rules, and no one can say how wide the breach may be made. A loan breaks no rule; it is an isolated transaction, complete in itself; an act of justice which the poor man has a sort of claim to, and which does not lead him to the hope of cheating government by false statements of distress. Every part of the transaction is accurately defined, and admits of no evasion from friendly feelings of kardars, or by bribery.

"9°. With regard to jaghires, I am decidedly of opinion that they ought to be abolished as rapidly as possible. No present holder can be dispossessed unless for crime; but whenever a jaghire is resumed by government, it should be divided into leaseholds of from 20 to 150 begahs of land. Meanwhile if any jaghirdar will buy land from government at 30 years' purchase, he is welcome; and so may any other person: for it is desirable in the highest degree to give some fixed tenure of land in Scinde. At present no man is safe. I can deprive the largest jaghirdar of his land at pleasure! This is the law of the Ameers as conquerors: it is not one which the British conquerors should adhere to, as it is an effectual bar to agriculture and civilization, and justice.

"10°. In my opinion it would be useful to give small jaghires to Belooch gentlemen in fee simple, with a small heriot in money yearly. The thing necessary in Scinde is to create property, and confidence in its possession, and in the fruits of agriculture. As to commerce I would give it no protection or encouragement, beyond the security that the merchant shall not be robbed or ill-treated, or overtaxed: but I see no wisdom in seeking to encourage it. Let commerce alone, leave it free, give it facilities, and it will take good care of itself. Not so with the labouring man, on whom all the taxes fall, and from the sweat of whose brow the revenue springs.

"Commerce is like the bundle of fagots; combined and

strong for profit; agriculture is the unbound fagot, the sticks strewn far and wide. Even the rich agriculturists have little of the force of combination: they meet by appointment, they talk, crudely or wisely as it may be, and disperse. The labourers never combine, but naturally, when suffering forces them to assemble, it is generally for the violence which wronged men are prone to. Merchants, especially when manufacturers, and all belonging to them, are in the highest degree well-informed, systematic, and in fine combination, without being overscrupulous as to humanity. Now in Scinde, the merchants are Hindoos and we may let them swim as they can; our business is to attend altogether to the labourers, who are poor and honest in their way, though wild and ferocious. One of the best things to be done is the establishment of agricultural schools, and this can best be done at Kurrachee.

" 11°. With respect to water, I think the government should keep the whole system of irrigation in its own hands; but if, on further experience, the great canals or feeders are found best in the hands of government, and the small ones left to individuals paying a water tax, then I think the *hukkab* should be levied, not upon the quantity of cultivation, but on the leaseholder in proportion to the size of his whole leasehold. The data on which the amount shall be calculated might be thus established. Let the engineer estimate the expense of digging canals of a certain size, at per foot or yard; and let the proprietor and engineer settle how many yards of canal the former requires to water all his land, not merely what he has brought into cultivation, but the whole of his property. Having thus found the amount, government should pay one-third of the cost, and the leaseholder two-thirds: in the case of freehold property the owner should pay the whole expence, that is, should water his land himself. Thus each will pay in the ratio of his profit: for though it is true, that out of his two-thirds the occupant pays the expence of culture, the government pays the cost

of collection, and also the cost of the great feeding canals.

"12°. As to farming the revenue, it is one of the greatest acts of tyranny that can be committed, and enough to produce insurrection. That it facilitates the collection of taxes is certain; it is in every way *convenient* to the government, till it overthrows it altogether! It is an oppression, and a dangerous system: yet there are advocates for it, and it has some strong points of defence. My resolve is to get rid of it as regards the ryots. As it regards the Hindoo merchants, there may be some sources of revenue paid by them which are better farmed than not, for their exertions to defraud the revenue cannot be easily met by any other system.

"13°. The poll-tax now levied on the Hindoos is atrocious. We must either levy it on all our subjects, Mussulmans and all, or on none. The first thing to do, is to ascertain the amount of this tax, and then deal with it as I have said, or do that which is best—abolish it!"

These notes and the memoir indicate, and only indicate, a part of the great range and laborious diligence of the creative mind governing Scinde; but the following letter, addressed to Sir C. Napier, at a later date, by one of the ablest of the collectors extends the field:

"If I am called home, my examination by the Lords' Committee, will not I trust be confined to those points which Lord Ellenborough's letter would seem to point at, and which could be got equally well, or better, by returns, imports, exports, and things of that kind. If I am to judge by what I saw of Sir George Clerk's examination, there are other questions opened regarding the taking as well as the governing of Scinde.

"There is the feeling with which the conquest was looked upon in Scinde, which, from my intimacy with all the leading men, no one is more capable of speaking to than myself.

"There are all the preparations of the Meers for war,

in the shape of orders for provisions, and for Beloochees moving on Hydrabad, long before you came to it, which my possession of their records enables me to discover.

"There are fictions to refute as to the amount of plunder taken from them, which an examination of the *Tosha-Kana*" —treasury-accounts—" enabled me to unravel.

"There is the new falsehood of Lord Jocelyn"—in parliament—"that the ladies had not carpets to sit upon; whereas they lent me more than I had use for, at the durbar held when Lord Dalhousie came down.

"There is the fiction of their poverty, met by the fact, that Outram himself changed his resolution of handing them his share of the prize money, when he found, through his then friend, French, that they were in circumstances of wealth.

"There is the abolition of slavery to speak of, and its results, a measure not yet accomplished in India itself.

"There is the settlement, *within four years*, of all claims to estates, which, *twenty-six years after conquest*, they are only very partially working through at Bombay.

"There is the early assimilation of weights and measures to the Company's standard, a point which, in a great portion of India, they are as far from as ever, and which was met by a riot, or almost a rebellion, within the last seven years at Surat.

"There is the introduction of the Company's copper money, as well as silver, a measure which all their ingenuity at Bombay has never been able to effect beyond the island.

"There is the fact of the average duration of civil suits being but *two days and a half each in Scinde;* while in India the average duration is of *twice as many months!*

"There is a system of a percentage on civil suits in lieu of stamps, which the best writers in Bengal are there advocating the introduction of.

"There is the abolition of all private rights of seniorage

incompatible with the administration of public justice, or injurious to the public revenue: a measure which the Bombay people would gladly, if they could, effect.

"There is a system of police which the governments of the Punjaub and of Bombay have been glad to try and imitate."

The Madras government has since adopted it, acknowledging its obligations to the Bombay government, which, likewise adopting it, acknowledges its obligations to the Punjaub: but the original of all, and the best, that of Scinde, has been entirely ignored!

"There is the fact, that there never was a man confined for a political offence, and never even a riot to put down in Scinde: put this in contrast with the daily calls for troops to put down outbreaks in the other parts of India.

"There are blood feuds between tribes put down completely, which, before we took Scinde, caused an average of between two and three hundred murders annually.

"There is public morality supported, by putting down the infamous beasts who, dressed as women, plied their trade in the Meers' time openly; and there is this fact to record, that the chief of them were recipients of stipends from the Ameers, as the government records I became possessed of as collector testified.

"There is child murder and abortion put an end to, by which hundreds of infants were sacrificed annually.

"There is the retail trade of opium put on such a footing, as to render the debasing results of its use, to the extent formerly in practice, now impossible.

"There is the barbarous exhibition of men with stumps, from hands chopped off for theft, put an end to, and law equally enforced for all persons.

"There is an agricultural system introduced, which renders the plunder of the cultivator, by any Belooch to whose tender mercies he was handed over as a jagheerdar, impossible.

"There is protection given to commerce, and access to the head of the state opened for commercial men when they

have grievances to complain of, or suggestions for improvements to make, which was before unknown.

"There is the Belooch population, described in all previous works on Scinde as the most barbarous untameable ruffians in the world, exhibiting an example of order, docility, and attention to the improvement of their estates, in which the landlords of many civilized countries might find something to imitate.

"There is—but why go on enumerating? There were more blessings conferred on Scinde within the limited period it was under your domination, than have been effected in any cycle of ten times the duration in other parts of India. And in the rules for sale of land—*now, alas! put an end to!*—the foundation was laid for the most extensive, and the most lasting prosperity: of everything since done also, the foundations were laid in the same period. All this the parliamentary committee should see and know: it should be put on that permanent record.

"I do not know how far they have been touched upon by past witnesses; nor how far it is your intention to shew them by future evidence: I have not seen the Blue book, and of your views am necessarily ignorant. These things have, to be sure, been told by Sir W. Napier in his book of the Scinde Administration; but they ought also to be told before the committee by one who, like myself, knows the systems in other parts of India, and can speak more strongly by comparison.

"I do not know, Sir Charles, whether in speaking so much on these points I bore you: it is possible I may, but no dog of decent breed can see a parcel of curs yelping at the heels of a nobler animal, without longing to fix his teeth with a good honest English bulldog bite in some of them. I pray Providence may spare you to your country for some years; and if it be so, you will live, like the illustrious man whose pall you lately bore, to see your enemies and maligners discomfited, and to become yourself the loved

and honoured of all. England is in the long run generally just to those who illustrate her history: but painful and long have been, in nearly all cases, the trials which envy and faction have first made them pass through."

This letter was written from Egypt six years after Sir C. Napier had quitted Scinde, and when the system of destroying all his creations, civil and military, had been nearly complete as to execution:—they were destroyed, not because their utility was denied, but avowedly, on the truly patriotic ground that they were his! It was Sir C. Napier's intention to have published a sketch of his campaigns and government, and to relate the injustice he had sustained; but the necessity of chastising, by exposure, the despicable conduct of Lord Dalhousie in more recent affairs compelled him to defer it, and before that task was effected the wronged man was in his grave.

The writer of the foregoing letter wished strongly to be called before the parliamentary committee, but could not effect his object, because that committee was a mocking mask to hide from the public the vile features of Indian government. Hence, the great and vigorous government of Sir Charles Napier, so succinctly and powerfully depicted in the letter, was ignored in parliament, or treated as tyrannical, while the obscene and horrible rule of the Ameers was praised; and its restoration called for, because some disappointed knaves, flagitious in wrong, were conveniently clamorous in support of the directors' policy.

# SIXTEENTH EPOCH.

## EIGHTH PERIOD.

THE government of Scinde was now become a mere struggle on the part of Charles Napier to give such solidity to his principal institutions as might preserve them when he should depart. This he hoped to effect by patiently sustaining the detractions and insults of the directors, until the Scindian people should be so instructed in justice as to render the restoration of tyranny difficult.

"Journal, New year's day.—My army is now being broke up, and I will put forth an order taking leave of the soldiers: never did an army more honourably serve England and India than this one of Scinde, and the world shall know what it has done. It makes me low-spirited, my career is over, the actor takes leave of the stage: I have but one more leave-taking and then all is finished!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, January 8th.—Lord Ellenborough wants me to add to my memoir and address it to the governor-general, so that it may be called for and produced in parliament: I will try to do so"—it never was produced in parliament, it would have been a bar to calumny—"He tells me Sir J. Hobhouse is more likely to do me justice than the late ministers; and that the duke is my firm friend. What I want is this. Simply to avoid more quarrels, quit Scinde in good-humour, and then speak out as one who narrates facts, not as one who being driven out speaks with anger. The public will listen to this, but will not to complaints of ill usage; it is not nine days, but scarcely nine hours that London will give to anything private. I have still a great deal of power here, and that is good; and my

silent contempt of the newspaper editors' abuse worries them much I am told.

"You say truly, that no man can see what is good and what is bad. Look at the banks of the Sutlege; look at the Punjaub, a second time placed at our disposal; and Hardinge subsidizes it, though he told me he thought that the worst thing to be done. All this treating with avowed treachery and weakness will not do. We shall want money, the treasury is dry, and we have given away the richest territory to Goolab Sing. How are the subsidy and taxes to be got out of the poor ryots? Force! Our soldiers! Then they must be spread about on a cruel and odious mission. These are dangerous things:—but no man can see what is good or bad: it is just that. Nevertheless the Punjaub must be seized. The Bombay Times makes one laugh with its sweeping lies. It says we have a famine here! We are actually deluged with grain, and exporting, not only to Bombay, but also up the river to Bhawalpoor and Ferozepoor: a quantity also has, as usual, been imported, but cannot be sold and is being re-shipped.

"The soldiers gave me a proper shout of congratulation on hearing I was a lieutenant-general. All the villany of Bombay cannot turn them against me.

"I have a survey of the ground where Stack retired from the Bhoogtees; he did not go nearer to them than one mile and a quarter, and their position was a small rise of ten feet, with a slope of one foot in three hundred! When Islam Khan got safe back he said to his collected tribe:—'I had given up all as lost and I vowed a sacrifice to God if we escaped; my guardian angel saved me, for that moment the English wheeled about without coming at us.'

"Journal, January 10th.—I am a lieutenant-general at the end of 53 years' service. I should not have been that had Lord Ripon the power to prevent it. When he wrote the letter which I thought so frank and noble, my notion was, that I had before mistaken folly for a bad heart: yet at that

time he was planning revenge for my exposition of his conduct in the book on Colonization, and has done all he could to ruin my fair fame. Letters have come from Hardinge: he is I believe true as steel to me. They want me to be commander in chief, but Gough will not budge before September 1848, and I cannot stay in Scinde till then. I will go home and plant potatoes.

"January 16th.—Thirty-eight years ago the great Moore fell! I have never seen his equal since. My father only rivalled that great man; he exceeded Moore in size and strength and beauty of person, yet Moore was a large, handsome, finely-formed man: his fate was better than my father's for he died the best death a man can die! We live for fame, why not die for fame? However I so hate war that I cannot say I live for fame. War is a glorious but dreadful trade: yet how are we to do without it?

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Feb. 3.—Hardinge tells me Gomm is to be commander in chief. I am in a fog. My troops are gone, and I am going to Hydrabad, for if any mischief occurs it will be about there; but I have not the slightest fear of discontent and my presence will be a sedative. Nusseer Khan the chief Ameer is dead and his body has arrived here; it goes up with me to Hydrabad to be placed in his tomb, which, by the way, I went with him to see two days after Meeanee. I would willingly do him honour by a pompous funeral, but am obliged to balk my wishes, and refuse McMurdo's prayers. '*But general, a dead enemy!*' I did not want the hint, though I liked Montagu the better for giving it; but it would raise a notion that government ordered it as a prelude to restoration, and if blood followed blame would justly attach to me. Much therefore as I wish to honour the memory of a fallen man, who had however no honour according to our ideas, I refused myself the credit which would attend it: I have no right from personal vanity to risk bloodshedding.

"Lord Ashley is a humane man I believe, yet his letter

to the Ameers might have cost much blood: so true it is that good men who act in the dark as to facts, pave hell with good intentions. The mischief his lordship has done was, in respect of the Hindoos' private affairs, very great and distressing; and even the nephews and cousins of the Ameers went to the collector in terror at the idea of these princes being allowed to dwell near Scinde. They were not quieted until I put forth a proclamation contradicting the report. Still Lord Ashley has, unintentionally, retarded the perfect tranquillity of Scinde very much, and caused great loss to Hindoo families. As to restoring the Ameers, he can, so far as I am concerned, do nothing more contributing to my fame in these countries. The poor know I devote myself to their interests; they know the cruel treatment they would receive from the Talpoors if restored to power; experience has thus taught them a lesson, and nothing but English bayonets could put back the Ameers.

"It cannot be long before both Lord Ashley and I are placed before a tribunal where truth alone can be heard. He will *then* learn—not to his cost though, for my belief is that he is a good man, that I have acted with honour and humanity to the Ameers and to the people of Scinde; that I see my way with more knowledge of the country than he does, and that I have never done a single act of injustice: that I have raised the character of the English for truth and honour, which the politicals had in all these countries destroyed; and that he has been from first to last in error about Scinde:—misled by the most vile and unprincipled men in India, the editors of newspapers,

"I do not speak thus because I am abused. The vile private characters of many of these fellows is well known; and yet such fellows and their employers are the sources from which Lord Ashley receives his information: they mislead him, and the Court of Directors also. Time will shew truth, and I abide my time, though I do not think justice will be done to me while I am alive; and when I die

I will not say with our great Moore, I hope my country will do me justice! for I am so hardened by abuse and misrepresentation as not to care whether justice is done or not:—*Jedburgh justice* excepted. You are reckoned, and called, a scoundrel for defending my character! Is it not discouraging to a man, however firm his heart may be, to see honest and good men, as I have been told Lord Ashley is, join such a set of unqualified ruffians in running down a man who has lost two of his family in this bitter climate; and who is risking the rest of them from a determination not to abandon his post while he can be of use? But, as I said before, I am hardened, not by feelings, but from principle and reason, having done nothing but what was right and honorable. In no instance has religion or honour been sacrificed by me to accomplish success—my success was acquired by a rigid adherence to both, and those who abuse me my soul contemns."

Thinking this simple statement of the wrong done to him and others, by Lord Ashley's prejudiced and ignorant meddling, would move that professed protector of the Ameers to a better judgment, the writer of this biography sent it to his lordship. The answer brought a conviction that Lord Ashley's philanthropy, though not to be despised, was yet of a nature to qualify him rather for the guardianship of a pond of sweet pap for poor babies, than the welfare of nations, as Charles Napier's was.

"Journal, Feb. 4th.—On the way to Hydrabad I passed through the salt or tide creek. This is an admirable discovery. Alas! Sadly interrupted! My poor servant, Laurence, an African by race, but born in Bombay and speaking English, has just fallen overboard and is drowned. Emily said something that made him laugh while waiting, and to avoid disrespect he went on deck and fell overboard: this satisfied us that no suicide was intended: it is a dreadful affair—fate! fate! there is no avoiding thy blow!

"Feb. 11th.—Hydrabad once more, and on the scene of my

exploits in war. No great things after all, yet not deserving of the abuse poured forth, nor of the ill treatment I have received. I wanted no honours, and want none now: looking to the future state of man makes me laugh at mundane honours, but just treatment is my right, and it has not been accorded.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Feb. 11th.—Were I to resign now, a howl and hiss would arise, driving me as it were from India. It would take too much time to give you all the details to show you this; but to avoid such a result I hold my tongue in one instance, give sweet words in another, and slightly show my teeth in a third; yet in no instance do I come down one iota from my true position, biding my time, and as well as my judgment enables me, steering through the mass of difficulties which beset me. The being placed on the Indian staff, as a lieutenant-general, is a victory which has done me vast service. The ruffians had talked themselves into believing I was to be immediately turned out; this has been overturned, and they know not what to think: waverers are of course now on my side. A lieutenant-general on the Indian staff has never before been heard of in Indian history, save as commander in chief. I do not like to descend into the plains from this height yet, if it is to be avoided; but to keep my position demands good steering; whether mine will be good remains to be seen. As yet no just handle have my foes been able to get hold of, they can only grapple by falsehood, and their attacks come on roaring like great waves; but as I do not oppose them by answers they break like waves and die away.

"I am not for striking a weak blow, I am stronger for striking none, and make a victory of my weakness. I am passive though injured, the very spirit of Pecksniff is in me! The world—I mean the orthodox, moderate world, approves, and the government sooner or later must act: if it does not to my satisfaction then I doff Pecksniff, and become Martin Chuzzlewit! But my whole force must be given to compel

government to take my part by giving it no hold to throw me overboard, and the least defence of myself would do that. If Hardinge and Hobhouse are honest, as I believe, they are supported by the conduct I pursue; if false, as I do not believe, they can be better resisted by doing nothing that can be objected to; and I am in too high a position to be openly attacked by government with impunity: my proper conduct therefore is to wait until a decision is come to about Outram, which Hardinge tells me will be the end of this month.

"Indian courts-martial are my plagues, they are farces. If a private is to be tried the courts are sharp enough; but an officer is quite another thing: try a surgeon for being habitually drunk in his hospital, especially during an epidemic, and he is as certain to be honorably acquitted as that the sun rises. A lieutenant was accused of being drunk recently, and was summoned next day to my house that I might judge of the grounds on which the charge was founded against him and an ensign. The ensign, being quite a boy, I pardoned; the lieutenant was still drunk and most insolent to me. He was tried. My staff were present, and the judge advocate thought calling two of them would be sufficient. I said, take care! these courts have strange ideas, you had better call all six witnesses. Oh! no, general, two are enough for the most fastidious court. The two summoned swore to his being absolutely drunk, and insolent; his fellow-criminal, the ensign, and his native horsekeeper, swore he was sober, and the court *honorably acquitted him*.

"The judge advocate offered to bring all the rest of us to testify, but the court refused to allow him: however I have since settled the acquitted gentleman. Discipline is so rapidly decaying that in a few years my belief is no commander will dare to bring an officer to trial: the press will put an end to all trials, except in law courts. In courts-martial now all is quibbling and disputes about what is legal; the members being all generally profoundly ignorant on the subject:

those who judge fairly in a military spirit are afraid of being brought up afterwards, and the trials end by an acquittal in the face of all evidence!

"Journal, February 24th.—Marriage is a dead drag upon military ambition. I have done pretty well, but not half of what I could have done as a bachelor. Would I go home now were I a bachelor? No! I would never leave this glorious country till ordered away: but am I to risk the health of wife and children for my own ambition? Assuredly not. I love them far too dearly. I will go home and patiently await the blow of nature, which I believe not far distant. I have conquered Scinde but have not yet conquered myself.

"We are returning to Kurrachee, and yesterday examined the tombs of Tattah: they are exceedingly beautiful, built with what some call porphyry, but it is a reddish marble, found at Tattah, and takes a high polish: the town must have been very large some three or four hundred years ago.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, March 6th.—I am delighted to hear that an attack is to be made on me in parliament: all I want is fairly to grapple with my enemies. I am however determined to leave India, being no longer of use here. Hardinge's whole feeling is entirely that of leaving everything to Mr. Currie, and as there is certainly an intention to assimilate Scindian government to the rest of India, I only exhaust life by hard work without a permanent object. Being lieutenant-general gives me no increase of pay, and God knows I have enough: but if I stay here two years more I shall do so for ever. Brown and one or two more only have braved, as I have done, this climate of heat for five years, and they are shaken: I am also too anxious about seven others of my family to bear their being in danger; seven, exclusive of my sons-in-law: I cannot expect to save all, and two went last year. Were I alone I would stay, but my wife and children will not go from me: it would make me easy if they would.

"The same, March 8th.—I have just heard from Har-

dinge: he expects Hobhouse's decision next mail, but from his tone he does not expect justice for me; he says Hobhouse is true, but will he thinks be driven to a compromise with my enemies. I dare say he will, for my opinion is that no man has power to stand against the civil service in India. No, nor any body of men, for they have floored every governor-general, and every government; and my mind is prepared to have no redress. I do not want to have redress, but to have, *under their hands*, that I am not to have it. I all but know that the duke wants me to be the commander in chief, but I cannot wait the regular time. You may easily believe how much I wish such a high position, as an answer to my enemies; but I cannot wait until September 1848; to bear this coming hot season here is an effort almost convulsive—135° in artificially-cooled rooms! Why should I remain? If more could be done by me for Scinde all risks should be run; but any man can now do as well as I, and will be better supported, because they mean to undo all I have done!

"Apropos: I have just done a thing which is not a secret, yet my wish is not to have it talked of, as the directors would undo it if they knew of it, and my hope is their extreme ignorance of affairs will cover it from them till too late to undo! They will indeed be furious, but may be defied, as from a rock. You know all Scinde belongs to government, for the nobles are all jaghirdars: not one has an inch of land that I cannot legally take away when it pleases me. Well, they have never cultivated above a quarter of their jaghires, the rest lies waste; and now, after long meditation upon the giving them their jaghires in perpetuity as estates, I have done so! The arrangement is made by Rathborne and runs thus. I give the sirdars for ever all they have cultivated, and resume the rest of their jaghires; some of which are estates of 300,000 acres! None have cultivated above 40,000 acres, and the government will gain enormously; for hitherto we only got military service for those

principalities, but shall now get money for three-fourths of them. The sirdars will feel they are absolute proprietors of large estates, instead of being tenants-at-will, though they will no longer command a tenantry, which they oppress and might employ to fight us. These resumed jaghire lands I am giving to many small people, and then let the directors send back the Ameers if they dare: it would be economical, for their throats would soon be cut and they now cost money!

"The Court of Directors will be angry no doubt at my giving away their land without leave; but I well know they are incapable of so decided a measure, and, after a long correspondence, they would prohibit it and worry me to death with their folly, ignorance and insolence. I have done it now, and if they undo it, the world shall know how they oppress India and try to keep up a feudal military tenure. I well know how London would catch at '*military tenure.*' '*The dark ages.*' '*Barbarism.*' All the phantoms of the enchanted forest would fill the columns of the *Spectator*, *Atlas*, &c. for a month, with righteous indignation. The Court of Directors dare not undo this system if I can keep it quiet for a month or two.

"Miss Napier, March 6th.—I shall resign and go home. I do not expect to be able to buy a place in England, for they will never pay the prize money, I *opine*, but do not *repine*. I am glad you do not feel old: I do in every nerve and in every limb; strength fails me all over, but Europe may brace me up perhaps. I should like to visit the new planet, but it is rather a long journey:—eighteen millions of years to go round with it, and about three millions to go straight there! I hope the soul travels easier than the body does! Lady Clancarty I love as a sister, and to see her once more will be among the pleasures of returning to England: give her my most affectionate love. I grieve for her severe trials, but the Almighty best knows why the good are so tried, and we shall have all cleared to us ere long: how short our few

years are compared with the eighteen millions required to go round the central sun!

"I have found out that the '*poor ladies*' of the Ameers took certainly one, if they did not take two millions sterling out of the treasury when they left Hydrabad: and the *starving* widow of Nusseer Khan has laid out ten thousand pounds on his funeral! .Poor ill-used ladies."—This cry of the starving ladies was not a momentary one: long kept up at Bombay, Lord Jocelyn had the egregious folly to adopt and make it the subject of a silly oration in the house!

"I wish the Court of Directors would make a direct attack on me; they are I fear playing on Hobhouse's want of knowledge as to military etiquette. He writes to me very kindly, and says Hardinge has mistaken his letter, and that an order is gone to have it sent to me.

"About the suppression of your memoir on the defence of Guernsey. It is curious that our father wrote one on the defence of Ireland, and it was, in a mysterious manner, burked by the Irish government. You were prudent to keep a copy, which he did not, and a very able military memoir was thus lost."

The memoir thus spoken of was one on the defences and harbours of the Channel Islands, drawn up by order of Sir J. Graham. Commissions of naval and military, and civil scientific men, were sent out to verify the recommendations, and one principal one, viz. the harbour of Alderney, with some minor ones, are being executed; yet when the author wrote on the subject to Sir G. Grey, Graham's successor, he was told they knew nothing of the memoir! more than one copy however existed.

"The enclosed letter to Hobhouse shews the style of the attacks on me.

"Sir John Hobhouse.—As the most ridiculous stories are spread about the poverty of the Ameers' wives, and as I hear that an attack is to be made on my conduct this session, it may be as well to inform you of two facts. The widow of

Nusseer Khan asked me to allow his body to be forwarded to Mecca, or to be landed in Scinde. Of course my answer was that I would do whatever she wished. She then said that it had arrived at Poonah from Bengal, and begged me to ask the Bombay government to send it to Scinde. I knew well whence all these petitions came, but laughed, because it was clearly the object to see if I would do, or say, anything that might expose me to the attacks of the then Bombay government gazette—i. e. the Bombay Times. I wrote to the Bombay government, and at my request it sent the body to Kurrachee, whence I forwarded it by a steamer to Hydrabad. Being that of a dead enemy I felt every inclination to receive and inter it with military honours, but feared that, as Lord Ashley was said to have told the Ameers they were to be allowed to settle on the frontier, my doing so might add to the great mischief already done by his letter. Very possibly it was never written by his lordship; but it is firmly believed to have been written by him, which does all the mischief. I therefore allowed the Ameer's widow to bury Nusseer, and she has expended above ten thousand pounds sterling on the funeral! So much for the starving state of that lady, and the others are as rich."—Lord Ashley privately affirmed that his letter assured the Ameers they would *not* be restored; but he never publicly contradicted the forgery of his fallen friends.

"My other fact is, that I have discovered the inventory of the Ameers' treasure, such as it was just before their dethronement. It would take a year to translate, being most minute; but there is an abstract being translated, and I enclose it so far as we have gone. By this, taking round numbers, we can already prove that there was in the treasury 127,93,184 Rs., or more than double the whole of the prize money taken by the army. It is well known to you I believe, that on the capture of Hydrabad, I not only enforced the most rigid respect to the zenanas of the Ameers, but also gave those princes four days for removing their ladies, and all their

private property without molestation. Of this, as indeed I expected, good use was made, and we have in these inventories proof of a sum taken away equal to double what was left. As these papers are translated and adjusted, it will appear that the ladies must have carried away, at the lowest calculation, little short of one million sterling, if not two millions"—*it was afterwards found to be more than two millions!* "However, these papers prove the vast treasure in Hydrabad when captured.

"It may be said, and no doubt will, that the prize agents may have robbed the vast sums which have disappeared. In answer to such a charge, these officers will defend their own honour, my opinion being, that not one of them appropriated one farthing of the treasure. Not only that, but my belief is that it was impossible for them collectively or individually to have done so without detection. I never saw any part of the treasure, or jewelry, till long after the inventories were made, and just as all was being packed up for Bombay. It was then that the agents allowed officers to see it, and I went with many others; but I heard, that in obedience to my orders inventories had been immediately made, and in so public a manner that nothing could have been taken away: certainly no mass of treasure. The high characters of Major M'Pherson, Major Blenkins, and Captain Bagette have never been impeached, the capture of Hydrabad was executed with perfect order, and my own conviction is that everything found was scrupulously accounted for: and so entirely has this been the opinion of the army, that not even Dr. Buist, or Lieut.-Colonel Outram, have yet dared to impeach the honour of the prize agents.

"Henry Napier, March.—M'Murdo went to Bombay, as I thought to see Charlie off, but I now find it was to thrash Buist; happily he first consulted Holland the lawyer as to the consequence, and on his advice relinquished his intention: Montagu is so fierce when his blood is up, that he would have probably gone further than mere beating, and

even taken life. Your saying, 'Do not let the love of power detain you,' made me laugh. I have no power to tempt me. I had under Lord Ellenborough, but now I have only power for harm, not good. The Indian government is ruined, and allows of no expenditure for the good of the land; and the cry got up against Scinde frightens it, as you may guess.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, March 25th.—You desire me to give Hobhouse a complete picture of all my legislative doings in Scinde. I can well shew you why that cannot be done. Every hour is occupied with petty details, many of which are however important, as the working out of a system; still in themselves small and intricate because of three things, besides their own nature. First, being the head of every department, everything is referred for my decision: and in some things Bengal rules, in others Bombay rules, in others again neither rules. I am amenable to two Presidencies; wherefore in Scinde every case becomes a special one for my decision, and being, like others, ignorant of the voluminous Indian rules, a host of official people are watching to pounce upon the slightest error. My labour is therefore great, disagreeable, and, except for my own conscience, thankless and without interest. Instead of writing to you now, I ought to be reading thirty-nine sheets of foolscap from a court of enquiry, and two quires of courts-martial, with documents innumerable, and all written in the most infernal hand. Besides this several hours have been passed working with the government secretary, one hour with the chief of police and petitions, and another with giving audience to various people.

"All this is dead, stupid labour, and, with the heat, so tires my mind that I really write to you to rest it from these details: still I write, but am jaded, and want to lie down and do nothing. Regular government departments have fixed rules, and their details are transacted altogether, being close at hand and agreeing; but I am at war with these civil servants, and with the military departments which take their

part. I do all that I am able to do, but my mind begins to ache so that sometimes I am obliged to lie down, and often read a story book to rest it. It is so tired this day, yet before six o'clock, the court of enquiry and its thirteen appended documents, and the courts-martial, must be read and letters answered.

"I have asked Mr. Clerk to order the law officers to prosecute the Bombay Times for a villanous article; if he won't, or can't, the libellous article shall go to Hobhouse, or Hardinge. As to Jacob, he has certainly abused me, yet that may have been temper of the moment; he thinks Outram the first of military men, and says he may indeed be inferior to the duke, but far beyond Napoleon! I have heard from Delamain. He is all right: he never wrote the letter from Switzerland attributed to him, and is indignant at the supposition; he never even saw it. It would have shocked me had Delamain been treacherous. The man who wrote it was in my belief he who said Delamain did; I had tried him by a court-martial some time before. The whole of the 3rd Cavalry dine with me on the 24th, he among the rest, and I will give my mind to everybody when proposing Delamain's health.

"The arrival of Nusseer Khan's body, backed by all the efforts of the Bombay Times, did not create the least sensation among the people of Scinde, which was the object of the whole manœuvre. Ahmed Khan Lugaree has surrendered: he was with me yesterday and told me the Lion took up the position at Dubba himself; that he had placed his cavalry on each wing, as I had mine, with orders, when we attacked, to sweep round our flanks and charge our rear, but they fled. I asked him why he had not attacked Colonel Stack with vigour on the 22nd when coming to join me? His answer was:—because the Ameer forbid us, saying you had treated the women of the other Ameers so honourably, that as Stack had women with his column he would not attack it: and when he heard the guns fire he

sent orders to his troops to desist. My Belooch enemies are more just than the Court of Directors! Every one of the Beloochees who were at Dubba, with whom I have conversed, have said the same thing about the women.

"The story of the lady in labour I never heard of until it was in the Bombay Times. The true story is this. One of the ladies pretended to be in labour, and sent for a state bedstead, which was mounted with pure gold in large quantities: the prize agent sent her word she might have her choice of all others, but that one he could not give her. The trick to get that valuable gold bedstead having thus failed, the lady, not choosing to take any other, was not confined at all in the fort, but long afterwards at her private residence."—The published falsehood run thus. The Ameer's wife was in labour, Sir C. Napier ordered the prize agents to drag the miserable trucklebed on which she was lying from under her, to swell his prize money!

"The Irish affairs are terrible. I should like to ask Roebuck, and Lord John Russell, who won't interfere with private trade to save the starving thousands in Ireland, why they won't allow a poor boatman on the Thames, or a cabman on his stand, to charge their own prices? Adam Smith was a shrewd man, but theories will not always apply to extreme cases; the food that trains one man in health, kills one that is sick. Nothing about Outram yet: well, Job was a great man.

"Journal, March 24th.—I am now, after four years of incessant work, struggling against injustice and ill-treatment for winning battles! Hard this! *N'importe*, a good conscience and clean hands enable me to sleep sound and pitch the directors to the fittest place for them. I shall leave Scinde happy and prosperous; but there is not amongst the ruling people here any knowledge of good government. Hardinge is a man of fine courage, and a fine-minded man, but in my opinion not equal to the rule of this great empire.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, April 9th.—Stack's case is put on a *mirage*. The soldiers are dissatisfied, and know of no mirage. Jacob reports that the officers were in a hell of a funk. I am unwell, having again had a severe attack, such as fell on me on my journey to Lahore; only this time, and don't I thank God for it, I have not a thousand miles to travel in suffering of body and mind, with a burning tent and a camel's back for comforts. The long-expected decision on my appeal came five days ago, and is a complete triumph for Outram. I send you copies of the secert committee's letters and my answer. Hardinge and Hobhouse are evidently dissatisfied, but won't say so, because they feel unable to do more. I am convinced both have done their best, and long ago I told you how powerful the civil servants were. I shall not lose temper. The committee shall be payed off without expressing the contempt I feel, until I have seen Scinde through this year with its reduced garrison. Were I to resign now I should be destroyed by the rascals; they would manage not to let me go before the monsoon, and then a forced stay here during another hot season, as *Mr. Napier*, would expose me to the insults, perhaps worse, of their civil government while I was alive, which probably would not be long. Proud spirit bide your time. The directors are now trying to deprive me of prize money, as well as honours and honour.

"The Governor-general.—I have received by your lordship's orders, copies of two letters from the Honourable the Secret Committee, addressed to the governor-general. They are dated 21st September 1846, and 15th January 1847, respectively. Upon these letters I shall with all proper respect, take leave to make the following observations.

"Paragraphs 1, 2, and 3, Dispatch September 21st.—We regret much to be again compelled to notice a practice which we deem to be inconsistent with the public interests, and at variance with the rules by which alone due discipline and

obedience to superior authority can be adequately maintained.

"In our dispatch of the 20th November 1845, we approved of your having called the attention of Lt.-Col. Outram to a letter, addressed to him by your secretary on the 26th of May 1844. 'In that letter the instructions of your government were conveyed to Lt.-Col. Outram in the following words. 'In the event of your conduct being at any time represented in a light you deem injurious, your proper appeal is not to the public through the press, but to the government you serve, through the usual official channels. The governor-general in council cannot sanction the carrying on of a correspondence in the public journals by public officers, upon matters in which they have been concerned as officers of government.'

"A similar communication was at the same time made to Major-General Sir Charles Napier, your governor in Scinde, and in repeating the injunction in our dispatch of November 1845, we said—'We have no doubt that Sir Charles Napier and Colonel Outram will implicitly obey your commands, and that therefore the controversy may be regarded as at an end, so far as its continuance depended upon papers written avowedly for insertion in the public journals.'

"Remark.—I had no controversy with Captain Outram, a brevet lieutenant-colonel of the Bombay Army: and as no controversy existed, there could not be a 'continuance' of controversy. There were no papers written by me either directly or indirectly 'avowedly for insertion in the public journals.' I inserted, and had inserted nothing. I did 'implicitly obey the governor-general's commands.' I rigidly adhered to those rules, 'by which alone,' as the Honourable Committee justly assert, 'due discipline and obedience to superior authority can be justly maintained.' Lieutenant-Colonel Outram disobeyed the orders he had received.

"Paragraph 4, Dispatch September 21st, 1846.—We were at this time in possession of your letter to the governor of Bombay, dated 12th of August 1845, in which, maintaining the necessity of strictly enforcing the prohibition against officers in India carrying on altercations by a series of letters in the public journals, you pointed out in strong terms the importance, if not the necessity, in your opinion, of allowing officers whose characters were assailed the opportunity of publishing their vindications. You observed that when, as in the case now before the government, the officers involved in controversy are high in rank and filling important offices, it does appear to the governor-general in council that the reply of Colonel Outram, confined to a published counter-statement, would not be so injurious to the discipline of the army and the harmony of the public service, as the adoption of a course which would convey the impression that one of the parties had been unfairly prohibited from defending his character.

"Remark.—I never '*carried on a series of letters.*' I never wrote a single letter directly or indirectly '*in the public journals.*' I appealed to superior authority, and occupied myself with the arduous duties I had to perform, and I have not found any response to the appeal I made in order that '*due discipline and obedience to superior authority might be adequately maintained.*' I never '*assailed*' Colonel Outram's character, he assailed mine! but confiding in the government I made no answer. I had no altercation with Lieutenant-Colonel Outram. I repeat that I rigidly obeyed the orders of the governor-general while Lieut.-Colonel Outram openly disobeyed them.

"Paragraph 5, Dispatch 21st September 1846.—Under these circumstances, and as no communication was made to Lieutenant-Colonel Outram forbidding him to publish his vindication in England, however reprehensible his conduct may have been, it cannot perhaps be said that he violated

any distinct and positive order in publishing here a vindication of his conduct; but on the perusal of the work published by him entitled '*The Conquest of Scinde a Commentary*' we are compelled to state that he has exceeded in the most unjustifiable manner the proper line of self-defence.

"Remark.—A communication *was* made to Lieutenant-Colonel Outram. The assertion that none was made is a most strange oversight! What are the words addressed direct to Lieutenant-Colonel Outram? Here they are—'25th May 1844. For the event of your conduct being at any time represented in a light you deem injurious, your proper appeal is not to the public through the press.'—*The* press! No reference is there made to, nor can in any way be considered to relate to the English press, or the Bombay press; nor can any man pretend that a libel is less a libel in one press than another—'but to the government you serve, through the usual official channels. The governor-general in council cannot sanction the carrying on of a correspondence in the public journals by public officers upon matters in which they have been concerned as officers of government.'

"What are the words also of the Honourable Secret Committee itself? Here they are—'*We have no doubt that Sir C. Napier and Colonel Outram will implicitly obey your commands*'—i. e. not to appeal to the public through the press. Is it then just to me to say that Lieut.-Colonel Outram did not violate any distinct and positive order? He was commanded not to appeal to the public through 'the press' and he did appeal through 'the press': if the word appeal can be applied to an unprovoked attack upon a general officer who had not assailed him! Good God! is there any justice in this? The words of the secret committee itself, thus diametrically contradict each other in the same sheet of paper! Assuredly Lieutenant-Colonel Outram did 'violate a distinct and positive order.'

"The committee proceeds to reprobate the book published by Lieutenant-Colonel Outram, called 'The Conquest of Scinde a Commentary.' Now I knew nothing of this book, I never read it.* I never made any complaint of it: it was not even published when my complaint was made! That complaint was and is of a *letter* published at Bombay; not in England but in Bombay, if that makes any difference, which I must deny: published by a captain against his general, and exciting the army which that general commanded to look upon their leader as their murderer; and that too, at a time when hostilities were expected in the Punjaub. Why this *book* of Lieutenant-Colonel Outram is referred to in the letter of the secret committee I am at a loss to conceive! It formed no subject of complaint by me.

"Here I must be permitted to say, that when the governor-general expressed his opinion that officers ought to be allowed to defend their character in a publication against their superiors in rank, he of course implied that the government they served had either first refused to listen to their complaints, or had read and sanctioned their publication. The governor-general could not mean otherwise without contradicting his own order of May 25, 1844: indeed every order known, and the common observance of every service. For if every discontented soldier may at pleasure print a libel against his superior, I am at a loss to see how 'due discipline and obedience to superior authority' can be adequately maintained! and the higher the rank of the discontented man the greater the evil!

"This doctrine would enable every officer, every private, in the army to attack his superior in print; and many will do so: at present these attacks are anonymous, ere long they will have names, and the press will defend them. I

* This would seem inconsistent with his previous notices of it in his correspondence, but it is not so: his staff had all read the book and were constantly telling him of and shewing him foul passages and falsehoods, and it was on their authority he spoke of the work in his letters.

adduce the present case. If Lieutenant-Colonel Outram may publish to the world that I am an infamous character, I really cannot see why any other soldier may not do the same, and use the same terms, however opprobrious, towards the secret committee! How could it with justice punish that towards itself which it does not punish towards me?

"I entirely agree with the opinion of the governor-general, that if the government refused a proper hearing to the complaints of its officers, it ought to allow them to appeal to the public: to refuse them would be unjust and therefore mischievous. But I will ask why not hear complaints as it professes to do? Why should authority not pronounce on the conduct of its own officers? Lieutenant-Colonel Outram in his letter accuses me of crimes: I deny them. Why does not the government purify its service of one of us? He would not trust the government, he knew that he was wrong. I did trust the government because I knew that I was right.

"Paragraph 6, Dispatch Sept. 21st, 1846.—In our letter of the 20th November 1845, we have called upon you to consider whether it may not be advisable to publish some further order, enforcing the necessity of its being clearly understood by every one, when employed by government, that it is inconsistent with his duty, and a breach of trust, to correspond with any one upon the instructions which such individual so employed may have received for his guidance, and that he has no right to reveal without due authority from his official superiors, any part or circumstance which may have come to his knowledge in the performance of his duty.

"Remark.—As I have made no use of official papers, nor communicated such to any one but in the orthodox performance of my duty, I have no remark to make upon this: it cannot refer to me. It does to Lieutenant-Colonel Outram however; for in the *letter* which I complained of, he shews clearly that he has had information from public offices in

Bombay. What he has published in his *book* I know not, for, as before said, I have not seen his book."

The secret committee's paragraph referred to the *Conquest of Scinde* and was a despicable inuendo that Sir C. Napier had furnished official papers for that work: but every official paper there quoted or alluded to had been published previously in the parliamentary papers, and was taken from those papers: the inuendo was therefore a miserable falsehood.

"Paragraph 7, Dispatch 21st Sept. 1846.—We would now add to this further order a declaration, that if any officer, civil or military, whether on the plea of self-justification or otherwise shall hereafter contravene the order by any publication whatever, whether in India or elsewhere without the previous sanction of the government under which he serves, or of the home authorities, it will be recommended to the directors to dispense with his services.

"Remark.—I can see no interpretation of this, except, that Lieutenant-Colonel Outram having broken through all orders, all rules, all propriety, and 'exceeded in a most unjustifiable manner the proper limits of self-defence,' in his various publications against Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Napier, the governor of Scinde, he is hereby whitewashed; but Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Napier, who has implicitly obeyed all our orders, and trusted his conduct to be defended by 'the government he serves,' shall not receive any protection from us: nor shall he defend himself! This is the mode in which I have been treated up to the present moment, and which I protest against as most unjust. I complained of a libel, and not the slightest notice is taken of my complaint; but I get two letters about a '*controversy*,' which never existed; and a '*book*,' which I never complained of or even read! I demand, and I have a right to demand an answer to my appeal against Lieutenant-Colonel Outram of the Bombay army, in which I have the honour to serve as a lieutenant-general. This officer may be a Com-

pany's officer, but he also bears a commission from Her Majesty, and belongs to the Order of the Bath. If the secret committee think it just to decline giving me an answer to my appeal, I must make it elsewhere and trust to the justice of Her Majesty towards an officer who has served the throne with faithful zeal for fifty-four years.

"I now come to the second letter, dated January 15th, 1847.

"Para. 1.—Referring to your letter of November, No. 56, we have to state, that it was far from our intention, when we addressed you on 21st September in regard to a work published by Lieut.-Colonel Outram, called 'The Conquest of Scinde a Commentary' to instruct you to take any measures which might operate in any way to the prejudice of Lieut.-General Sir Charles Napier.

"Remarks.—I am ignorant of what the governor-general's letter was, but he seems to have saved me from great injustice; for assuredly the letter of the secret committee dated 21st September 1846, must not only have operated to my prejudice, but have given a complete triumph to an unprincipled libeller, I mean Lieut.-Colonel Outram.

"Para. 2, Dispatch January 1847.—On the contrary, it was our wish to afford satisfaction to that officer by shewing that we entirely disapproved of Lieut.-Colonel Outram's published work, and were prepared to punish any public functionary who, after the warning, should commit a similar offence. This due warning we intended should be given by that general order which is directed to you to make public, and which, appearing immediately subsequent to Lieut.-Colonel Outram's volume, we considered would be sufficiently significant of our opinion in regard to that work. We had no intention that it should be understood we directed that order against a supposed determination on the part of Sir C. Napier to reply to Lieut.-Colonel Outram. We did indeed mean that the application should be general, but not having any apparent bearing against any individual,

and far less against Sir C. Napier. In order however to prevent the possibility of any mistake on this subject we have to repeat our injunctions in regard to the general order, and to desire you to communicate a copy of our letter of 21st September 1846, as also of this present dispatch both to Sir C. Napier and Lieut.-Colonel Outram.

"Remarks.—I am obliged to repeat. First. That I had not seen Lieut.-Colonel Outram's work. Second. That I never complained of Lieut.-Colonel Outram's work. Third. That it was not published when I made my complaint of his *letter*, published at Bombay, and dated July 3, 1845.

"Lieut.-Colonel Outram's *book*, for aught I know, may be a defence of his conduct in Scinde; and it may be true or false; I have not read it because, and only because, I awaited the decision of my appeal against the attacks made upon me in his letter to Major-General Napier, relying implicitly on the justice of those to whom I made that appeal: and I did not even in that appeal complain of any defence of himself as to matters in which he had been officially concerned. No! My complaint was:—and it seems hard upon me that I have been obliged so often, and so hopelessly to reiterate that complaint—that the libeller put forth reckless falsehoods against my conduct in Scinde as governor and commander of the forces, long after he had left the country, and with which transactions he had no concern whatever!

"What concern had Lieut.-Colonel Outram with the 78th Regiment? If my conduct was wrong, were not the governor-general and the commander in chief the proper judges? If they approved, was I to be dragged before the public by Lieut.-Colonel Outram and held up as a murderer, the soldiers being told that my conduct ought to be brought before parliament? I boldly assert that this amounted to little short of mutiny, and was well calculated to produce mutiny. The atrocity of this conduct is past description! When and how is discipline to be maintained?

"Again. What had Captain Outram of the 23rd N. I.

to say to the attack of the civil service upon me? for I have always denied that I attacked the civil service, and do so still. What had this officer to do with the *batta* granted to me? and about which his statement is a direct falsehood? What concern had this officer with these things? These were the subjects of my appeal, and I strenuously maintain, that in justice to me, and in justice to outraged military discipline, Captain and brevet Lieut.-Colonel Outram should be made to prove his assertions, which ought to entail my dismissal or his.

"So much for my appeal, and the Honourable Secret Committee must pardon my repeating that appeal, and looking for redress at the hands of those whose duty it is to administer justice. A government may not be able to defend its servants against the attacks of those who are not its servants; but it is bound to protect its own servants against each other on points of public safety. I have therefore to conclude by requesting an answer to my appeal made on the 5th of August 1845, of which I take the liberty to enclose a copy, seeing that the subject thereof has been entirely lost sight of in the letters which I have now the honour to acknowledge having received.—Kurrachee, April 10th, 1847."

This letter privately transmitted to Hobhouse, and also officially, through Lord Hardinge, merits one or two remarks. First it may be observed, that nearly two years elapsed before Sir C. Napier even received the secret committee's jesuitical, contemptible specimen of special pleading, to mask foul insult and enmity. Why was it so long delayed? Because it was well known at the India House that Outram, in conjunction with Willoughby the secretary of the Bombay government, was concocting his book, and the object was to give that a licence of circulation before the prohibitory order was enforced; in fine to enable Outram to libel, and to prevent Sir C. Napier replying, while all official redress was denied—first by delay, next

by falsely pretending to regard the matter as a controversy instead of a libel and breach of discipline. There was no controversy. Sir C. Napier had published nothing, as the committee well knew; and was so placable, so generous of temper as even now to give Sir John Hobhouse credit for having strived against wrong, and only succumbing to superior influence: he supposed him dissatisfied also with the result. That he strove, and with good feeling at first, is very probable, nay certain; but assuredly he took the onus of defending the proceeding on himself, as the subjoined letter will make this clear.

"Sir John Hobhouse to Major-Genl. Wm. Napier, India Board, June 4th.—My dear general. I have received your brother's comments on the letters of the secret committee, and regret exceedingly to find that he has entirely mistaken the purport of them, and has interpreted what was meant to soothe and pacify into a fresh insult. He appears to be quite ignorant that the secret committee is, in fact, the President of the Board, and that if he has been wronged in this last instance I was the party responsible to him. I have written to him to tell him so, lamenting that all my vexation, and more than civil war with my coadjutors at the India House in order to serve him should have no better result.

"The second dispatch of which he so strangely complains was written by myself. The first was the effect of a compromise between the chairman and myself, and neither of the one or the other has your brother the least right to complain. Both of them were meant to be a reproof to Outram; and the last of them expressly stated that nothing unfriendly to Sir Charles was contemplated by the first dispatch. I despair of being able to satisfy your brother, at least until I see him in England, and shew him the original correspondence in regard to this unfortunate business. "Very truly yours,

"JOHN HOBHOUSE."

Compromise! It was justice on an offender that Sir C. Napier demanded! and was he to be told that a compromise

between two other persons was to satisfy him? What did they compromise? Truth! or falsehood!

The answer to Sir John's note ran thus.

"Guernsey, June 7th, 1847.—My dear Sir John. Your letter astonished me. My brother must do what he thinks fitting in a matter so deeply affecting his honour; I cannot pretend to act except under his lead, but I entreat of you to consider the subject again.

"Colonel Outram foully and recklessly assailed Sir C. Napier the governor of Scinde, in a letter addressed to me but published in the newspapers.

"Sir C. Napier, who had never assailed Colonel Outram, did not notice this letter, he remained passive before the public; he entered into no controversy, private or public: he demanded from authority redress for the foul and false libel published by Colonel Outram, and the punishment of the libeller. He received no redress. An order was indeed issued, forbidding Colonel Outram to repeat his libel, but at the same time he was appointed to a high, lucrative situation! Thus encouraged he disobeyed the order and repeated the libel with greater virulence in a book, which Sir C. Napier has not even read.

"Sir C. Napier again demanded redress for the first libel, without noticing the second.

"In reply to this reiterated demand, an order is made public, forbidding officers to publish controversial papers founded on official documents; at the same time Colonel Outram is promoted to the highest and most lucrative situation in the gift of the Bombay government!

"Thus Sir C. Napier is denied all redress, and forbid to defend his character from libels published in defiance of orders, while the libeller is ostentatiously rewarded for his libel and disobedience of orders! It is assumed also that Sir C. Napier had appeared in print as a controversialist—an assumption having no foundation in fact: and grounds are laid, plausible grounds, eagerly seized by the Indian press,

for proclaiming the order to be a reprimand of Sir C. Napier, though it was designed, you say, as a reproof to Colonel Outram!

"Convinced of your friendly feelings, I place this synopsis of the matter before you without a comment, and remain yours, "W. NAPIER."

# SEVENTEENTH EPOCH.

## FIRST PERIOD.

SIR CHARLES NAPIER now felt, that he was a man marked for ill usage, even for destruction if occasion served. That neither gratitude nor decency was to be expected from the directors, and that Her Majesty's actual ministers, were, like their predecessors, as submissive to those directors as spaniels. He resolved therefore to retire from thankless labour and end his days in quiet obscurity.

"Journal, April 19th.—There is a vile conspiracy against me, but I defy them all, horse foot and dragoons. Now Charles Napier be calm! give your enemies no advantage over you by loss of self-control: do nothing that they want, and everything to annoy them. Keep your post like a rock till you are ready to go on board for England; and then with your pen, and your pistols too if necessary, harass them. If God spares my life I shall be in England next April and bid adieu to public life. So ends my sermon.

"April 21st.—This is the twelfth anniversary of my marriage with my present wife, who is all goodness and virtue. God spare her to me till He takes me out of this world. She will rejoin me hereafter in the *central sun*, where I suppose we shall all go. For there must be a centre to the heavens as to all things, and in that centre we may believe the Deity dwells, and there receives his creatures after death. May my sins not prevent my being there, with all of mine who have gone before in recognition and love. What is to happen to us? A very short time will now let me into the secret, and curiosity is strong within me, encreasing as the time draws nearer. I do not think my balance-sheet will

be white: no man's is. I try hard to do my duty, but do not satisfy myself, and God will not make me judge my own soul, or I am a lost man. Yet if so, there must be a purgatory, for I could not honestly pronounce myself worthy of heaven, nor altogether of eternal damnation.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, April 24th.—I have no longer the excitement of work to keep up my spirits; the government of Scinde is the web of Penelope what I do is to be undone. I have made the people happy; they are free so far as their state will admit of freedom, and more I fear than they will have when I go. They are like all who receive freedom as a gift from power, and too barbarous to hold their own, are liable to lose it when the civil servants rule the province. I have done my best to make food cheap, and it is now a drug! you can buy barley for very little beyond the cost of carrying it away, and I am satisfied. Scinde need not be better than she is, the people are delightfully idle. Three days' work feeds a family, and all are happy for the four others, laughing, sleeping, eating, idle: the few who won't work rob, and are punished.

"I have now given the old grandees their jaghires in perpetuity on the plan I mentioned; but I do not draw attention to it, fearing the directors would upset me, for it is a stretch of power; had leave been asked it could not have been accomplished. The sirdars do not understand it yet; they cannot imagine that they are really masters, and that the land is their own, without payment or military service. One or two indeed see the reality and are eager to strike the bargain; they will all do so in time, will expend money and improve: meanwhile a host of poor ryots, hitherto slaves both to the Ameers and the jaghirdars, will be endowed with small farms and become independent. My motives were

"1°. That the sirdars will not be good and satisfied subjects unless we give them employment, and honour them: but when civilization begins to work they will find them-

selves rich, and will embark in agricultural and mercantile speculations, feeling that the property is their own.

" 2°. That with such great jaghires, they would become dangerous, ruling whole districts as they do now. At present we put them down, and keep them down, because of their barbarous state; but we could not easily do so when civilized, as their sons will be.

" 3°. All the small farmers, who will in future hold the land given up by the jaghirdars, will join the government to keep their former masters in order; and these small folks will be numerous, independent, and not oblivious of their former state of vassalage.

" There are many other things of an advantageous nature which have been done, and others which could be done were I left to work freely; but no more can I now do for Scinde and I shall leave it; yet with a great yearning after it and its fine people. Were you all here I should like to die here, but the present state of things is not to be borne. I like Hardinge much, not his advisers.

" H. Napier.—My plan is to quit India the 1st of next March, as little Belooch Charley did: ain't he a nice little chap? If I find you all alive I shall indeed be happy: if aught happens to keep me here with my dear boy John, you will all have the satisfaction of knowing that my work has been honourably done, and by no action was our motto forfeited"—(crest motto '*Sans tache*').—" The sword our father gave me, is as clear as I received it; my Indian revilers cannot stain it, though, to do them justice, they labour zealously. Many persons have I to take home, and seven are women and children! Well, there is far less anxiety now than in coming out, when my death would have left my wife and daughters a burthen to you all. Now that it is decided to go, when my eyes are cast over Scinde from the top of my house, my love for the country and the people is strong, but for you in England much stronger.

"May 11.—I am able to send eleven thousand tons of wheat to Ireland if I can get ships, and at £3 per ton! and yet keep enough in Scinde for our consumption in case of a bad coming harvest."

Lord Ellenborough pointed out to the ministers how shipping could be had; and how this wheat could be applied to save the starving Irish: but he and Sir Charles Napier were treated alike, with scorn.

"May 12.—Pray pitch the prize money question to the devil, it gives you trouble when you are ill. Recollect that I have a sneaking regard for you, and very little for the prize money, which may come or go as fate pleases: they will of course cheat me out of it if they can. I have sent you all the *cases*. I have no experience in these matters, but imagine Mr. Goulburn drew up the warrant to hurt me; for I once had a warrant before, wherein I was called Colonel Napier, '*Commander in chief of our land forces so employed.*' Now in this my name does not appear, though now having higher rank and command than I had in America: and Outram's name appears *twice!* Trick! trick! from top to toe! But I am sick of No: *One*, and his squabbles: Bah! for them all and their prize money. The only pleasure left for me is seeing you all, and Lord Ellenborough, and *the beau*"—Wellington.—"Your good *opine* is more to me, than all the evil the clique at Bombay can ever do to me. My answer to the villains is 11,000 tons of grain, ready to go to Ireland!!

"Aye! and this plenty will be greater ere I leave Scinde in February next: every day increases our produce, and daring merchants are already on the Indus, preparing to strike up the river. But I have such masters, and the land is so ruled by the directors, that by the Lord it sickens one. Hardinge is making good financial arrangements, as far as I can judge; but if some ass comes to replace him all this goes to the bad. He and I differ about his raising the revenue in the Punjaub without great oppression; but I now

avoid the subject: time will shew who is right. The order Hardinge was forced by the Board of Control to issue about my appeal has given a handle to my enemies, and the Friend of India, which is no friend to truth, says it is directed against me. Outram should have been named, for of course it may be taken either way. I am quite sure Hobhouse did not mean it should hurt me; and after all it does not. What care I for such miserable scoundrels?

"Journal, May 15th.—Here am I now held up as a betrayer of confidential papers! I hope they will stop short of sending me to Sodom and Gomorrah! All else I have been accused of; robbery, murder, dethroning innocent princes, refusing beds to princesses when in their extremity of labour, lying through thick and thin! In short the devil never turned such a complete job out of hand. Hardinge publishes an order, by order, and piques himself that he has not alluded to anybody! Why did he not? Why not say at once that it referred to me or Outram? As I have neither published nor betrayed any paper, Outram is the guilty man;—he has done so, why is he not marked? It is apparently a determination on all sides to act towards me as if I was a guilty man: and all my protestations of innocence, my demands for trial, for enquiry, for anything they please, are in vain! Well, I shall have my defence in my own hands soon.

"As the directors are unable to 'filch from me my good name,' they are now trying to get my prize money—'my purse:' better that than nothing think they. I shall not break my heart if they do, though they fancy I shall! The only thing I care about is, that it is the work of those *snobs*, Outram and Willoughby and their miserable coadjutors, such as Townsend and Co., civil servants of the Honourable Company, whose honour is all in the name: where its honesty is Heaven knows! cheek by jowl I imagine with that of Judas, chained to it as Baird was to the corpse of his companion.

"May 19th.—A letter from Ali Moorad, he does not like

to have a resident; but if I let him be his own master he will commit himself and do something to lose his possessions. I have also just got letters from the Rao of Cutch. A man came to him with letters from Shere Mahomed Talpoor, the Lion, with a strange story, which cannot be clearly made out; but all hinges upon the same point, viz. that Outram is trying to get the Ameers restored. That he is at mischief I have no doubt; he is quite capable of any dirty underhand work, but he cannot succeed. The Ameers won't budge a foot while I am here, their fear of me is too great. His aim is to injure me, and so get back without having to do with me: these objects are incompatible.

"May 20th.—The anniversary of my first wife's birthday. For years it was one of pleasure to me: and now that the dreams of life, now that all life's dramatic scenes have passed away, and my own existence is fast ebbing, this day still brings bright hours to my mind; their brilliance might have been more perfect but for my own folly, but they would equally have passed away like phantoms, leaving no trace but in memory. All is transient, a phantom of the mind, a passing scene, a strange mystery which no mind can unravel, and which reason wishes at an end! Aye! an end, that the secrets of death may be revealed, or an eternal seal put upon memory! That '*raven's funeral song*' ever sounds its lugubrious notes to my mind! May the Powers that rule us, whether three or one, grant us remission.

"Content is all in all, and content men can be, if their minds are firm and convinced, as mine is, that there is a future state. I believe that, because it is not in me to think such a large workshop can be made for nothing! Oh! thou central sun! when shall I see thee, live in thee, and defy the evil genius which pulls us down to baseness? What are our destinies? Our earth takes eighteen millions of years to travel round thee, thou great central sun, thou awful seat of something awful! Unless the machine is not yet finished we are eighteen millions of years old to have made a single

journey—yet, probably we have made eighteen millions of journeys! Perhaps thou also, oh! sun! art but one of an infinity of central suns which whirl round the God! He has given us a minute part to act, and such smallness seems to argue that we are too small to be of importance in that machine, to conceive the vastness of which even thought falls short and hopeless! an arrow shot at the moon! But look below! Are there not things in myriads as much less than us, as we are less than the globe in which we are shut up? Are not their bones, fibres, muscles, all made with a perfection of attention? May not death give us a huge form in spirit? May we not go higher, or lower, as we have served under the banner of the good or evil Spirit? I may become a horse, a dog, a rat, an insect most minute after death, and be conscious of my degraded state. And I may rise to something as much above what I now am, as much as I now am above the insect, and so get nearer to the central sun: get perhaps to our sun, or our moon, or some other planet, or the secret of death may burst at once upon me! The grave is the entrance to life; to a life of further trials, and more or less happiness as we are more or less in the hands of the good spiritual God, or those of the evil material God—if God means power. For that two Gods, a bad and a good, exist and struggle for us, and for all things I believe; and that in exact proportion to our virtue are we freed from the evil spirit, whereas our crimes cast us bound at his feet! 'Get thee behind me Satan!'—The greatest words recorded in the history of man, and uttered by the greatest of Beings!

"All these conjectures are idle it is said. Yes! to lose much time in thought which we cannot bring to any conclusion of certainty is so: but to think and dwell upon these thoughts does good. Who can think of the central sun and be base? Who can feel that he is an essential part of this vast system and be base? Who can take up an atom of dust from the ground, and not confess that of such atoms the universe is composed? We are not less than a grain of dust,

and we form a portion of the physical and spiritual world: a little water makes these atoms of dust into a mountain; a little death may make the spirit a mountain of light! Our insignificance is no argument against our noble nature, which noble conduct may make grand, and ignoble conduct may make vile. All comes to this. A small but concentrated powerful light gleams upon our road, and we should go straight by that light, confident and bold. On either side all is dark, we pass as through a long vault, and at the end is death: if we arrive at that end clean, having picked our way, the day bursts upon us and we are allowed to pass into the 'many mansions.' But if we have left the light to flounder in filth, we are refused leave to enter the mansions of the good, and are committed to the Evil Spirit whom we have served through mortal life. Terrible is his rule! for then comes memory again in all its dreadful array, and those we love live, we see them, but to join them or to be owned by them is forbidden by the Power whose service we rejected in this life!

"With these thoughts I begin this day, with these thoughts end it. 'Faith, Hope, Charity.' In these three let me be strong and I shall be with you Elizabeth in eternal life or eternal dust! Eternal dust! if so all nobleness is folly, all virtue drivelling, and baseness and selfishness are wisdom! No! there will be some grand conclusion of the mighty struggle between the two genii of eternity, and the end, whatever it be, achieved. How I laugh when men say, as they do, that I want a peerage! No! I want to know if a coronet in the central sun is to be mine; not a coronet on my head, not a crown of gold or of glory; my coronet is to see those that are dead, to be away from anger and strife, to live with those now gone, to expect those who survive me, to hear birds sing and rivers flow, to cultivate the earth, to do whatever is directed to be done, to have the enjoyment of which we are to partake according to our new nature, or our old nature with diminished or destroyed evil, without the fighting and

miseries of this life of trial: trials are then to end and peace be the law. And so my beloved I finish.

"May 22nd.—I feel no longer any excitement about Scinde. My hands are tied, no good is to be done: yet am I so eager about all things regarding my duty, so troubled at seeing things go wrong that my health suffers. My work does not slacken but it is bad work instead of good work. These civilians, or 'civil-villains,' as my brother William calls them, invent lies and then abuse me for their own inventions. One fellow says—'Sir Charles has laid on a cruel tax:' then another opens out—'The tyranny and folly and infamous conduct of this man exceeds all description, he hasl aid on the most cruel taxes,' I having taken *off* taxes all the time!

"May 23rd.—Anderson, Outram's brother-in-law, called on me to-day: he is a nice young man, and I like him much. He worked hard with me in 1843 after the battles, though not in them. I have asked him to dinner, and if I can give him employment I will, because he has claims, having gone through all the sicknesses we had, and nearly dying himself.

"May 26th.—I have been ill again. These repeated attacks are broad hints.

"May 27th.—Had a letter from Willoughby Cotton, the Bombay commander in chief. He is a good fellow if those Bombay chaps don't get round him; from them it is an incessant small war upon me: why made by the military I know not, except that I am obliged to bring their bad staff up occasionally. The civil and military officials are all in dinner coteries there, and are quite worthy of the Court of Directors. It is too bad to see such a grand country as this Bombay Presidency so be-ridden by officials, and not paying its own expenses!

"May 29th.—The papers say there has been a conspiracy at Lahore, for *an instant*. I am ashamed to own, not to gladness, on the contrary, but to a sort of exultation at the

failure of a time-serving base policy, which lowers the grandeur of England and endangers the welfare of an empire. But how terrible is the existence of such feelings! how horrible that the vile selfish pleasure of being right in our conjectures should arise even for a moment; that nasty base feeling of '*did not I tell you so*' '*I said so,*' and such like: that is to say, on great points, for on small matters one does exult in our neighbour's disappointments at times without wrong, because it is felt that they are rightly served. It will not however do to let such feelings gain a footing about great matters, and I hope with all my heart that Hardinge's policy may have full and perfect success. Still do what I will, I cannot help thinking it is bad, and that evil will arise: if not, then fate is all, and good or bad conduct in war and politics are mere chips in porridge. Wait awhile Hardinge and you will see what the Punjaub revenue will be, screwed out of the poor ryots to go into the pockets of collectors and sirdars. One fine day there will be a fine turn-out, and the Company must then seize the country; perhaps with difficulty, certainly with danger.

"This is moderation! Moder-devil! botheration, not moderation. Real moderation would have seized the whole land. It would not have been moderation towards the Ranee and her government, nor towards the throat-cutting sirdars of the Punjaub; but it would towards the poor people: they would indeed be plundered still, but less than they were before"—error! Lord Dalhousie has increased their burthens—"I wish for every one's sake whose life may be endangered by any outbreak, that Hardinge's peaceful plans may succeed. But if, as I imagine, a fight is to take place for the conquest of the Punjaub, my wish is that we had made a glorious conquest at first, had sent the fame of our arms ringing through all Asia, and by making the people of the Punjaub happy rendered our empire strong.

"June 3rd.—Bombay governor insolent in trifles. I do not think this is Clerk, it is the old clique at work, but I won't take it from any.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—We are here at Clifton to refresh ourselves with the sea breeze. Breeze feels cool, but the thermometer sticks at 90° in the shade. Yet it is pleasant to see the waves rolling in, foaming and curling and spraying, and then disappear along the level sand. Somewhere among them lies Alexander's gold cup, and a little way off lies Alexander himself. The sand of the Gedrosian Desert is falling on my paper as I write; and not far beyond lies Babylon. Civilization was travelling west in Alexander's time; but now! how changed is the grand drama! More than two thousand years have passed, and civilization arises on the rear of barbarism: we English have seized the baggage, are following up our blow, and in a few years shall be at Babylon—a revived empire! We could reach it more easily than Alexander. Hedge on the borders of the Gedrosian Desert lately offered me its sovereignty, and Burpore, on the confines of Persia, surrendered simply to a forged letter with my name! We shall go slowly, but one hundred years will see us at Babylon. If I could do as I pleased, that should be my road home, despite of the Russians who rule supreme in Persia, as Anderson, who has just come from Trebizond, tells me. We shall have a fight on the Oxus yet; and the magnificent Indian army, if decently handled, will be too many for the Scythians.

"But it never will be so handled I fear. Look at its numbers, its equipments, its cavalry, its infantry — all noble. And the British officers who lead it very noble as a mass, and susceptible of such a spirit as would play the devil with a Russian army. Yes! India could meet Russia on the Caspian shore with 300,000 admirable troops; but she would of course wait for her on the Indus, with a large field artillery of 24 lbs. which elephants draw about like 3 lbs. and at a rapid pace! Russian guns would then be the camels

of Semiramis against the real beasts. It is curious that until the other day this elephantine artillery was never tried. Whether Hardinge or some of his officers thought of it I know not; I did not, and am at a loss to think how it was that I did not! Why did not everybody? Nobody did until, at Lahore, a large battery train was turned out drawn by elephants—one to a 12 lbs. iron gun, two to a 24 lbs. and able to beat horse artillery in speed, for the weight seemed nothing to them; and no doubt they would trot with those guns all day."

The advantage of these guns for battle seems still very problematical: it may be found that the saying of Alexander about elephants still holds good—namely, that they were 'the common enemy.' Wounded or frightened they would rush away with the guns destroying all in their path.

"Imagine fifty 24 lb. guns working before a Russian army and shifting position faster than their six-pounders could be drawn by horses, half-starved and winded by their long march from Kiva! Again, fifty regiments of irregular horsemen in high order, all desperate swordsmen and with beautiful percussion carabines, cantering round a Russian army in all directions. And then two hundred thousand good infantry in line as a wind-up! Verily Count Dolgorucky you would sweat even though the sun did not touch up your northerners, which it would do unmercifully, while a stiff division of British troops acted as a polisher. The Russian might win for all this, but he would have no easy job, or our leader would be a bad one. All these countries are ours, Persia included: we have only to take them. A little good management would give Russia her quietus, and us the line of the Euphrates.

"Now to come down hill to my own work. I am taking, or rather trying to take advantage of our Punjaub lull to push a steamer up to Ferozepoor, with good and cheap things for the troops from Bombay, instead of dear from Calcutta: I hope to draw down commerce to Kurrachee.

I am also trying to get fuel stations formed to push a steamer loaded with like good things to Attock, exploring the Indus as it steams along: but I have little hope to get Mittenkote for my central depôt. It should be my rallying point for all steamers and country boats; to part from, going up the five rivers, and to assemble at, coming down. This only required a line from Hardinge, and that line I cannot get! Well, I will try again; but am not sanguine. Robert Bruce's spider is much required in my work. I have sent the Prince of Wales a beautiful little Belooch shield of buffalo hide, to suit his little sword.

"Henry Napier, June 4th.—I am impatient to go. I have had five years of this heat without a moment's change, and my family have had four, with great anxiety and last year great danger. Hardinge who is a younger man than me, says he finds the work wears him; yet he has had no heat, his summers being spent in the hills of Simla, an English climate. I am also constantly annoyed in some way; about trifles indeed, but these trifles are designed to irritate, and they do irritate: however eight months more and I shall be a citizen at ease.

"Richard Napier.—Your commercial gizzard will rejoice to hear that my steamers are being pushed up the river to stimulate commerce, and palliate the misery that I believe Hardinge's false policy will inflict on the Punjaub. He thinks it good, I do not; and my notion is, that one means of preventing mischief is to shove civilization into every nook. If, before I leave Scinde, steamers can get to Mooltan, Loodiana and Attock—steamers loaded with beer and wine and other comforts, the demand will arise fast: it rages already at Loodiana, where they pay 14 rupees a dozen for beer, and my steamers will take it there at 7 rupees. Beer is no joke in India. The whole of the Calcutta interest is at work to run down Scinde and the Indus because they will ruin the trade of the Ganges; all will come down Indus to *make* Bombay and Kurrachee."

Here ended his noble dreams for Scinde. His wife fell ill and he resigned at once to take her home: his fierce spirit defied his enemies, but touched in his affection he yielded instantly.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, July 4th.—I have resigned. My wife has nearly died. Seventeen days and nights have I nursed her. She must not stay. Her danger has cured my ailings. my strength has returned; and there is need of it, for from Bombay comes every petty insult. Tell Lady Campbell, her son"—grandson of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—"is a noble fellow in every way, good, clever, high-minded, handsome, and as strong as Hercules; I do not know that there is anything she can wish that he is not: one of my regrets at leaving Scinde is not being able to serve him. Another of my regrets at going home is to see Ireland in such a state; here in Scinde food is now dirt, and if they let the poor alone it will be cheaper still, but there will be the thirst for increasing the revenue under civilians. I believe that it infected even Sir Thomas Munro; I have not his history, having no time to read; but if so he was wrong, and indeed failed, for Madras, which ought to yield an enormous revenue, is even worse than Bombay: neither pay their expenses.

"Henry Napier.—Tell William, I have his letter about Lord Ashley: his lordship seems very angry and somewhat foolish. We shall be off next October. I am a man smothered with women and children, like a duck with onions; would that my next four months were well over, and I clear of this grand India and all its glories, and wants, and bad governments.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, August 14th.—About the 23rd of September we embark for Suez; so, if man and horse hold good, when this reaches you we shall be in Egypt. But who shall say I will do so? Here is my wife reduced to a skeleton; Emily in bed with a tendency of blood to the head, from sleepless nights about her little daughter; four

dozen leeches on her head, and no sleep but from opium: my nerves are torn between business and anxiety. My letter to Hobhouse was the same as yours, though it expressed more obligation; my belief is, that he is sincere but took a wrong view, and was probably bullied by the others: he could not have done more I really think. Lord Ripon is the culprit. I am sorry the duke and Lord Ellenborough have taken up the affair of the grain offered for Ireland so warmly; because when I offered it to Mr. Clerk" —Sir G. Clerk governor of Bombay—"I *had it*, but he refused, and we have since been selling as much as we could: it is our revenue, we cannot keep it for an uncertain market. If England wants it they must say we will take it, then it is a bank-note. I cannot even now stop selling, for prices in India are rising fast, and we are selling fast."

At this time the attempt to deprive him of prize money was in full activity, and Henry Napier conducted his appeal against the injustice of the directors.

"Henry Napier, August 14th.—I thought your statement about the prize money admirable, but the lawyers know better; it is not ability but experience in the art that tells, and the lawyers are 'up to snuff.' I laugh at them all Hal, the prize money gives me no sort of care. I have given my daughters enough from the result of my economy, and what is money to me? We cannot worship God and Mammon, it is not possible. I have made my choice long ago, and Mammon may go to the hell he came from! My economy! Depend on that being called another name in India: you can have no conception of the vulgar baseness of people here—they attach shame and infamy to economy! Ere this reaches you I shall be at Malta, or with the ghosts in the Red Sea. I hope not the last, as I am so like Moses that Pharaoh would shout, We have him at last, and fall on me tooth and nail.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, September 5th.—I have put my

resignation entirely on the sickness of my family, though resolved to go before that, only not so soon. After Sir John Hobhouse's handsome conduct and trouble to defend me, I thought it would be ungrateful to say the treatment received about Outram was the cause. I think indeed that Sir John took a mistaken view, but that his intention was to serve me, and had he been master he would have done so. My conduct ought therefore to be regulated towards him by his intention, not the results. My meaning is that had I said, I would not stay because no redress was to be had, and that without a long explanation, it would in fact be an attack on Sir John Hobhouse—but hereafter this shall be known. Hardinge has been very kind to me, and given me a steam frigate direct to Suez, which saves a preliminary voyage to Bombay. Richard's criticism on Outram's book, just come out, is capital. I mean to lay the whole story before the duke. This is my last letter from Scinde."

Thus ended Charles Napier's Scindian career, but a letter from his son-in-law, McMurdo, written after his departure, gives an interesting account of his favourite work, the mole of Kurrachee; which he designed as the first step towards making that harbour suitable for the great destiny which he foresaw awaited it. He was stopped in his course towards that grand object, malignantly stopped! and now in 1856 the directors, forced by circumstances, are endeavouring to effect late, and at great expense, what they would not let him do then economically and in time! Charles Napier's genius has thus proved too strong for their hostility; Kurrachee will become a great emporium, and advance Bombay beyond Calcutta despite of silly directors.

"From Colonel McMurdo.—The mole at Kurrachee will be three thousand yards long: the part finished, 783 yards, is of cut stone: the creek has been crossed, but it took two months to discover a mode of doing it, which was by filling date bags made of coarse grass with stiff mud, and throwing them in at low water. This was commenced in February,

and scarcely was the creek crossed in June; and then only by a pathway. The mole is now being carried across the mud flats covered by the tides, in the shape of an embankment, with a slope of one foot in five at each side; rubble stone is placed on the slopes, which breaks the ripple, or wash of the tide, sufficiently to protect the stiff clay underneath. What do you think will be the consequence of thus closing the creek? The general did it—instead of adopting a bridge as he first designed—on the opinion of Captain Selby of the Indian Navy, who said the great scour of the tide, which used to drive through the creek, would when that was closed go back and forward along the mole, making a clear channel. I hope it won't clear away too much for the mole's foundation."

Now let Sir Charles Napier's services in Scinde be judged by the following summary, speaking with the force of close combination: and contrasted with the treatment disclosed in the foregoing story of his career.

In October 1842 he took charge of the political and military affairs of Scinde, both being in a most confused and perilous state, seriously affecting the general safety of the whole Indian empire. Before the end of that year he laid open the hostile designs and intrigues of the Ameers, and by a dexterous policy broke their military combinations in Upper Scinde, when on the point of being directed against his sickly army, forcing them to disperse and fly without a sword stroke: and at the same time he detached the most powerful of them, from the family league, and made him a fast friend of the British.

In January 1843, he marched into the desart, and destroyed the fortress of Emaum Ghur, considered by the Beloochees impregnable. Eighteen days he remained in the wilderness, and his enterprize was characterized by the Duke of Wellington as "the most curious feat of arms he had ever known or read of."

The 17th of February 1843, having previously saved his

army from the destruction prepared for it by the wiles of the Ameers and the stupid vanity of Major Outram, he won the battle of Meeanee with less than two thousand men, against thirty-five thousand Beloochees strongly posted and entrenched. After four hours' fighting, the combatants never being more than four yards apart he was victorious, and six sovereign princes surrendered next day, yielding up their capital and fortress.

During the remainder of February and the first three weeks of March, he formed an entrenched camp, constructed a fort to defend his steamers, and skilfully prepared for new efforts, awaiting supplies, and shewing himself, said the Duke of Wellington, 'familiar with the greatest operations of war.' He maintained this position, under the most trying difficulties, in face of a new army of thirty thousand Beloochees led by Shere Mohamed, the Lion, acting in concert with the captive Ameers; they, though treated with profuse generosity, having prepared a treacherous attack within his camp. The Delta was then also in a state of warfare on his flank, and a general insurrection was being secretly prepared, in connection with the approach of many warlike tribes who had taken no part in the previous battle.

The 22nd of March his reinforcements being in danger, he by a most able combination ensured their safety and junction, in face of the Lion's whole army drawn out to prevent him.

The 24th of March, with five thousand men he totally routed twenty-six thousand warriors strongly entrenched with triple lines at Dubba.

Pursuing his victory with incredible energy, the thermometer marking 112°, he in a few days took the Lion's fortified capital of Meerpoor on the edge of the great desart, and his stronger fortress of Omercote in the heart of that desart, causing the Ameer to fly northward with a few followers, while the British force regained Hydrabad before the

inundation of the Indus could intercept the communication: a surprizing instance of calculated energy.

Between the 8th of April and the end of May, he secured all his positions, repaired Meerpoor and the fort of Ali-ka-Tanda, proclaimed and established the British sovereignty, and reduced the great sirdars and chiefs to submission, partly by menaces, partly by conciliation: at the same time he checked the roving bands of the Delta, and opened his communications up the Indus by a steam-boat expedition. Meanwhile he secretly arranged an immense combination of troops, advancing from points hundreds of miles distant, to crush the Lion, who had raised another army, had concerted a new plan of operations with the great tribes on the right bank of the Indus, and prepared a general insurrection around Hydrabad.

In June, the thermometer marking 130°, he marched once more against the Lion, contriving by a subtle stroke of policy to stay the projected insurrection; having by his previous measures cut off the tribes of the right bank from intercourse with the Ameer.

The 8th of June the Lion, being surrounded, was beaten in a skirmish, his army dispersed, and he fled alone to the hill tribes beyond the frontier of Scinde; but his conqueror, struck by the sun on the day of the skirmish, was with difficulty saved from dissolution. Nevertheless, after a few days' rest he, though for months hovering between life and death, continued to direct all the affairs civil and military until September, when the British rule was completely established.

Appointed governor of Scinde, he reorganized and conducted the whole civil, political, and social affairs of the conquered people, as well as the military government of his army; his subordinates being young officers selected by himself. He abolished slavery, upholding the equality of all men before the law. He put an entire stop to '*suttees*,' and vigorously suppressed the general practices of infanticide,

and the murder of women. He changed the military tenures of the great sirdars, turned their vassals into tenantry, and exchanged their quotas of warriors with sword and shield, due to the sovereign power for war, into quotas of labourers with mattock and spade for public works: he abolished corvées, caused labourers to be justly paid, and effected all these great social changes without causing discontent.

Under the Ameers, oppression had entirely denuded the country of artizans and handicraftsmen; the Hindoo trader was squeezed like a sponge, the Scindian cultivator was ground to the earth. The Belooch, warrior and robber, alone thrived, though with no real security against the cruelty and injustice of the Ameers.

Under Charles Napier all were protected, restrictions on labour were removed, just remuneration insured, the emigrant artizans came back and with them crowds of handicraftsmen from other states. He restored the fainting agricultural spirit of the Scindees, and achieved the more difficult task of amalgamating the proud ferocious Belooch warrior with the cultivator and trader—giving him an interest in peaceable pursuits.

He preserved all laws and customs of the people consistent with humanity and civilization, thus reconciling men to the inevitable changes attending a conquest; he effectively suppressed all barbarous and inhuman practices, abolishing torture and mutilations, and the power of inflicting death, assumed by the sirdars as well as the Ameers and freely exercised by both.

He checked and punished severely the corrupt practices and oppressions of the native public functionaries, and thus awakened a spirit of independence with the people.

Despotic was his power, but he immediately established powerful checks upon the undue exercise of it; checks which he never violated, though often sorely tried by injudicious opposition.

He formed a body of police on such an admirable system

that it has been copied in the Punjaub, in Bombay, and in Madras—without acknowledgment!

He constructed public works, of gigantic size, extent, and utility, with a marvellous economy. He opened hundreds of miles of canals, and projected greater works and greater extent of irrigation, but was stopped by the supreme government. He raised Kurrachee from a village to a great city.

He banished scurvy from it, as affecting the garrison, by establishing a public garden; and by constructing magnificent barracks at Hydrabad and Kurrachee he diminished sickness amongst the troops in a remarkable manner.

Annual pestilence, affecting Shikarpoor and Sukkur, was produced by an extensive marsh subject to the overflow of the Indus: he constructed a mole of resistance to that overflow thirty miles in length, and the pestilence ceased.

He had the shikargahs or game forests of the Ameers, of amazing extent, surveyed and placed under a board, with an organization which rendered them useful to the people and capable of returning a great public revenue.

He organized the whole system of taxation and collection, under officers working at far lower salaries than those paid by the government of India; and after defraying the whole expences of civil government he paid a large overplus into the general treasury. And this was effected notwithstanding the drawbacks of war, pestilence, visitations of locusts, cholera, and the ravages of robber tribes which laid waste the frontier, and in one summer destroyed twenty-five villages. It was effected also with entire conciliation and humanity towards the people, under the great difficulties of discovering and drawing forth the resources of a newly-conquered people of three races, having different pursuits, different religions, different customs, and speaking many dialects.

He secured commerce and gave it facilities. And Scinde produces indigo of the finest kind, while cotton and sugar only

require good processes to render them equal, or superior to what is grown in America and the West Indies. He prepared memoirs and digested plans for improving the culture and after manufacture of all these products. Saltpetre, sulphur and salt are found in abundance, and by him this was made known both to merchants, and to the supreme government, and he importuned, though in vain, the latter to sanction the appropriation of his surplus funds for their develop ment.

He kept the Ameer Ali Moorad steadfast to the British alliance. He drew off from the Talpoor princes' cause, forty of whom, having the Lion for their head, were still at large, all the great chiefs and sirdars, thus rendering their efforts to raise commotions nugatory.

He conciliated the powerful hill tribe of the Murrees, previously mortal foes to the English, and who had defeated several bodies of troops when Scinde was occupied under the guidance of the '*politicals*.'

He gained the personal friendship of the Rao of Cutch, of the Nawab of Bhawalpoor; and of the young Khan of Khelat, supporting him against the Candahar chiefs and his own seditious sirdars, enemies of the British and always striving to ally him with the Affghans.

He raised two Belooch battalions, and so disciplined them that they eagerly marched against the Sikhs on the breaking out of the Punjaub war.

He rendered himself so formidable to the Affghans and Mooltanees, and generally so famous throughout Central Asia, that embassies came to his camp with presents and proposals from Herat, and from Kiva on the Caspian, for offensive and defensive alliances; and the missionary Wolfe, in the narrative of his benevolent journey to Bokara, testifies to the reputation of Charles Napier with the Turcoman races.

In 1844 the robber tribes of the Cutchee hills defied his power, boasting that for 600 years they had been unconquered, though mighty kings had assailed them. Terrible

were their rocks and desarts; and they were allied with the Affghans of Candahar and the Khelatees, and looked for aid from all the cognate tribes of the mountains, from whence, if they could resist but for a while, they expected two hundred thousand warriors to pour down on Scinde in rear of their invader. Eighteen thousand strong they were themselves, fierce and brave, and subtle, and of great constancy, and the universal cry was that to attack them was madness: yet he conquered them and broke the general combination. And these fierce and famous tribes he settled with their families in Scinde as peaceful cultivators, weaning them from violence and plunder, and rendering them docile, and frugal, and industrious as they had before been fierce, wasteful, and vainglorious.

He created a fighting camel corps of surprising force and activity for warfare; and also a baggage camel corps, of such excellent organization and military value as to nearly double the power and activity of a force in the field, thus adding the only organization wanting for a perfect army.

In 1845, having been previously forced to neglect preparation, and assured that no Punjaub war would occur, he was suddenly called to organize, equip and move a large army. He had to create all the means for this great effort; yet with wondrous energy and arrangement, in forty days, he assembled fifteen thousand fighting men with thirty thousand followers, four hundred miles from Kurrachee, completely furnished with provisions, carriage, military bridges, a flotilla and battering train of sixty pieces with an overflowing engineer's force: his troops being meanwhile so excited and inspired that they tossed their arms in the air and shouted to the charge as they marched. It was a wonderful exhibition of military talent and vigour, yet useless, because superior authority was unable to comprehend its greatness and value! And this army was thus assembled without neglecting in any manner the military and political, or civil security of Scinde; meanwhile with secret art he insured the certainty of drawing from the Sikhs

a great part of their subjects. His plan was indeed so large and comprehensive, and so well organized in detail, that it is little to say three weeks would have put him in possession of Mooltan, peaceably or by force of arms: in six weeks he would have raised half the population of the lower Punjaub, and pouring with irresistible fury upon the country of the five rivers, would at once have subdued it and prevented the second Sikh war!

Dashed to the ground and extinguished were all his aspirations, all his great projects, by a call from the governor-general to assume direction of the main operations in the north: deeply were his feelings hurt by that great military error, and much did he suffer in body also, for then was laid the foundation of mortal disease. Suddenly, by an intermediate and unexpected victory, his exertion to reach the army was rendered useless and he returned to Scinde, unnoticed! For he was the general *to* whom all turned in difficulties and distress, but *from* whom all turned when honours and acknowledgments were to be awarded! Disdain, contumely, and active enmity were his reward! Fifty-three years of service, six deep wounds, two great victories, the march into the desart, the subjection of the hill tribes, the conquest of a fresh kingdom, and five years of successful government, were all forgotten, while personal malignity of the basest kind, injustice of the most grievous nature, were coupled with the direst falsehood to injure his fame, to break his fortune, and shorten his life. All has failed! he is regarded as one of England's greatest generals and noblest public servants now, and will be more so hereafter.

To his career in Scinde, that of Tarik, the Arabian conqueror of Roderick the Goth, presents a wonderful resemblance. In their battles, in their humanity, their justice, their generosity, their disdain of sordid gain, their fine policy of conciliation, and their deep, fervent sense of religion, combined with the utmost toleration, they were alike. And in their fate also. Ill-treated, maligned, driven from their com-

mands, half avenged and finally neglected, they both died in their beds after a thousand dangers, leaving their fame to history. Tarik, like Charles Napier, fought desperately, and with a fine skill and knowledge of his art, and, when he conquered, governed the vanquished with all humanity. He protected Jews and Christians as carefully as he did Mahometans, leaving them their own customs, laws, and magistrates, but superintending all with most exact and impartial justice. His rule is thus described in Forster's translation of Conde's History of the Arabs in Spain.

"The people found consolation rather than oppression in the presence of the conquerors; the free exercise of their religion, a careful preservation of their churches from all injury, the security of their persons, with unimpeded enjoyment of their goods and possessions for the tribute—a very moderate one—which they paid to their victors." Change the name, and Charles Napier's government of Scinde is presented.

# SEVENTEENTH EPOCH.

## SECOND PERIOD.

In October Scinde was abandoned by the conqueror, but before embarcation, the entire subjection of the robber tribes was thus completed. The wandering indomitable Bhoogtees, after a partial encounter with the Scinde police in which they were beaten, fell on the Murrees, and were defeated with a loss of four hundred men. Thus striving for bread, the famishing warriors once more descended from their rocks on the Scindian plains; but the arrangements of the general, neglected before, were this time executed with prompt intrepidity. Lieutenant Merewether issued at once from Shapoor with a hundred and twenty Scinde horsemen and some auxiliary Kaharees, and soon came upon the Bhoogtees. Seven hundred in number and strong in courage, they clashed sword against shield, and invited the charge, shouting and howling in a singular manner, being indeed like wild beasts, hungered and terrible.

With a vehement shock Merewether and his horsemen went through them, but they closed again, shoulder to shoulder, and slowly retiring under a severe carbine fire, crossed a rivulet and made for their rocks. Again they were brought to bay, and when falling fast under fire were offered quarter; but without shrinking they fought, until only one hundred and twenty remained, who threw down their arms. Islam Bhoogtee and Ahmed Khan, the two principal chiefs, were not there, but eighteen minor chiefs died under shield, and the tribe of Bhoogtees, those fierce spoliators, those gallant swordsmen, heroic in sentiment and constancy, was utterly

destroyed, and the Scindian frontier remained in peace: the robber was put down, and Charles Napier left all in security.

During his voyage home his journal was neglected, but being resumed in January 1848 gives the following retrospect.

"We embarked on the 1st of October in the *Moozuffer* steam frigate, commanded by that noble fellow Captain Ethersey, whose kindness and attention to us exceeded all description: he is also a first-rate sailor. We landed at Aden, as I had orders from the governor-general to make a report on the works, but at the first battery some quicklime got into my eye and drove me half mad with pain for two days: and now, more than two months after, the eye has not recovered its natural strength. I could make no report, but on the third day looked at the plain, and at once saw that Hardinge is wrong to fortify the isthmus at the vast expence being incurred there.

"His plan is to fortify the isthmus and all the space behind it, to hold troops; he would also fortify the line of heights, and the works to face the bason where the town is. He thinks the small space between the works across the isthmus, and these heights, can be maintained by a small garrison; but there is no water there, it is only to be found in the wells behind the heights to be fortified, and he proposes to have it carried to the troops by aqueducts. Now the ridges, which enclose both the bason behind and the town, are inaccessible save by one or two goat paths; if they are scarped the bason becomes an impregnable fortress, containing the town and the only water to be had in the whole peninsula. Wherefore I say, occupy this bason and not the isthmus; for if an enemy lands at the town, which he can easily do, he will occupy the bason and cut off the water from the troops beyond it.

"By Lord Hardinge's plans the landing-places would not be defended: by mine they would. He appears to fear the

townspeople: then turn out all suspicious people and fill it with friends. The lines across the isthmus will cost a million and be useless; a common stone wall with loop-holes would keep out the Arabs there. The French would land within the bason, or rather the Russians; for I have no doubt that if a decent Emperor of Russia gets up, he will first seize Constantinople, then Alexandria, and form a dock at Suez or Cosseir, or some other suitable place. Not that I see danger from Russia if we know our work, but we never do. Why, we could attack Moscow more easily than Russia could attack Calcutta! We do not know our own strength in the East.

"Were I Emperor of the East, and thirty years of age, I would have Constantinople on one side, and Pekin on the other before twenty years, and all between should be grand, free and happy. The Emperor of Russia should be *done:* freedom and the press should burn along his frontier like touch-paper, until half his subjects were mine in heart; and then I would smite him under the fifth rib, and the Baltic should be my north-west province. Odin went from India to Scandinavia; so would I, and crack the ice under his throne at St. Petersburgh. What stuff is all this! Here am I, sixty-six years old and in bodily pain, fit for nothing but the grave, contemplating conquest and wise government! Vanity! vanity! Begone.

"People write to me that I should be made Dictator of Ireland: that would be worth living for. In one year it should be the quietest country of Europe, and one of the happiest in two: but sectarians in politics would crucify me for saving their lives and properties; for such is bigotry, and such the result of mixing Church and State together against the divine command! Were I dictator, the whole of the bishops and deacons, as by 'law established,' should go to New Zealand, there to eat or be eaten by the cannibals. The poor tenant should be secured, Kennedy's system of agriculture enforced, and all uncultivated land taxed; noisy

editors of newspapers should hang, and their property be divided amongst their relations, who should also have places to make them bless my justice in execution. I would bestow grape on the first mob, and hang the leaders, especially if they were Catholic priests; and I would make the country keep the families of the slain in great luxury. These and a few more steps of the kind would make Paddy as tame as a house cat. All poor-law commissioners should work on the roads, and all clearers of land be hanged without benefit of clergy!

"The world seems changed and great events seem coming on: the East under our rule is again growing great, and barbarism daily falls: many, I amongst the rest, have dealt it hard blows. But I did more: I took part with the poor, and strove to raise them up from the depths into which barbarism had sunk them. No one but myself has done this to my knowledge. Hardinge has not; he has left the Punjaub under the outrageous villains who tormented the poor before. Lord Cornwallis, and indeed all the others, paid attention to the barbarian princes, whereas I went at once to the door of the ryot, and so far succeeded as to leave Scinde contented: if any one was in want, it arose from what was beyond my control, and they are so few that I have a right to say the people are well off.

"Idleness is one of the retarding sins of Scinde. None would work for us before eight o'clock: the finest mornings in the world are passed in idleness. Our engineers offered extra pay for coming at daybreak, but none would do so. This was inconvenient, because our English overseers could look after men from four until eight o'clock, and could not overlook in the heat. Master Scindee knew this, and so managed as not to do half a day's work for his pay. One Englishman would do as much work as ten Scindees. Their slowness and apathy made all building very dilatory, and very expensive: all that I was able to accomplish in five years might have been done in six months!

"Well, the Indian is now rising in the scale, and Christianity is on the spread everywhere, for the Christian is the master. We have got footing in China; we are paramount in India; Persia is pressed on all sides, and Mahomet reels about:—Jerusalem beats Mecca. The Christian faith is one of reason, the others are humbug; reason must in the long run beat humbug, and the race has begun. The Bombay army laughs at high caste already; the Bengal and Madras men will soon do so; and then Vishnu's race will be run. Mahomet already drinks brandy, and his women are getting out of the harem as fast as they can. Everywhere the cross prevails: we are letting Jews into power, and, being no longer persecuted, they will in time turn Christians. A thousand years may pass before these things are completed. Aye! ten thousand! but the universality of the Christian religion progresses plainly, if men will only look at great facts. Protestants and Catholics, and Greeks, by their nonsense delay the progress of their creed, but Jesus Christ is too strong for all their folly; his words, his deeds, his life, are known, and will overthrow all their absurdities in time. Priests of all religions are at a discount, while religion is spreading and growing strong: this alone tells us, that monopoly in the trade is going down. Men are now setting up for themselves; that is to say religion grows universal.

"When men become their own priests, and have death before their eyes, they will take the right road without promptings. When men allow priests to think for them they pursue their own interests, leaving their souls to the priests. Men now daily find they must think for themselves, and are becoming really religious, and casting dogmas to old women of both sexes: in time they will *act* rightly in the eyes of God, and then Christ will rule the world. What result will follow this utter defeat of the Evil Spirit the God in heaven only knows. The work will be Christ's work, and He will perhaps come to rule us with eternal life and happiness for

those who have adhered to the Good Spirit—the God, who will then direct all things at his will.

"As to politics we are going to the bad: parliament is influenced by petty interests. In the days of Fox and Pitt, whether right or wrong, there were commanding minds and determined wills; great and distinct principles were promulgated, and the very names of Pittites, Foxites, marked the grandeur of the men. Now we wince under the lash of every editor of a newspaper. We are no longer like a fine picture, presenting two great masses of light and shade, all is broken and trivial. Every petty mercantile interest is advocated, while that of the state in mass is lost sight of in the conflict for these minor concerns:—the timber line; the railroad line; the devil's line! We are all for moderation too! A little blessed, a little damned, like souls in purgatory: but only souls and balloons go upwards; so, if we make a slip in this purgatorial moderation down we go to the devil in politics.

"H. Napier, Nov. 18th. Malta.—We are stopped here. The day we were to leave was bad, and moreover the French officer who commanded the steamer was celebrated for being 'unbearable' to his own countrymen, and 'worse' to the English. So our voyage was put off for pleasanter weather and a better captain. The good fellows here gave me a dinner on getting out of quarantine. People make sad complaints of the island being neglected by government; not men enough to defend it, and not half the guns mounted. Admiral Sir Lucius Curtis told me that a couple of steamers can come in, destroy the arsenal and be off, any night they like, and cannot be prevented! They are all angry here also at a civil government being appointed: the red coats are I mean.

"H. Napier, Dec. 10th. Nice.—We have finished our long voyage, as full of anxieties as of miles. My intent was to go to England straight and alone, but I am unable from my old Lahore enemy; never has it long left me, and

has now returned with more violence than ever. I am now at rest, body and mind, and perhaps that, with a sensible doctor, will set me up again. Yet an old post-horse will get stiff when he cools from work; and very hard work mine has been, as I now feel. As to my enemies, truth will out in time, and their vituperation is to be laughed at. I am sorry those Bhoogtees have preferred being cut to pieces to accepting my offer of land in Scinde, and *pay* until the land was productive. Poor people! but better they should die than lay waste the land.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—Your information was quite correct; there were plenty of intrigues going on against me, both by Queen's and Company's officers, but only by the vile ones. I could not defend myself, my public work took up all my time and thoughts; but I know most of them very well. Perhaps you are right about the elephant battery; but though its value may be doubtful in battle, it is a great power to move heavy artillery where you like, with the rapidity of small guns, especially in defensive war; or, where, as in India, forts meet you at every turn in offensive war. I am very ill.

"Dec. 15th.—When I wrote to you a few days ago I thought my worldly affairs were being settled:—excruciating pain, passage of blood, and the cold piercing my marrow made me feel well across Styx; and now I see no reason why Charon should put back and let me out! yet he has, and I lose no time in telling you so. My last letter said enough to alarm you, like an ass as I am; but I was more ill than ever I felt before, sinking, dying.

"I now begin to see a little of *Europin* politics, as my servant Antonio calls everything: his whole object in coming with me was to '*Dress Europin.*' Well, these Europin politics seem to be in a nice state for a blow-up. The Orkneys will be the safest place to buy an estate, if I get my prize money. The gentlemen here have done me great honour, but I am afraid of these stings after the overdose

given to Smith; the public don't like that sort of thing:—nor I neither to tell you the truth.

"Merewether's fight was a brave action, but I am going to publish a letter, to shew that I left no stone unturned to induce the Bhoogtees to submit, like the other tribes; and that their destruction, bloody as it has been, was that o men resolved to live as robbers and die in their trade.

"H. Napier, Dec. 23rd.—The ways of an idle life here will not agree with me, so I shall not stay long. I left Scinde for the sake of my family, and but for them would at once return to India, where alone I can hope for good health, warmth and good command: however, being here, home and a garden is my object, so as to have a pursuit. My dislike of halting here will make me ill again, yet my constitution is not hurt. Were I back in Scinde you shou' see: but I could not stay there, and so all is right, an shall by degrees shake into place. Still, every hour ere, or anywhere, until settled in England and at some work, is a nail in my coffin.

"Journal, Jan. 16th. Nice.—George and I are going to dine together this day, just thirty-nine years after he turned every dead body on the battle-field of Coruña, looking for mine! We are now both well in body and mind, with our wives and grandchildren! This is a life of romance!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Jan. 22.—Brown writes to me the following copy of Outram's official record of his dear friend and venerable patriarch old Roostum, on his first formal visit, when Outram became political agent, long before my arrival in Scinde: it took place in open durbar.

"On the Ameer's return visit, he appeared to be almost insensible from the effects of opium, and could scarcely articulate a word; at last, on taking leave, being reminded by Futteh Mohamed Ghoree, his highness placed Nusseer Khan's hand in mine, muttered something which was unintelligible, but evidently meaning &c. &c."

The reader will remember that it was this stupefied do-

tard's stories that Outram put forward as charges against Sir C. Napier, and which the directors adopted for masking their personal hostility to Lord Ellenborough. And on these stories also the Queen's ministers withheld all acknowledgment of the victories gained; not that they believed the tales, but to pay court to the directors at the expence of a man who had saved India.

"Journal, Feb. 4.—The illness of my excellent child Emily makes me very miserable. Great God grant that she may be spared; being so good, so cheerful, so clever, so all a daughter and a mother ought to be at her young age, to lose her would break my heart. Her own imprudence has produced this misery, but who is prudent at twenty? This world is full of suffering, but that will not make my loss the less! Well, God is full of goodness also towards me. Last year I was in another hemisphere, my wife at the point of death, my children sickly, my own health failing under anxieties, and a journey over half the globe before me, with all its dangers to a large party of women and children. Yet here we are now, all well but one, and her illness perhaps not so serious as it seems to me: we must look at the bright side as well as the dark.

"Feb. 13.—A letter from Lord Fitzroy. The duke has given my nephew William, and Montagu McMurdo, majorities: this is delightful. Brown is to have one also; and my three best helps in Scinde are thus rewarded. The duke has ever stood my firm friend. I have now nothing to wish for, and wish for nothing. Montagu's services in Scinde were very great. He is a thorough soldier, with great military capacity, which I have trained to the right track: so have I done with William. Now comes sharp memory about my poor John! but fate will have its way. Death comes to all, and then all is vanity. I see it now, I have ever seen it. Ambition never was my stimulus. I am energetic in pursuit of my objects, but never laid down an ambitious plan in my life: whatever my thoughts or actions, they

have been the result of circumstances not plans; but in execution my whole force of thought has been given to obtain success. The force of circumstances has placed me in all the situations of my life: yet when so placed I have never acted on impulse. Accident placed me in Cephalonia; it was the same in Scinde; the same as to the government of the Australian colony; and the Northern District: I never sought any of them. They came, and then all my thoughts, all my energies of body and mind were exerted, and all seemed to me unequal to do what could have been done.

"H. Napier, Feb. 29th.—About your History of Florence. It is highly spoken of. I was told it was a history of her very stones: this alone makes it valuable for reference. Of course it must embrace a large portion of Italian history; but it is called the History of Florence, and must be either read, or described, before people know that it contains more than it professes. The mass of readers will not read voluminous works on any subject; the spread of what is called Education effectually prevents reading: young men have too much forced upon them not to be thoroughly disgusted with reading. I have not seen a review of your work, but it has been highly spoken of in the papers.

"Here we are all in hopes that there may not be civil war in France. She is an unhappy country. I cannot go home now and leave my women, not being a French prince! but I pray that our rulers may have the good sense to let their neighbours alone, to settle their own affairs. Look at 15,000 paupers on the poor-rates of Marylebone parish only!

"March 18th.—Your History of Florence is being translated into Italian, and is considered in Italy a standard work for the Italians: a gentleman, fellow traveller with Montagu, told him this without the least knowing of his connection. I am glad there is no good review: reviews hurt books of real knowledge. Oh! I know the pith of it, says you review reader.

"30th March.—I want nothing public; but if in these

troublesome times my services are wanted I am ready and willing: to ask is not for me. If the Ionian Islands were offered it would be agreeable, because good could be done there: that is if it were possible to remain under that ass of constitution-mongering celebrity, Lord Grey, who thinks abilities are acquired ex officio. My government would not however be pleasing at home, for I would reduce expences, and that no English government can endure: Whig and Tory alike abhor economy. Our parliament is enough to destroy the greatest empire the world ever saw; yet the press will keep us all right yet, and I think we shall bear the storm of revolution for the present: but we must not go to war for other people."

A curious coincidence of opinion between Charles Napier and the Duke of Wellington is to be remarked here. After defending the lines of Torres Vedras, the duke thus expressed himself in an unpublished letter. "After you will have sat one or two sessions in parliament, and will have obtained a knowledge of the mode in which questions are discussed, time is spent, and business done there, you will probably be astonished, as I have been, how England came by her greatness."

"April 2nd.—I agree with you that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, but see no analogy between a pudding and the sale of a history. The proof of a history is its truth and style: were I to publish my romance with my name, it would beat your history in sale to nothing, without having the value of a single page of the latter, being in short worthless, as all novels are beyond a momentary amusement: circumstances, not merit affect the sale of every book, which is no criterion of merit.

"If all goes on quietly in France we shall soon set off; if not we must wait till the middle of May and go by Turin. We could not risk Mont Cenis with Indian children sooner, the little things might get *nipped*. Little Kate is quite beautiful; it won't last very likely, but at present she is a

wonderful little beauty. Cissy is I hear quite well at Pisa; that little animal has got hold of me like a typhus fever, and will never leave me alive! That things will settle down quietly in France is to be doubted. Lamartine seems a fine fellow, but it demands a Napoleon to govern just now. It is the fault of England; had we left him alone France would now have been tranquil, rich and happy, and Louis Philippe would have been what nature fitted him for:—a pedlar.

"Journal, April 16th.—The anniversaries of Meeanee and Dubba have passed without one man who was there being with me here. They are not events however that now have much interest with me; indeed I forgot Meeanee altogether until it was brought to my mind by Count Pierlas, asking me to tell him something about the ground for his picture of me"—engraved in 3rd volume.—"God knows I hold glory cheap enough! I would rather have finished the roads of Cephalonia than have fought Austerlitz or Waterloo. The mole at Kurrachee is more to me than all the wars I made in Scinde, except the hill war, for that put down robbery; yet the battles put down tyranny; my meaning is war as for glory. I would a thousand times rather have gone to Australia than have won all the battles of the world. Were it not for the long voyage I would try to go there now! But the wife and children! A public servant has no right to either wife or child: he has not fair play with a family. The Catholic priests are quite right, and a soldier should have nothing to think of but his work: the more he loves his wife and children the worse he serves his country and his fame.

"M. Genl. W. Napier. Paris, May.—It is as easy for me to go by Havre as by Boulogne, but I dislike being made a gaby as Harry Smith was, begging his pardon for saying so, as I like him much, and think him a right good soldier. Yet if you, McMurdo, and Kennedy, all think my meeting such a kind reception from Lord Frederick FitzClarence as

he seems disposed to give me, will be one good answer to my enemies I am ready to get over my repugnance to display. I sat half an hour with Soult yesterday, who twice desired me to say how much he regarded you. He paid me the highest compliments, as he had studied all my operations in China! and entirely approved of them. This was flattering. Depend upon it that when a French soul is damned, it puts on a great coat and compliments the devil on his fine climate—though *un peu froid.*

"Journal, 8th May.—Entered Orleans this day, the anniversary of that on which the ever glorious Jean d'Arc raised the siege in 1429! It was celebrated by a feast annually held in her honour, but to the infamy of the English government of that day. The conduct of Bedford was worse than than that of George the Fourth towards Napoleon. Yet my belief is, that but for the Duke of Wellington Napoleon would have been assassinated in a more direct way than he was. Wonderful are our destinies in this world, and I shall soon have the key to all these wonders! The grave will unlock all! I am not however curious or impatient, it being just the sort of knowledge which I would avoid acquiring so long as destiny pleases. She seems inclined however to let me into the secret soon, for I am again ill with my old enemy. Perhaps there is no better way of dying, except apoplexy: that is the prince of deaths! No pain, no preparation, no trouble to friends. You go '*like shot out of a shovel.*' I know it! God defend me from the suffocating feel in my nose, produced by my horrid wound at Busaco: rather would I be broke upon the wheel.

"Portsmouth, 15th May.—This town gave me an honorable reception: more than I have a right to I think; however I made my 'neat and appropriate.'"

A curious proof of hostility attended this reception. Lord Frederick Fitzclarence, at the head of all the officers of the regular garrison, and all the officers of marines, at-

tended him in full uniform to the town-hall, where a large assembly, headed by the mayor and corporation, presented an address amidst loud acclamations: but the watchful activity and power of his enemies were immediately made manifest. The tools of the government and the directors had strenuously sought to exalt the fame and popularity of that really gallant soldier, Sir Harry Smith; not from any generous feeling, but to dim the reputation of Sir Charles Napier. Public demonstrations were encouraged, and in society it was diligently circulated that the victor of Aliwal was the *only* Indian general of real merit: in that view to ignore Sir C. Napier as a man of mark became an object. The Times newspaper suppressed all notice of his reception at Portsmouth; and so pertinaciously, that when the mayor, anxious that the feelings of his townsmen should be known, sent an exact statement it was refused: he offered to pay for it as an advertisement, but it was still refused! a fact speaking loudly as to the influence used.

"Journal, May 25th, London.—I meet all sorts of kind receptions here; but as to being honoured it does not move a feeling. I suppose it ought, but it does not, except as being wormwood to Leadenhead Street, which is a comfort. Now ends my public career and my journal. What I may henceforth do, or say, will be of no moment to anybody but myself. I am ready '*to lay me down and die.*'"

The wretched underworking of his enemies continued, the ignoring of his reception at Portsmouth was followed up with pitiable impotence. The Senior United Service Club gave him a public banquet, at which Lord Ellenborough, speaking of his great abilities for government, said, "that if entire success was the criterion of ability he surpassed all men who had ever held rule in India." Not the slightest notice of this banquet was taken by the newspapers. He was again invited by the Junior United Service Club, and a speech by the writer of this biography, which gave a history of his ill-treatment by the directors, was en-

tirely suppressed, although warmly cheered, and most so by some Indian officers present. Lord Londonderry also gave him a banquet of honour, where the Prince of Prussia was present. There Sir Robert Peel addressed glowing eulogies to the Indian general whom he had forgotten at the King's College Hospital dinner, and amongst other flattering things said that, he had "*not been sufficiently honoured and rewarded.*" It might have been asked, "*Who was the minister when those honours were withheld?*" But at Lord Londonderry's dinner the politician was forgot, the man's real personal feelings broke out, and they were generous: he expressed them again still more warmly after dinner, in a personal conversation. His speech was too marked to be passed over, but, in the leading newspapers it was misrepresented as being addressed to Lord Hardinge! All these pitiful artifices however failed. From Cheltenham, from Rugby, from Dublin, from Limerick, and other places, he soon received public invitations, and the true feeling of the nation, muttering at first, augmented daily, and finally broke into a tempest before which directors and ministers were compelled to succumb, though they strove hard, first to repel, and then to evade the storm.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, May.—I am more flattered by Bolwell's letter than by dinners from all the clubs in London. Tell him that having had high pay my object was to prove worthy of my hire by success: and therefore, if honest honourable men think I have succeeded all the reward I deserve is mine."

James Bolwell was a radical, and shoemaker at Bath, and a man of considerable ability, as Lord John Russell found to his cost on the hustings of Stroud. He had great influence with the chartists in the troubled times of Charles Napier's northern command, and always used it with an earnest purpose to prevent violence; for though his zeal in the cause was vehement and constant, he never forgot that freedom was not to be obtained by dishonest means: poverty

and suffering never quelled either his spirit in the cause, or his sense of probity and justice in supporting that cause.

"I left my card with Lord John Russell: the messenger wanted me to go up, yet I did not, saying, my call was merely to leave my direction in case he wished to see me, but I had nothing to say to his lordship. Indian officers are calling on me as fast as they can find me out: this is good in more ways than one. I am asked to meet H.R.H. the Prince of Prussia at Lord Londonderry's. Has he done anything as a prince to prevent my going?

"The same, June 11th.—A pretty report from India! I cannot believe that my friend Colin Campbell can have been surprized and destroyed when at the head of 10,000 men and six batteries: if so, the politicals have done him. Supposing the report true, fearful events will follow, and Gough will have to collect his 50,000 men, cantoned at various distances around Lahore, but all far away and not unlikely to be cut off in detail: can he collect them? My wife heard a gentleman say 'If true it will only be the loss of Lahore!' So much for men's notions of India. The mischief would be endless; and Hardinge has recently reduced the army by seventy thousand men: his policy towards the Punjaub will I fear fail in the end. They go on, I hear, badly in Scinde; the civil and military authorities not working together of course. My poor friend Peate of the engineers is dead, which grieves me sadly. They have stopped the further construction of the mole, and also the barracks; and it is said the two camel corps are to be disbanded!

"I have not sent in my name now as ready to serve; but last December I told Lord Fitzroy of my readiness to do so, and my fear is being called upon to do so, and especially in the northern districts; but having said I was able must stick to it. I won't complain of ill-usage, not thinking myself ill-used, except by Lord Ripon and the

directors, with which the public has nothing to do. I think Hardinge, Gough, and Keane, were all too well treated: I don't like these rewards for services when the people are starving. My health is weak for the northern district, but if good is to be done the rough must be taken as well as the smooth. However, one of my reasons for disliking such an employment is the being unlikely to suit the government. I see that violence and '*putting down*' is the cry. There is but one way of putting down starving men who take arms, viz. killing them; and one way of hindering them from taking up arms, viz. feeding them. The first seems to engross the minds of all who wear broad cloth, and gorge on turbot; but there seems no great measure in view for removing suffering: private charity, though in plenty, won't suffice for a starving nation. Yet God knows what will happen, for we see great events often turn out the reverse of what human calculations lead us to expect.

"The same, June.—The club give me a feed the 13th. The duke is to be asked, but if I know his temper he won't go. Hardinge was his particular friend, and a governor-general; I am too small a fish for his net:—We shall see."—He did not go.—"I am not inclined to let the directors escape without a fling at them; but think that at a dinner, to attack any one can hardly be done with propriety, lest my hosts should have friends amongst the attacked. I have a pamphlet of General De la Motte about the Bombay government and Outram, which will be useful: he dedicates it to Hardinge, and complains that he ill-used him.

"Miss Napier, June 20th.—At the Senior U. S. Club dinner there was much speaking, and I was much honoured. The chief speakers were Lords Strafford, Ellenborough, and Hardinge. They praised me a great deal too much for my deserts; but my head won't be turned, knowing my own small measure too well to let the cheese drop out of my mouth. A just estimate of one's own deficiencies is the best morsel one can eat! If I believed the fine things said

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of me I should eagerly seek public employment again, whereas my wish is to live out of the world's eye, lest it should discover that I am not the man these speakers describe me to be. Yet I am grateful to the speakers for their partial feelings towards me.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, June.—I could not become a doctor of laws, because no decided offer was made to me: it was only made known to me by a message from William Bathurst; and it is altogether such nonsense it does not suit my taste. Peel is a queer fellow! At Lord Londonderry's he made such a speech, praising me, as you never heard, on returning thanks for his own health being drunk. He paid Hardinge a passing compliment, but then looking at me, and being just opposite, his whole discourse was addressed to me in the most complimentary manner. There was no cause why he should mention my name at all! Londonderry and Hardinge had done so in the handsomest way; the first in giving my health, the last in returning thanks for his own health being drunk. It was when this was finished our host gave Peel's health, and then after a few words to Lord L. Peel turned to me, and made certainly a beautiful speech, but so strong that I was obliged to bow to him in acknowledgment. Now, is not this odd if he spoke as you told me he did at some dinner, praising all the other Indian generals but omitting me? The Morning Post is the only paper I have seen, and it leaves out what he said of me, making a mixed praise with that of Hardinge: it was not so: you can conceive nothing more distinct and complimentary to me. He afterwards said to me in the drawing-room '*Were I to begin life again, and be a soldier I would enlist under you in preference to any other general.*'

"The same, June.—General De la Motte has just put into my hands the following statement of facts. The people of the Southern Mahratta country rose in rebellion against their rajah, our ally. Samanghur was besieged by us,

De la Motte commanded; the poor people appealed through the political, saying in substance, 'We are cruelly used; we will send five men to plead for us, and we will surrender if you will but do justice.' *Letter of the Bombay governor in answer.* 'We had no idea of your being ill-used. We will hear all you have to say.' This answer was sent to the political Reeves, by the hands of Outram, who was dispatched with it from Bombay to Reeves, with orders to the latter to send Outram on with the letter to De la Motte, and an order to that general to '*cease military operations and hear the poor people.*'

"Outram arrived at De la Motte's quarters, found all prepared for storming the next morning, *concealed the letter, let the storm take place, and the poor people resisting to the last, were bayonetted to a man!* After the slaughter Outram gave the letter! Why did not you Colonel Outram give me this last night? '*I thought it would have a bad effect!*' The general tells me the directors were angry for a wonder, and wrote a furious letter to the Bombay government; it was submitted to Hobhouse, he refused to let it be forwarded, and forced them to let Outram off! De la Motte shewed me copies of the official letters!"

Now commenced the fulfilment of his many predictions about the Punjaub. Two politicals, Anderson and Agnew, were assassinated by Moolraj of Mooltan. The second Sikh war was kindled and India trembled. But the history of that great event belongs not to this biography; its consequences only, as they bore on Sir C. Napier's life, are to be noted, and his correspondence will gradually do that.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, August.—A letter from moonshee tells me the plan of Moolraj was to make Anderson and Agnew prisoners, and when a force went from Lahore to release them, the country round Lahore was to rise and fall on the garrison, weakened by that detachment: the townspeople were also to rise inside. The conspirators, finding that Sir F. Currie discovered nothing, though they met

nightly under his nose, then ventured on bribing the Sepoys and the plot came out! Currie would not believe it, but an officer forced him to listen to the native non-commissioned officer who gave the information, and who was furious at Currie's laughing at him. Moonshee also says, there will be a rising in the rear when the army moves on Mooltan, especially if that place holds out: and that the Nawab of Bhawalpoor enlists men, who desert when they have got their money to Moolraj of Mooltan. There will be plenty of tricks played both upon Currie and the general no doubt, but the soldiers will fight through all, and no mistake: yet another nail will go into the coffin of our Indian empire.

"Brighton, August.—Wanting to know if the old ferocious spirit of '98 was beginning amongst the military in Ireland, I wrote to Pennefather, and it does not appear to be so at all. The papers wonder that a regiment there was ready for march in an hour; a flying column ought to be ready in half that time. I remember sending to the Scinde horse suddenly, when my tent was 300 yards from them, yet in 20 minutes they were in march!"

The light division under Craufurd in the Peninsula required only a quarter of an hour to get under arms with baggage loaded: seven minutes without baggage!

"Brougham, whom I met at dinner, told me that Roebuck told him you complained of his not answering you, but that you never put a date, he did not know where to answer you, and so had sent to me. I said that I had forwarded your letter, and probably, if he had taken the trouble to look at some of your back letters, he would have seen that you had dated them. He did not like this, and said loudly 'No! I looked particularly and they were not dated'"—his lordship was more splenetic than accurate.—"Very well, said I, then he has no right to complain of not being answered. The duke said it was a bad practice.

"The duke enquired after you, and his manner was very kind to me, both at Miss Coutts's and at Rogers's where I sat

by him, the party being only of four: after dinner Mrs. Dyce Sombre came in, and a very agreeable madcap she is, with the most beautiful voice I ever heard, I could listen to her singing for ever: she sung at the '*Beau*' delightfully.

"September 3rd.—I have no letters about Mooltan. One indeed came from Sheik Ali Hussein, who was Moolraj's chief minister a year ago, and is now with Herbert Edwardes! He could tell me everything, but with true barbarian caution tells me nothing! Two old acquaintances of mine lead the Bhawalpoor forces:—Futtee Mohamed Ghoree, above all birds in the air, and Peer Ibrahim. Futtee will play Edwardes some trick if not well watched. Peer Ibrahim is our friend, so far as may be expedient: he is very clever, and probably put by the Nawab to watch that old fox, Futtee Ghoree, who is clever and resolute, and, as you know, hates us. Whether Moolraj will be murdered by traitors, or fall on Edwardes, God knows. Edwardes' people are Mahomedans, Moolraj has Sikhs and Mahomedans I believe, and if they quarrel he is in a bad way.

"Lord Brougham is a queer fellow. He was talking something about burials at Miss Coutts's, of being buried alive, and finished by saying, However I don't know I never was buried. You ought to have been said I, for your lordship was dead once you know. He looked hard at me, and then said in a low voice, Yes! yes! I was dead. He did not seem to like the joke, and the less so as the old beau opened his mouth and gave a deep guttural laugh, while the others broke out aloud.

"Cortland, who is with Edwardes, is a clever officer; he was in the Sikh service and came away just before the battles. Had I been in Scinde I would have sent the camel corps to Bhawalpoor, which would have given Edwardes great support; and I would have ordered Futtee Ghoree back, to be under the eye of Fitzgerald. The camel corps would have reached Bhawalpoor in four days from Roree, and have made Edwardes' battle more

decisive: however it was pretty well, if all we hear is true, and I suppose it is. Edwardes did well in crossing the doab, getting the money, and then back to join the Bhawalpoor troops; but he ought not to have fought till Cortland had joined him: perhaps he could not help it, we cannot tell his reasons. If he beats Moolraj he will be safe; but if Moolraj gets an advantage Edwardes' position will be dangerous, with Futtee for a coadjutor. If Moolraj's men are true Edwardes cannot take Mooltan: if they are false the town will open its gates.

"Miss Napier, Cheltenham, Sept. 30.—I have taken a house here for six months. On the 5th October they give me a public feed. I have been in a whirlpool since I arrived, visits, changing lodgings, and dinners: how I hate these effusions of fish and folly! Amongst other things every old soldier in Cheltenham has come to tell me how little way his pension goes in these times! Poor old fellows, it vexes me to see them so hard run for small comforts, and I am glad I came here, if it were only for the chats with them of old fights and hardships. They like this, but complain bitterly that old officers take no notice of them. When I see these shrivelled old men, with age ploughed deep in their wizened old faces, like my own, and remember the deeds they did with the bayonet, I sigh for ancient days when our bodies were fit for war. I remember these men powerful and daring for battle, for they are mostly my own soldiers: alas! alas! that we should grow weak and old! Well, every dog has his day. After all war is horrid work, and it is hard to understand why man should feel pride and pleasure in what ought to excite unmitigated disgust. Yet we do, and it seems to me that civilians have less horror of such scenes than soldiers have.

"They are going to give me a great military dinner, and many Meeanee and Hydrabad officers are to be there. When I think of the heaps of dead bodies I rode over on that day I shudder with horror at the bloody work we had:

and yet we shall feel proud of it when we get together, talking of the battles! I feel ashamed, yet like it—not the dinner but the talking over the fights. What queer devils we are! Yet God knows I was very miserable when the battles ended and I rode over the fields, and saw such heaps of slain: and then all my own soldiers, stark and stiff as we laid them in a row for burial next day! How I run on from having seen the old comrades of the Peninsula! Pray give my best respects to that blaze of beauty Lady John Thynne, and tell her she did me great honour to dream of me. I fear as I stopped her on the Queen's highway she took me at first for a highwayman, and her dream might not have been so complimentary. I had been riding Red Rover again, after a year and a half: the last time as a king at the head of an army, now as a wretch paying turnpikes; and taken for a footpad by that beautiful woman!

"October 2nd.—The *Hogg* grunts no more."——

This alluded to an exposure he had made, in the public papers, of a sneaking attempt by Sir James Weir Hogg working in his vocation as a director, to injure him. In that attempt he had been aided by Mr. Baillie with the spirit of a director, though not then one: for when some member of the Commons, having a true English heart, complained that no honours had been conferred for Sir C. Napier's great victories, Mr. Baillie, on the prompting of Hogg, answered, that Sir C. Napier had got prize money, mentioning a sum. Characteristic were the words—Pelf above honour! The directors when they condemn an Indian for injustice, always add—provided it does not lower dividends. The sum named by Mr. Baillie was greater than ever was designed to be given, and Sir James Hogg was at the very time, in concert with his brother directors, striving hard to reduce the real amount by one-half!

—— "I am working at my pamphlet on the camel baggage corps: it will soon be published. Letters from Kur-

rachee tell me, that the magnificent garden there is nearly destroyed: they have driven away an excellent man named Sach, an old soldier, to put in an Italian, who does nothing but fraternize with a French comedian and talk politics: this is very vexatious.

"Oct. 11.—A large public dinner. Lord Ellenborough's speech excellent; he told the Indian civilians, many of whom were present, that he did not like them: the Times would not insert any of the speeches, though their reporter was present."

These complimentary dinners naturally excited enquiry as to the details of the battles, and to one he returned the following review.

"Oct. 12.—Meeanee was in my view the best fought of the battles, because I am not aware of any considerable error; because my troops were not so good, nor so numerous as at Dubba, the odds being thirty-five thousand against less than two thousand at the first; whereas at Dubba they were only twenty-six thousand against five thousand. At Meeanee those of my troops who had seen any service before, had all been defeated by natives, and none of them knew me: they had served under what General Nott calls a '*Horse Guards general*' who, having more men than the Affghans, had been defeated. This told against me. My best native regiments, the grenadiers under Clibborn, had been defeated at Noofusk by the hill men, and both remembered it: they did not fall on the enemy at Meeanee, and yet were a fourth of my whole army! By stopping the gap in the wall on my right, I, in fact, won the battle; for though the charge of cavalry decided the victory, it could not have been made if the gap had not first been stopped.

"We cannot judge our own deeds impartially, and I may be wrong; but my opinion is that for four things I deserved credit as a commander at Meeanee. 1°. The formation of my enormous baggage as a fortress, by which it defended itself and my rear at the same time. 2°. Stopping the gap,

and thus paralyzing a great force of the enemy in the Shikargah. 3°. Making the cavalry charge as they did. 4°. My formation in square after victory, as a precaution against a renewed attack by overpowering numbers, which was in the enemy's power and with the most terrible effect, as we were on a plain where his whole force could reach us. I made these four arrangements under circumstances to try the nerves, for the danger was tremendous, the noise of firing great, and the smoke preventing clear views of the enemy: indeed when I sent orders for the cavalry to charge my expectation was to be cut down every instant. Penny-father, Harding, Willie, Teesdale, Jackson, Phayre, were all down around me, with lots of soldiers. Perhaps I am vain in giving myself credit for these things, but I know I did not lose my calmness of mind at that time. I expected to die but did not think of it to disturb me, I thought only of how to win, and my only disturbing thought was that the troops might give way.

"At the second battle a better movement might have been made perhaps; this I told William, and he published my own critique on myself in his history. My troops there had recently been victorious in a great battle, and they knew and confided in my leading: not a man would have flinched. Colonel Stack indeed endangered me there, as Clibborn had at Meeanee, but all fought well in the second battle. However my work was hard, because, cut off from my two bases, I had to collect under very difficult circumstances the forces with which the battle was won, which possibly was done very well for an English general!

"My brother has told the story well and truly. My opinion is that Shere Mohamed's right flank might have been turned with advantage: but my excuses are strong. 1°. My second in command, brave as a lion, was not expert, and I was very ill, hardly able to sit my horse, while my line of battle was a mile in length, and I had to ride full speed several times from one flank to the other. Error is error,

notwithstanding excuses; but one of the latter is that we could not see the village till we mounted the great bank of the nullah. Had I known of the village it is probable a movement to turn it would have been made, but not certain; for my army could not manœuvre, and that made me afraid to undertake what appeared best, to do what was expedient.

"All my means in the campaign were deficient, except the courage of the troops. Inexperienced as a general myself I had inexperienced officers, we had suddenly come together, and the troops, many at least, had been accustomed to defeat under the politicals. How different when I marched towards Mooltan! Then I had experience, good officers, good troops of my own forming and 17,000 of them!. We could have done good work; I would not have turned back before 60,000 Sikhs, had we been allowed to go on: but it was otherwise decreed! Had it not been so, I should have left in Mooltan an English garrison, and none of the present sad work would have happened."

This review of his battles leads to a letter written from Scinde, which was called forth by a foolish story, that Sir C. Napier had not ordered the charge of cavalry at Meeanee! There is always some wonderful *second* in command, or some *young* officer, who wins every great battle for every great general; but this story was adopted, with some other erroneous statements by the engineer, Colonel Waddington, in a published memoir: hence the following observations.

"July 1847.—I have the letters of three of my staff, each sent separately, with my orders for the cavalry to charge the enemy's right, viz. Lieut.-Colonel McPherson, Captain Pelley, and Lieutenant Thompson. Waddington could know nothing about it: he rode about behind me, but he never carried an order, and he could not know what orders Colonel Pattle gave the cavalry, for he never saw Pattle in the action. I do not know how he forms his estimate of numbers, but I gave my brother the most exact

statement I could get; the dispatch was beyond the mark; the numbers in it were those on paper, which were more than the reality. The Beloochees were not crowded on the wall when we were advancing to the attack—they had been before that moment, but were not then. One man sat astride on it, while firing at us, which was the only way he could sit, for it was not above a foot thick at top—I believe his fire was at me, and that he was a marksman put there as knowing me. He had only three shots, for seeing him so intent on us, I told some of the 22nd to shoot him, and they did so; he fell like a lump of lead on our side. We had seen matchlocks handed up to him. I swept the whole wall well with my telescope before we advanced, and while under their cannonade: there was not then a man but this one on it. I also saw through the opening obliquely, a long way, and ascertained that there was no scaffolding to enable them to fire over, nor any loopholes to fire through the wall. It was this which made me think the gap in the wall was broken to let them sally out upon our rear, and the moment I was satisfied that there were neither loopholes, nor banquettes, I ordered the advance. Very particular was my examination, for though Red Rover stands steady under fire, I got from the beast's back, and again carefully swept the wall and examined the breach.

"I did not think of sending Tew in till we were advancing, my thought previously being only, as to how the enemy was to be dealt with when he should rush out. Many things came like flashes across my mind. I was not satisfied with my thoughts, the matchlock fire was very heavy, and there was no time to lose:—suddenly the idea came into my head to attack them through the wall, as the best check, and at once a company was sent there. I could spare no more, and told Tew he must defend the opening to the last; or rather I sent him that order, for the 22nd had already got to firing, were in some confusion, and matters

had put on a dangerous aspect. Tew beat them back, but found plenty of them, and fell himself about 60 yards within the gap, and there his men held on: he could not have gone further, thousands filled the wood, upon whom soon afterwards we opened a nine-pounder, through the wall lower down, which told tremendously. This relieved Tew's men, who would otherwise have been very sorely pressed; yet I could have aided them with guns had they been beaten back.

"The battle began at nine o'clock, and we formed on the opposite side of the Fullaillee at one o'clock, the firing still going on, for the 22nd nearly shot me: they thought a native of our army, who was drunk and rode flourishing up to me, was a Belooch going to cut me down, and they let fly a volley at him: he escaped, as well as I and those with me! There were enemies in sight then, and it was past one o'clock. What the dispatch says was taken from all our watches. Waddington is probably right about the extent of our front, but not as to the Ameers' front, which was twelve hundred yards. As to the dead he is decidedly wrong. Two officers counted four hundred bodies within a semicircle of 50 paces radius, where I was in the battle, near the little nullah running into the Fullaillee. Now to the left of that were all those killed by the 12th Regiment, by the grenadiers, and by the cavalry: a pretty lot! the ground was covered with dead! Then came the Shikargah, no one can tell the number there the wood was so dense, but the artillery and Tew's men killed very many which were not counted; finally there were numbers that died of their wounds in the country around.

"The cavalry never entered the wood on our left, a horse could not go five yards for the brushwood. Waddington, being with me, could only know what passed with the grenadiers and cavalry by hearsay. I never heard that Tucker asked Pattle to charge: Tucker was in command of a squadron only, Major Storey commanded the regiment.

When the cavalry advanced Tucker received six balls from the village of Kotree, fell, and lay still until taken away: he behaved very well, but was not more exposed than others; he was only distinguished by being so much wounded. The grenadiers went to the right about by Clibborn's order; but there were a thousand stories about them. The 9th Bengal cavalry led the charge, for Jacob, having gone round the village, was unable to advance, came back, and followed the 9th cavalry, which, on entering the river bed wheeled to its left a little, while the Scinde horse, *led by Fitzgerald*, went headlong at the camp.

"P—— ought to have led them in mass but he did not. He is brave as a lion, and has all the quaint humour of Munchausen:—for example, he said to Mrs. McKenzie, 'Madam, at the battle of Meeanee I perpetrated such destruction that Sir C. Napier rode up and said Colonel P—— deliver your sword! I cannot allow of such slaughter even of an enemy. I did deliver my sword, but continued to do as much execution with the scabbard.' At another time he gravely assured an auditor, that after having made the 7th cavalry sharpen their swords, he suddenly ordered them to 'carry swords, and in an instant the whole place run with blood! every trooper had cut off his own right ear! so eager were the poor fellows to obey my orders: it was a sad accident!' Such is old P——, but as I said before, brave as a lion.

"I have, since writing the above, examined all our surveys, and find you are right: there is no mistake as to the front, it was rather more than 1200 yards. The plan in your *Conquest of Scinde* is perfectly correct. The front between Kotree and the wall was 700 yards, but that was our front, not that of the Ameers, which far outflanked us. I have since heard, that the Belooch line, not only occupied the Shikargah on their own right, but even extended to the bend of the river, beyond the ground comprised in your

plan. In truth also, both Jacob and Tew ought to be included in our front, though not actually in the line of battle: Waddington is therefore mistaken on both points.

"I had advanced before the battle with the 9th cavalry to a point on my right, and no doubt that movement was well watched from the wood, and troops prepared there to receive us: it is hardly possible to doubt this. On reaching the Shikargah my decision was taken to flank it, not daring to enter such a defile of thick wood on both sides of the Fullaillee bed, and then it was that I halted my advanced guard and filed my column off to the left. No one can believe that men so skilful as the Beloochees are in taking up a position, would have left the wood unoccupied and allow me to march quietly to the bed of the river, to pass it, and turn their left flank. Had I been mad enough to attempt that movement I should have found myself between two deadly matchlock fires from both banks, and been defeated; for each bank was a parapet, and the cavalry would have been useless. Had infantry attacked the wood, it was so dense that our men must have been broken and fought singly; then numbers would have told, and the fight have been quickly ended by our men having each a host upon him with sword and shield. I shall soon have time to defend the history from all attacks as to incorrectness. Waddington is quite convinced that all he has written is correct, but it is not so. I have just accidentally found Lieut. Thompson's letter: he belongs to the 9th cavalry and was my orderly officer.

"'Simla, May 1844.—Colonel Pattle was mistaken when he told you that he received no order to charge at Meeanee, for you gave the order to me; and I met the colonel about half way between the cavalry and infantry. He was riding towards the latter, and asked me how they were getting on. I made no reply but told him your order: he said, tell Storey, and rode on. I told Storey, and saw the 9th cavalry

advance, and remember Garrett beginning to trot, when Storey called out, Gently Garrett, gently. On my return I met McPherson, who asked me if I had given the order, and I think he rode on to the cavalry: so there can be no mistake about the colonel having received an order.

'H. THOMPSON.'

"I can't find McPherson's or Pelley's letters, but they all concur: these two were sent to follow up the order carried by Thompson, lest he should be killed."—They were afterwards found, and confirmed Thompson's.

# SEVENTEENTH EPOCH.

## THIRD PERIOD.

When it was found that the attempt to ignore Sir Charles Napier's fame could not suppress the national feeling, the vulgar insolence of his enemies became so offensively displayed in public anonymous letters, and in that most base and cowardly of all hostilities, private anonymous letters, that his friends feared his temper might give way, and became watchful to interfere, as the subjoined letter from his son-in-law to the author discloses.

"Oct. 24th.—I entirely agree with you on the necessity of preventing anything approaching to a duel between the general and his assailants. Nothing could be more conducive to the ruin of his cause in the eyes of the world, and consequently more satisfactory to his enemies. No matter how justified he might be personally in going out, his age, his position, and the present state of public opinion forbids such an alternative, and you may depend upon my interfering peremptorily and at all risks."

These fears were premature: he treated the attacks with contempt, yet without granting absolute impunity to those who did not shelter themselves by writing anonymously. When Sir J. Hogg and Mr. Baillie defended, in the Times, their statement to the House about the prize money, he gave them a rebuke, the provocation to which may be judged from the following characteristic notice by a distinguished member of the House of Lords—"Sir James Hogg's letter will hardly satisfy the world that he did not for the purposes of debate, and to create a prejudice against you, prompt Mr. Baillie to say what was at the time wholly

untrue; what never could under any circumstances become wholly true, and what he and his colleagues intended, if they could, to render untrue to half the extent of the statement made."

"H. Napier, Oct. 28th.—I yesterday sent my answers to Hogg and Baillie. You will be amused, as Montagu and I were, at the account we heard from an ear witness of Lord Brougham's bringing Hogg to the bar of the House of Lords, for some transaction about sugar as we understood. When Hogg appeared, Brougham called aloud, '*Sus horridus.*' And then suddenly said, '*Mr. Hogg, oh! I beg your pardon: I addressed you in your chrysalis state. I forgot you are now a baronet butterfly. Sir Peter Hogg.*' And during his speech, every time he named him it was Sir Peter, or something else, but never Sir James Hogg. Now all this passed as good fun in the Lords, but it appears my saying '*this Hogg,*' in my letter, is shocking! Lord Fitzroy advised me to call on the directors, but I told him I would see them at the devil first. However if all the world and his wife had advised me to call on them and not to write my first letter, I would not do the first and would do the second again: perhaps I shall do it again. I was treated like a dog by this Hogg, and will bite. What I said was true, namely that it was a malignant falsehood in intention and in fact: truth is truth and I will tell it. I will not bear insult and injury without resentment: and this on principle, for as to feeling I have none against the Hogg."

He was now called to Dublin by an invitation for a great banquet in the Rotunda, which, however, was not got up without an intrigue that went nigh to prevent it altogether. Amongst other things it was so contrived, that the writer of this biography should not be invited, although especially named by Sir C. Napier as one he desired to have present. With this explanation the allusions in his letters will be understood so far as it is necessary. The banquet

was very splendid, and amongst the speakers, Mr. Whiteside was conspicuous from his eloquence, and that passionate warmth which indicates the sincerity of a great orator's feelings. He compared Charles Napier's treatment to that of the elder Scipio.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Oct. 17.—Prince George and Blakeney have treated me very honorably. The dinner went off splendidly: it really was magnificent. Blakeney and the prince were there; but very few soldiers. The garrison was huffed, owing to a mistake made by the committee, nothing against me: more when we meet. Whiteside gave his mind about me.

"Miss Napier, Nov. 19.—Would that some of you had been here to witness the warm reception I have met with; if I loved Ireland before, gratitude makes me love her more now: my father and mother seemed to rise before my eyes to witness the feelings of Dublin towards me. Would to God some of you had been here!

"M. Genl. W. Napier. Carton, Nov.—I have found out how matters went about your not being asked. The committee did desire Farrell to ask who I pleased. At this time, or rather immediately after, the T. Y. letter appeared and the whole of the government Whigs went to work, tooth and nail, not only to abuse you, but on the strength of my Hogg letter to prevent the dinner altogether: one of them on the committee withdrew his name, and he was followed by others. Then, from some mistake, Sir E. Blakeney was not asked, and Prince George sent an excuse because Blakeney was unasked: the military invitations had been confided to the half-pay officers, who blundered about Blakeney. John Kennedy was at Limerick when he heard that Blakeney would not come; he jumped into the train, went straight to Blakeney, and asked him why? 'Simply Kennedy because I have received no invitation. No one respects Sir Charles more than myself, but I cannot go unless invited.'

"The committee knew not why the invitation had not

gone. John went to the prince, who accepted at once, saying he had only refused on account of Blakeney. All went smooth then, but the Whigs out of the committee, the Castle government Whigs, made a set against the dinner; and this state of doubt and intrigue existed up to the day of my arrival, for Blakeney's acceptance of the invitation was only settled that morning. Had the error about him not occurred all would have gone well from the first; but that nearly upset the dinner. Evory Kennedy, without letting the committee know a word of the matter, wrote to me to stop your going. All this I have made out; it acquits the committee and resolves itself into whether Evory Kennedy judged well or ill. He wants me now not to stay a moment in Dublin on my return from Newcastle, whither I am going: he says that Lord Clarendon will be back, and he fancies will show his Whig feelings against you and me, and therefore wants me away while popular opinion is high. I told him that I would positively call on the lord-lieutenant; not to do more than leave my name, but that to fail in personal respect for the Queen's representative would put a sharp sword into my enemies' hands."

From this proposal, the nature of the hostility to Charles Napier may be measured. He, a conqueror and pacificator of nations, covered with wounds, and being enthusiastically received in the capital of Ireland, was exhorted by the lord-lieutenant's physician, for such Dr. Kennedy was, to fly from that capital, lest the absent lord-lieutenant should return to do him wrong—should offer him insult! The victor of Meeanee and Hydrabad, was to snatch at a momentary popularity, and then disappear from Lord Clarendon's frown! He who never fled from fire was to fly from smoke! Fear! on which side was the fear, whose presence was most dreaded? The intrigue to keep the writer of this from the banquet, and the attempt to stop that banquet answers: but there were other answers. Dublin was not the only place in Ireland where honours awaited the conqueror of Scinde. At Lime-

rick especially the Irish feeling broke out, and civilians strove with military men to display their enthusiasm. It was with a swelling heart therefore he returned to Cheltenham in December, deeply touched by the evidences of Irish sentiments and Irish feelings towards him, which no Whig intrigues could repress or adulterate.

His thoughts were now naturally turned upon the siege of Mooltan, and the rising war in the Punjaub, which he had so often predicted; and which his keen perception of public influences told him would lead to the discomfiture of the directors' miserable policy. Heartily did he despise and condemn them, and with good reason; for to the public interest they were as a body false, and to him personally foul, beyond even the common run of faction. At this time however their attempts to deprive him of prize money was signally baffled. Nefarious as it was intricate, their process has been set forth at length in his posthumous work; but here only a succinct notice can be taken: thus it runs.

The directors first tried to appropriate all the prize money, and deprive both the Queen's and their own troops of the reward of their valour. This was nothing new in their history. A letter from Lord Wellesley, recorded in his Lives of the Lindsays, distinctly states that he was offered one hundred thousand pounds to connive at the directors defrauding the troops who stormed Seringapatam. In the Scinde case royal authority stopped them, and it was designed that Lord Ellenborough should be made trustee for its fair distribution: but by some secret process the directors got themselves substituted instead of Lord Ellenborough—an arrangement characterized by a lady, who knew them well, as "making the cruel uncle trustee for the babes in the wood." Soon they justified the sarcasm, by an effort to deprive Sir C. Napier separately of half his share: again they were baffled. The royal warrant admitted of an appeal to the Lords of the Treasury; the opinions of Lord Ellenborough, of Lord Hardinge, and Wellington were asked for and given strongly in

favour of the general's claim; the Treasury Lords decided, in that sense, and the directors had to swallow dishonour instead of money!

The directors in support of their view had offered irrelevant precedents, withheld the true ones, and absolutely, at first, refused to produce those really relevant. A stringent order from the Lords compelled them to lay open the archives, and their despicable chicanery was instantly detected and laid bare by Mr. John George Phillimore, in a legal memoir which obtained justice for Charles Napier. But even then they contrived to withhold from him a large sum, as shall be shewn in this work, further on. Little however did this affair affect his mind; so little that his letters do not contain the slightest allusion to the struggle or victory: he despised alike the money and the men, and fortune had for him in store another and a nobler triumph over the latter. Meanwhile, as might be expected, he had many letters from the East, touching the progress of the war and the state of affairs; the subjoined are from a native, whose broken English and foreign idiom do not lessen the historical value of his communications.

"Oct. 6th.—Greatly honoured by your letter of August 12th, I offer you my prayers for thus remembering your poor servant. My reason of not writing you before was, that although I knew the real state of matters in Punjaub and Mooltan, the papers, specially Bombay and Delhi, most industriously were circulating contrary of what I knew and thought, so that really, for some time, I was deceived myself; and Shaik Ally Hussein, and Pier Ibrahim, both were dispising Moolraj, and ridiculing Punjaub to such a degree, that many officers really gave up all hope of seeing service. Now the curtain is removed, and Punjaub is really in a most deplorable condition: and General Whish is surrounded at Mooltan, and British officers in Punjaub are in a most dangerous situation.

"I shall give you an outline review of since I wrote last.

The Seikhs were playing the same trick as the Ameers unsuccessfully played with you: they wanted to draw the British troops in the hottest season to Mooltan and then to crush them, which they have partially succeeded. When Edwardes returned from Lahore to rise some Mussulmons against the Dewan, Sir F. Currie amused himself by bribing the people to divulge the conspiracy, and hanged several unfortunate individuals, and removed Ranee the queen to Benares, and then, just as usual, dispised others and called them to be fools and left them alone, or did not take such measures as would insure the future peace, but looked at the sirdars with suspicion, and the sirdars to him the same.

"As for Moolraj, when he saw that no British troops moved from Lahore, or the provinces, he tried another stratagem and begun to play with Edwardes, and retreated after some partial fights. This encouraged Mr. Edwardes and he called for the Nawab's troops: they both chased Moolraj and shut him up in the fort of Mooltan. Many people were joining Moolraj from Bhawalpoor and Punjaub, but he, I positively know, discouraged the Mooselmons and dismissed them with some promises, but he kept the Seikhs. He had always 15,000 good stout Seikhs, and was well able to crush Mr. Edwardes at any moment, but his object was to draw on some British troops. So he begun to supplicate and pray for pardon and asked that his life might be spared, and his friends in Edwardes' camp gave out that he had undermined his saraglio and was about to poison himself; and Edwardes, after those victories and reducing his enemy to such extremity as poison, really believed and thought himself Clive, Wellesley, and as some chosed to call him, Picton and Craufurd altogether. He did not thought his glory would be complete, unless he took Moolraj unconditionally and hanged him where Messrs. Agnew and Anderson were murdered.

"But far from these, not only himself but Sir F. Currie were duped by the Seikhs and Moolraj; and when E. thought that Moolraj only held out for fear for his life, wrote to Sir

F. and told him that if a single brigade and some guns would be sent down Moolraj would at once give up unconditionally. But at the same time everybody knew, and he could not have concealed that Moolraj was daily casting guns and had 15,000 men; and he had all the allies with Edwardes favouring him, with the exception of Bhawalpoor Seikhs, and they, the allies, mustered more than 12,000 good men and 15 guns.

"Sir F. Currie with a masterly skill which you might expect from a civilian, sent 7000 men under General Whish in the hottest season with very little chance of two-thirds of them getting near Mooltan serviceable, to provide against 30,000 men and a fort which the engineers called impugnable. That was all what Moolraj wanted, and the day General Whish arrived before Mooltan he, Moolraj, came out to tell Edwardes that he did not want him to spare his life, and drove him out of his camp, and very nearly crushing him and his ally Bhawalpoor; but the Seikh allies interfered between Moolraj and flying Edwards, and thus he was saved. As for General Whish, he lost about thirty, forty. Europeans, and his camp encumbered with sick. He was so far assured by E. and Sir F. C. of success that at first he was afraid the fort might surrender before his arrival, and so hurried on and was very glad when he reached before Mooltan. Calculating upon the wealth of Moolraj about two corrores (crores) he lost no time in appointing Captain Whish and Mr. Wheeler as prize agents, but next day the engineers said the place could not be taken with his small force.

"To try an experiment he attacked a small Durrumsolla, in which he was not successful, and in the fight of 11th, 12th, 13th, he lost more than twenty officers and 300 European soldiers and natives, but this loss is not properly mentioned. I believe the whole loss is much more than this, but most likely you will see an official report which must be correct. Bhawalpoor loses immense number of men, Futteh Mohamed Ghoree loses his eldest son,

and many sirdars of note: the general retreats and entrenches himself about eight cos (sixteen miles) from Mooltan and there is now waiting reinforcements.

"Moolraj's cavalry, 10,000 or 12,000 Seikhs and Mussulmons, are watching and attacking every individual who venture out of the cantonments. Moolraj now musters about 30,000 good brave and stout Seikhs and Mussulmon soldiers, and expects Chutter Sing the new elected commander in chief in Punjaub, to join him in a few days with about 15,000 or 20,000 men, when he will attack General Whish and after getting rid of him he will reduce Bhawalpoor, Ahmedpore and wherever he can find some money of Bhawalpoor. The real state of things are kept so dark, the papers are so close, that hardly people can know what is going on, unless some merchants venture to send some news to their friends. But what I can guess, General Whish cannot retreat, his only communication is *viâ* Bhallpoor, while his entrenchment is near the river and he gets forage and provisions from the other bank, and many of his cattle he has lost.

"As for Punjaub, Sir F. Currie is daily holding councils and doing nothing; it is reported that Attock has been garrisoned by 1000 country patans, and Goovind Ghur is garrisoned by a regiment of cavalry, but Kangra is in the hands of the Seikhs. Duleeb Sing and three other sirdars are close prisoners at Lahore. Ko-hi-noor, the big diamond, is on its way to Calcutta. Goolab Sing is proclaimed Wuzzeer to the Punjaub and Dhuleep Sing Maharajah, but the former as regent to the latter while in the hands of the English. Merchants' letters from Amritzir, but not said in the newspapers, say Goolab has collected 70,000 or 80,000 men, principally those dismissed Seikhs of the old Punjaub army and he can concentrate them together in one week, and he means to do that in *Dussera* (this week). His number of artillery I do not know but he is casting guns and had many before. Besides this force there are 30,000 men of

the line in the service of the Durbar, he has a depôt at Kashmere and many other places, enlisting, drilling and arming people. I expect it will be a dreadful war.

"Moolraj with 60,000 or 70,000 men is to oppose the Bombay and Scinde army, Goolab Sing and many others are to deal with Lord Gough and Bengalese. You must have Europeans, and to tell the truth, the natives are no match for Seikhs and Affghans. It is now many more times more difficult to subdue Punjaub than 1846 when Lord Hardinge had the power to do so, because the object of the Seikhs then was to destroy their refractory troops, and the sirdars accepted promises, nay took bribes too; but now they will not take bribes, and animated with great hatred for the way they were treated, and the Seikhs will turn out to a man, unless something extraordinary may happen to prevent, which I cannot vouch for at present. Sir F. Currie cannot deal with the cunning diplomacy of Goolab Sing and the Seikhs, and from the commencement of his career up to this day, the only praise he had, or deserved, was that in presenting a sword to the reporter who got him the news of the conspiracy at Lahore, and he delivered a speech like Ferdoosee the celebrated Persian poet.

"What an infinite service the capture of Scinde is now to the honourable Company. The Affghans have now come down to near Quettah to the number 4000, they say their intention is not to assist Moolraj, but they wish to take Quettah from the Khan of Khelat; but I know it positively they had merchants and others, and ascertained from them that their route lies *viâ* Bolan Pass, Sebree to Shapoor, and then to Mittenkote. At Shapoor they will meet with Jacob's horse, and in their route they will most probably meet with some force from Shikarpoor, and for these reasons they have abandoned going to Moolraj. What they might do in future is not known but at present there is an obstacle between Mooltan and them. Had you to please some people not taken Scinde and left it in the hands of Ameers, what it

would have been now! Instead of fine river with steamers and boats, good road full of supplies and safety, they might have found a large number of Beloochees and forts in Scinde, backed by Seikhs and Affghans to subdue and take; and in the meantime their ally the Bhawalpoor be smashed to pieces before a single man could be sent to save him. Now the Bombay army pours in at Kurrachee from steamers and the only delay they have to proceed is the commissariat, which is deficient in everything."

It will be remarked that it was at this very time, when these advantages were most felt, that the directors were busily striving to deprive the general, to whose valour they owed them, of his prize money.

"Government has been very stingy, would not order camels to be bought. Major Goldney has collected 3000, but what it is? Four European regiments and six natives besides artillery and cavalry to assist General Whish; they want 20,000 camels. Perhaps they mean plenty of boats; however I do not think the Bombay will be able to act before December, perhaps not so soon. General Achmuty is to command the whole. Colonel Shaw ordered the 9th and Jacob's horse to march on Mooltan and received a severe reprimand for doing so without orders, but the times demanded it. Expresses are daily pouring in from General Whish and Sir F. Currie asking for assistance. Lord Gough is to command all—but when can he muster 50,000 men to take the Punjab?

"Goolab Sing has an immense treasure, and any sirdar have more or less wealth. They have offered 15 rupees a month to every deserter, and if a man some promotion, and an officer rank perhaps they have. It is a trying time. I have reliance in Bombay troops, but for the Bengalese I cannot say much. The Seikhs are distributing proclamations that the British rules are over in the Punjaub. Goolab Sing has been in communication with Dost Mohamed, I cannot say whether he has received promise of aid. Per-

haps he has got the assurance that during the struggle with the English the Affghans will not molest him.

"The post closes now, and I must tell a few more words about Punjaub. Mr. Currie is now giving out I hear, that Goolab is innocent although he has proof of his treachery in his hands, but apparently wishes not to frighten him. But he is deceiving himself. Goolab Sing is well known as a statesman, he is cleverest man ever India produced. I dare say the governor-general knew how this man assisted and advised the rebels at Cabool, and he threw obstacles in the way of English sending reinforcements to Cabool; also his cunningness in appropriating the wealth of Rungeet Sing, and his duplicity in the war at the Sutlege. We know this longer than Major Smith or Macgregor mentions history of Punjaub, yet the English made him a maharajah, and gave him such a power as he will now use to his own advantage. I am told that the moment he saw a civilian placed at the head of Punjaub he said, now is the time to play another Cabool trick. All the news I give you is not from the public papers, but merchants' sowcars' letters to myself, and I know to be positively true. Shaik Ally Hussain seldom writes, but is full of flattery, and abuse to the enemy, therefore can't be much truth; by this Mr. Edwards and Sir F. Currie were both deceived.

"The same, October 28th.—Before news, some references to my last letter. I said Goolab had 70,000 men in different places. This has not yet appeared in any newspaper, but I believe it true, my authority was a letter from Umritzer. And an Affghan merchant who is here now speaks many stories of Goolab and his family, and it is interesting. He says he was intimate with some of Goolab's family and has heard from them. The Seikhs after the battle of Sobraon never expected the British to march on Lahore and divide their territory, and Goolab Sing being inimical to Lall Sing, purposely kept himself back until

after the battle not to assist them with his advice. After the partition of the Punjaub and conclusion of the treaty the Seikhs were stupified and did not know who to blame for treachery. Some blamed Lall Sing, and others blamed Goolab Sing, and the grant of Kashmere to the latter was purposely to create enmity between him and the Sikhs. Had he refused to take Kashmere the English would have given it to some one else to prevent its being in the hands of the Sikh Durbar.

"Immediately after the departure of Lord Hardinge to India, the Lahore Durbar were intriguing against the English, and the disbanded troops wanted to divide into bands and commence plundering. Goolab Sing said it was too soon, but really he had no confidence in Lall Sing, and at Kashmere his treachery was exposed through the intrigues of Goolab, who said, As soon as we get rid of Lall Sing the better for the Punjaub. And the whole disbanded troops were secretly fed and paid by Goolab under different pretences, through confidential agents, and is at present doing so.

"This merchant talks a great deal about Goolab's views and ideas of the Company's rule in India, and treatment of its people. I mean to take them all in writing, they are of such nature. It was believed Chuttur Sing would come to Mooltan, but he has resolved to stay at Hazarah, where he is daily increasing. Goolab sent two regiments and some guns against him, and they joined Chuttur Sing. On being asked by Sir F. Currie he answered that Lord Hardinge had forced those regiments on him and he always expected such a thing would happen. Now, freshly two more regiments deserted from Jumnoo and joined Chuttur Sing, and Goolab shews this reason—that he gives them seven rupees and Chuttur offers fifteen monthly. But the fact is, he sends his old troops, nearly 25,000 in number, in details to Chuttur, and himself employs those disbanded

men who were formerly in his secret pay, and preparations are going on very extensively at Kashmere, Jumnoo, and all over the Punjaub hills.

"It is very difficult to form a proper idea of their intentions. I am afraid the Sikhs are too cunning to fight in the plains: they will keep up a desultory war, fight in the hills, fortresses, rob the Dawks and prevent supplies. Plundering is already going on near Lahore, proclamations and placards abusing the English are everywhere, and the politicals are doing such deeds as to lose their trust and disgust the Seikhs. I am told Mr. Nicholson and Captain Abbott wrote to the Hazarees, that if they will drive Chuttur Sing out three years' revenue should be remitted; the result was every Hazaree, who was in their camp deserted before Chuttur fired a shot and the officers were obliged to fly. Major Edwardes wrote to Futteh Khan Tawanah, to assemble and kill and plunder the Sikhs in Dera-Gazee-Khan and Bunnoo. But no sooner had he assembled his tribe than the Sikhs killed him and a European by name Thom. Holmes. This Futteh's tribe of Tawanah, a very strong people, and always refractory to Moolraj and the Lahore Durbar. When Major Edwardes was coming from Lahore to attack Moolraj, this chief joined him, and Edwardes appointed him governor of Bunnoo and Dera-Gazee-Khan, and he was a loyal subject and so lost his life.

"General Whish is said to be now better off. Edwardes has been busy, writing false letters from General Shere Sing, to fall into the hands of Moolraj to create suspicion, in which he partially succeeded and prevented Moolraj attacking him. Shere Sing has now left Mooltan with 10,000 men and fifteen guns. Moolraj paid his men two months' wages, and they themselves intercepted two lacs coming from Lahore, and have occupied the forts of Munkiera and Jhung, collecting revenue of that province and Dehra Ismael Khan: there are many Seiks there who would join them at once. I believe they have done this,

that when a large army comes to invest Mooltan Shere Sing will come every now and then and annoy them: many boats of ammunition and stores have been already plundered.

"Provisions are very dear in Mooltan but the grand magazine has not been touched; they are still dearer in General Whish's camp, and he has lost many camels and bullocks, and is only able to guard his guns and siege-train, because there is no attack. Certainly Moolraj has been very inactive of late, there must be some cause: he is I believe following the plan of Goolab Sing, not to give the English the pleasure of a general action; but he has now from 20 to 22,000 men and 75 guns: he has doubly strengthened his fort and citadel and has cut a canal where he can fill the ditch and inundate the country. Shere Sing is also making himself strong and taking all the resources. Chuttur Sing at Hazarah has more than 20,000 men, and is daily increasing from Jumnoo. Depend upon it there is a great game playing at Lahore and Kashmere; and it is very extraordinary none of the politicals knew it, or could guess at it. And what is more I hear, but don't know if true, that the Seikhs managed to get themselves indebted to the British nearly two crores of rupees before this revolt became known—who is to repay?

"Now something about our own dispatch in work. I never saw such confusion and delay and indecision in the British army before: in Lord Keane's campaign there was great slack, but nothing to compare to this now. From 15th September to this 27th October the whole commissariat collectors and subordinates could not put a number of camels together and collect provisions. The Fuziliers were twice in orders to move by land and no camels; twice in orders to go by steam to the mouth of the river, and once actually they sent their baggage and got it back again, and were finally a week in orders before starting. No provisions at Hydrabad, nothing at Sukkur, where grain

and everything is getting dearer and dearer, the army will not act before January 1849. Up to this day we only see an army on paper, but not at Ferozepoor.

"It is said Lord Gough will have 20,000 men, there are 12,000 in the Jullunder and 6000 at Mooltan, at Lahore 8000. From Jullunder and Mooltan he cannot draw a man, because in the former most of the regiments are Sikhs who will desert, and in the latter General Achmuty takes only 6500, and there must be at least 12,000 there. There is talk of levelling the walls of Lahore, by which the garrison might spare 5000 out of the 8000. With this 25,000 men Lord Gough will have to take the whole Punjaub and the hills besides, if he can, which I doubt. Meanwhile many cantonments will be left naked in India: certainly the governor-general has ordered 20,000 fresh troops, but when will they come and be fit for the ranks?

"Now to the main point, expence of this war. There is no cash in the treasury, and very little in the country. The government is talking of raising a 6 per cent. loan; they cannot get much even at 8 per cent., because the people who have money can make 12 or more per cent. in another quarter; some say the government will get money from England. I say they had better not. If they do, the interest must be sent from India and money goes out of the country. To the Indians they can delay payment a year or more as to interest, but in England they can't. If they would send you to India as governor of the Punjaub, you will find many petty chiefs and rajahs who will be glad to purchase their liberty by paying some portion of expence, and many towns that have assisted the insurgents will be happy to pay contributions, and thus war will maintain war. It is a mistake that Indians will not submit to this treatment: they did so to Nadir Shah and to Ahmed Shah, why not to the English? But the politicals will be afraid, and Lord Gough will not think of it. The Rajah of Puttialla could with ease lend the government a crore of rupees and other

rajahs in proportion: there is nothing difficult before activity energy and boldness; but pity the mainspring is somewhat slack, there is no head. Everything is procurable, but it requires a strong hand to turn the big wheels, and the small ones then go quick enough.

"There is a general report and belief that you must come for the Punjaub, and every person in India, even your bitter enemies, cannot now help, but cry out for you, as the only chief who is able to take the Punjaub and save India. The papers say and with justice that your name is sufficient, and as good as twenty thousand men. The Sikhs have as yet been too much for our politicals, and ever will be so. In this day they have let them plan their schemes with great dexterity and acuteness, deceiving all those wise heads round them.

"I shall shew you when written what Goolab Sing said of his family, about residents, our politicals and Lord Hardinge and Gough: you will be surprized that such clever men are in India. He laughs at the whole, and attributes the success mainly upon the unity and confidence which the English have in one another, and defiance and disunion in the natives, and not at all from cleverness. The politicals are now doing their best to rise the Musselmons against the Seikhs by promises of great remuneration; and Goolab Sing wishes to get some one from Cabool, or even Sirdar Sooltan Mahomed Khan of Peshawur to come in the field, when the whole Mussulmon soldiers will join his standard, and come to the English, but only for large payment, not for the love of religion or liberty, which they understand very little of the latter and they can exercise the former here under the Sikhs."

Here the native's story ends but a letter from an officer not addressed to the general continues the tale of blunders.

"Camp, Mooltan, 15th Oct.—Your ideas of Mooltan are not far out; in fact they were more correct than those formed here: so much for politicals. An important paper

called '*Observations on Raising the Siege*,' I have not been able to get: it might have given a good idea of the position we are in—humbugged into, I should say, by political nonsense; and we will be again unless we can get a general who will really act at once, and be our head. They may say as they like, but politicals are not the only clog to military operations: an over-prudent general is worse. Only fancy Shere Sing, with 3000 men and ten guns, being allowed to leave Mooltan and march towards Lahore, and no attempt made to take advantage of the false step to cut him off, though there was actually paraded for the purpose 1000 British sabres with eighteen guns; and as many irregulars, our allies and as good men as Shere Sing's. A brigade could well have been spared from camp to watch Moolraj, if he sallied, which was unlikely, he having but 1000 cavalry and eight light field pieces. It was three days before Shere Sing could get across the river, which he did within fifteen miles of us! And all this time we did nothing but *jaw*, holding councils and taking the opinions of politicals. Now that Shere Sing has really gone, it is amusing to see how anxious every party is to have understood that they had nothing to say to it: the general says, if it had not been for the politicals he would have done so and so; the politicals retort upon the inactivity of the troops.

"Changes of such importance have place daily, it would be difficult to see the turn things are likely to take; but this move of Shere Sing's to join his respectable parent, Chuttur, and the gathering in Hazarah and the margin districts, would lead one to imagine the inflammation will come to a head somewhere in the north, or nearer Lahore, and not at Mooltan. And they would seem to think so at Ferozepoor, for all the troops destined for us have been countermanded, and we are to rely on Bombay: they cannot spare a man! So much for reducing the army! Five hundred of Jacob's horse, under Merewether, were within a few marches of us and were ordered back!"—This was part of the force ordered

forward by Colonel Shaw, for which he was reprimanded.—"It will be December before the troops arrive and be fit to work in the trenches. Meanwhile I should not wonder if some folly were committed, for the general seems to have got the bit at last between his teeth, and now that he hears of troops and generals from Scinde coming up declares he must do *something!* It is a pity he did not think of that early.

"He talks of bombarding the place with thirteen mortars at 2000 yards: to say the least of this it will be a very cruel measure, and if the object is to take the place the chances are it will not succeed; we shall have another failure and be obliged to break into trenches before our reinforcements arrive. All the engineers and artillery in camp, with exception of the senior officer, are against this project. Something must however be done. Take the bull by the horns and walk into the city, which can be easily escaladed, no ditches and the wall only 24 feet high! What say you? We want Sir C. Napier here to be our head and leader, and there is a report that he is coming. I was amused lately by one of our doubtful Sikh friends asking if it was true that the Burra Saheb from Scinde was coming—the '*Sheitan ka' Baee.*' Upon being answered yes, he muttered *Moolraj—ke din—bund hy Seik bey ke mulluk gaye*—the day of Moolraj is closed and the Sikh country is gone."

Another officer, same date, says "We have a very queer general; the only thing he appears interested about is trying some rockets, which however will not go off—made in 1830. Œconomy! How I wish Sir Charles were here, it would be very different: for myself I think all the politicals have been humbugged to a certain degree, especially about Mooltan!"

A letter from Cheltenham thus enlarges the story of the siege.

"I have heard from Mooltan of a curious circumstance connected with Moolraj's spirited attack on the head-quarter

column. He had designed to fall on another division, all Sepoys, under Colonel Markham 32nd Queen's; but this division having made a forced march, Moolraj overshot it and fell upon General Whish's column of Europeans in the night. Now it so happened, that Edwardes and Shere Sing were shifting ground that night, and by some blundering, common to irregulars, saluted each other in passing. Whish heard their firing, struck his tents, and made his men lay down on their arms; half an hour after he was attacked by Moolraj, who expected, and in ordinary circumstances would have found all asleep. Moolraj appears to be no mean opponent. They have a ridiculous way in India of sneering at and undervaluing an enemy: the common cry was oh! that Bunniah Moolraj will never come to the scratch, his own troops will laugh at him. They forget the Bunniah has powerful auxiliaries in the Sun, and has lots of cash. How will Lord Gough handle his 30,000 fighting men, with 150,000 followers, hopping over the face of the country like locusts and about as easily controlled? The general came home last night from Ireland: they received him loyally at Limerick, and not content with cheering him as on ordinary occasions, followed him to his carriage and continued cheering him in the rain.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, December.—All is quiet in Scinde. It is said my name is rising, and my sayings about the Punjaub are rife. From what I hear of Mr. Pringle"—his successor in Scinde—"he is acting with great good sense and carrying on my system with great care: this is pleasant to me. I venture to say they would do well to send me to India; they will find now that I was a better prophet by *chalks*, than they were, when I said at Lahore '*You may now conquer the Punjaub without further bloodshed; in a year or two it will cost plenty.*' Then this siege! This miserable outpost has already cost as many men and officers as Meeanee. The elements of disasters abound and the soldiers cannot always fight us through. Mischief may be

expected, when 30,000 men, having 70 pieces of artillery, find the thing most dangerous. The poor people here who have sons at Mooltan think they are '*all safe now in their entrenchments.*' This is the tone of the letters from Mooltan. You will agree with me that the spirit of being *safe* will not help the bloody work which awaits them: it argues a fear of the Sikhs. In Whish's place I should dread it. Mooltan would have been cheap at any cost, for the sake of cover from the sun and malaria of September, October and November, but if the reinforcements arrive safe and the season proves healthy all may yet go well.

"December 10th.—I quite agree with your plans of campaign for the Punjaub, but think the war will not be conducted in the bold way you suggest. Why did not Whish send Edwardes' men after Shere Sing? They were three to one, and had gained two victories, at least it is so said, and they had Whish's army to fall back on. However, the enemy may possibly blunder as much as ourselves, and Goolab is too intriguing for the bold plan you propose, which would bother Gough. Neither of them will break through habits: one will intrigue and the other move on imprudently; it is their nature but if either adopted your plan he would assuredly win!

"Goolab lives in Jumnoo, which is said to be in a jungle so thick as to be impenetrable, the secret entrances being strongly barricaded. In Gough's place I would have headquarters and magazines at Ramnuggur, some 50 miles from Lahore, and halt there until Mooltan was taken, but attacking any Sikh force within reach. When Mooltan falls Whish should mount the river with the Bombay troops to Rhotas, forty miles north of Ramnuggur; thus he would sweep the doabs, concentrate the operations, and cut the communications between Jumnoo and the Hazaree country. I would then leave the Bombay force at Rhotas, and with the Bengal corps march upon Jumnoo, which would probably end the war: if not the Bombay corps should march

upon Attock, and the Bengal corps enter Cashmere either by the Bimber, if the hot weather had arrived, or by Muzufferabad if the snow still covered the passes. By this plan Goolab would not dare to quit Jumnoo, either as friend or foe; he would be isolated, and our people concentrated and in command of the rivers. If Goolab had courage and ability to adopt your plan and was beaten, I would march direct upon Jumnoo, not upon Ramnuggur. Such are my views of the plan to follow, taking the character of Goolab into consideration; and it comes as near to yours as possible, filling up the details of your general sketch. I believe Cashmere is shut up by snow all winter, except by Muzufferabad, and there the entrance is difficult, but it opens soonest. Goolab is hated in Cashmere: it was there '*he take most pleasure to skin de men alive*' as a half Scotch, half Sikh man told me; adding '*and dey likes it, and tinks it very proper.*' Still they don't like being fleeced as well as flayed!

"December 15th.—I think with you, the Sikhs will likely make their traditional defence as you term it, and Goolab's nature tends that way. My native correspondent exaggerates, like all those people, but at the same time I doubt whether any of our people know Shere Sing's force, because Eastern troops, not being paid regularly, swell and collapse without apparent reason: a chief takes affront and off he goes with a thousand men, and before a week is over his followers insist on his paying up arrears and he goes back. I have seen a letter from Whish: he says he is happy, because an engineer officer told him I had intended to attack the S.E. of Mooltan in 1846, as he has done, and that this officer heard it from McMurdo. He did not. We had no points of the compass, or plan, for attacking Mooltan; Montagu only wrote to his friend that the *short face*, meaning the north salient angle, was the point. But what signifies my opinion, who was never there. I was however right it seems, for he says Major Napier wanted him to attack the N.E.

"Why did not Whish follow Runjeet Sing's point of attack? The old fox did not go to the N.E. for nothing, for he took the town! It is reported in London that Moolraj wants to surrender: not true, though ready to negociate on his own terms very likely. It is also said he has sent his women to the very strong desert fort of Monkiera, which has water inside, but none outside nearer than 14 miles. If so, he is resolved to fight to the last. Gough has certainly a tough job: he will have 200,000 mouths to feed, and he enters a country where he will not find supplies; where not a rich prince is his enemy but the people; he will hold only the ground he encamps on, and to do that will require an enormous quantity of carriage. I am ill-versed in the history of our Indian wars; but it appears to me this is the most dangerous we have ever waged, and all owing to the system of moderation, approved of at home by acclamation!

"I think with you that Goolab is wrong about our strength lying in confidence and union: it lies, as you say, in our discipline. If Gough fails with his immense force, the reverse will be a smasher, and he has no reserves that I know of; the troops left in India are not hundreds but thousands of miles asunder. I have been talking over with Montagu the making Scinde a base of operations for defence of India, in the event of a defeat in the Punjaub. It is hard to say, but I much incline to Scinde: a very large force could not follow us into it, and a small one would get thrashed. On the other hand Calcutta must be defended, because all resources, including money, are there: yet again in favour of Scinde, a victory from that would pull the enemy back if he was marching on Calcutta. The question is a difficult one, and not unlikely to arise: it must depend on the circumstances that create it.

"December 18th.—I agree with you on all the military points, and have well considered the matter, because in 1846, from the way the troops were pushed on by driblets, thinking

a defeat might ensue I expected to have the whole Sikh army on my hands. The fullest consideration then convinced me it was a question of circumstances at the time, and therefore I thought over all the cases that might arise. The result was, that if Hardinge were defeated and the Sikhs pursued him vigorously in mass, I would push rapidly on the road by Butneer and Hansi to Delhi, and there rally everything I could on the Jumna, desiring Sir G. Arthur to reinforce Scinde. If the Sikhs did not profit by their victory, my intent was to leave Hardinge to his own work, and have attacked Mooltan to keep up the spirit of my troops and our *prestige*.

"The enemy would thus have been drawn to assail me, or would lose Mooltan, and I should have advanced on his dispersed plundering hordes, while Hardinge rallied on the Jumna under cover of my operations upon the Ghara. My magazines would have been at Bhawalpoor, and the Nawab have been promised his ancient possessions of Mooltan to keep him faithful. This would secure him and his people, by reviving their hatred of the Sikhs: they would otherwise be against us. Supposing our beaten generals to be vigorous on the Jumna this plan would have restored the campaign, unless I failed before Mooltan and retired upon Scinde. There however I could have held my ground, though government would not fortify Kurrachee, do what I would, and there may be cause to regret that yet. While Kurrachee is ours Scinde is ours!

"Such being my views then, they would be so now, under like circumstances: but they are not so. Gough now commands alone, and so far as he has yet gone, has shewn much good sense, except that he ought to have been at Lahore, if not at Mooltan long ago: yet if he had been, he has no power. Lord Ellenborough tells me, that if Gough was actually on the march to Mooltan or any other part of the Punjaub, Sir Frederick Currie has power to order any portion of his lordship's force to return to Lahore against his

will! After that no man can say what will happen: the commander in chief should not submit to this.

"Another difference is, that though Hardinge then run ahead with 16,000 men, 30,000 were coming up to his aid. Now there are no reserves, and to push on in the Punjaub, amongst not only the five big rivers but fifty besides, is to risk much: should his convoys be cut off who is to relieve him? The march upon Delhi would then be as free to Goolab Sing as it was to Nadir Shah, and Goolab is just the chap to make it as terrible. A third difference is that we have not now 16,000 in the neighbourhood of Mooltan, but 30,000, and neither Whish, nor Auchmuty, nor Dundas commands. Suppose these 30,000 should retire upon Scinde! The natives can, it is said, move at all seasons of the year in the Punjaub, but they do not like it.

"Now for what you imagine, viz., that I may be called upon. I see no chance of this, for before the directors would consent the danger must be made plain by some disaster; not danger in perspective, and estimated by forethought, but actual disaster which must happen two months before the court can know of it: two more would pass before I could reach the scene of action and then all would be over, or beyond remedy. How can England help India if Gough loses his army? Suppose she sent ten or twelve regiments out with me, I could in such circumstances only go as governor-general—no second fiddle can save a country, at least I would not try.

"I have thought this well over, and my view would be to insist on having a governor and commander in chief, yourself for instance, at Bombay, who would throw the Bombay army vigorously into the work from Scinde, if still open; or if Scinde were lost who would protect the presidency of Bombay. And the first step towards protecting the presidency would be to seize the Nizam's country, and put that nonsense out of the way: eight millions of people are there placed exactly between the two presidencies, and three great king-

doms are kept in a disturbed state by a foreign army of Arabs, and a prince who hates us.

"By abolishing the Madras and Bombay governments, and establishing head-quarters at Hydrabad in the Deccan, we should save the finances an enormous expence, and the left flank of the Bengal army would be protected by the Bombay army advancing to the Nerbudda, or the Sutlege, according to circumstances, while the Madras army could take charge of the country to the south of the Nerbudda. Thus I think we might do the job; but they would not let me do it, unless parliament overruled the Court of Directors. As to men we should have some trouble, but there are plenty of fish in the sea, and we should pull good ones out. The worst would be those of high rank; but there are good men, such as Douglas, Pennycuick, Roberts, Rathborne, Goldney, &c. Poor Brown alas! is dying: a grand fellow he was for work in India. The best men I left in Scinde were Peate, Brown, Goldney and Rathborne: the two first are dead, and Goldney is going away.

"Hunter, who is here, told me a curious thing. Shewing me a large sword, which cut off his arm at Bhurtpoor when leading his men to the assault, he said, that on the rampart a giant in complete armour, whirling this sword, met him. Hunter held his sword up in defence, but to use his own words, The giant sent it with a whirr into the air. Hunter then held up the scabbard, but the blow went through it and his arm, just below the elbow, leaving merely a bit of skin uncut. He fell sitting, and held his severed arm in his right hand while an officer tied a sash above the wound to stop the hæmorrhage: then a surgeon came up, put the two ends together and tied them, and they united!

"Crampton of Dublin says a man brought his right thumb severed clean off, to him; that he put it on with bandages, and the man has the use of it though it is stiff! He said he saw no reason why a limb might not do the same, and here it is with Hunter! However he can-

not use it, and sometimes it flies about involuntarily with a circular motion, until he catches it with his hand, which is not always easy poor fellow! His soldiers took a long time to kill the giant his armour was so strong, and he laid about him like a madman. We also at Meeanee killed a giant: he was kardar of Muttaree. I had spoken to him the day before as a friend, but after Meeanee heard that his body was lying among those just in front of us. I did not see it, but was glad he did not take me in hand, as Hunter's friend did him.

"To Scinde as a base there is this great obstacle, that from May to September the port is shut against supplies from Bombay; nor can any come easily by land from Guzzerat. I always provisioned the stores for five months in spring, until after the peace of Lahore. They ought to do that now but will not; and in case of evil befalling Gough, and that Whish is forced back, and Scinde should rise, they will be short of food. I would write and remind them, were it not that to serve men or attempt it, is to be abused for an alarmist: this is the certain course your fool always takes.

"December 26th.—Your plan and mine must have crossed on the road, and are nearly alike: we are pretty near the mark I think, but the chaps out there do not seem to have got it yet. I have finished my pamphlet on the baggage corps.

"December 29th.—Was there ever anything like the way things are going on? All letters are alike. '*We are all confusion.*' This is the pith of every letter from Scinde, from Lahore, from Ferozepoor, from the bridge over the Ravee; but then one reads in the papers '*that all is going on well;*' not the Indian journals but those of London, the Indian editors have their eyes cleared by danger. I dare say the Sikhs will blunder more than we shall and so save us; but that does not make the danger less now, for if they do not blunder we are likely to have a great disaster. Old

Hunter swears that Whish will get thrashed by Moolraj; *he* may be; but if Moolraj tries his hand with the soldiers in open fight the '*old and bold*' and the '*Lilywhites*' will teach him something, notwithstanding General Fox's dry humour."

When governor of Gibraltar, Fox saw written up on the canteen "the old and bold." "Old enough" he said, scratching his elbow as his wont was, "old enough, but as for bold I have run away three times with them myself." "However Moolraj had better not try to make it four for the joke's sake; if he does Whish will be the hero of Mooltan. The season there seems to have been miraculous, absolutely! the troops are now safe; a blessing and a presage of success I hope.

"I am again suffering from a threatened renewal of the suffocating feeling in my nose or rather my palate. I am obliged to get up at night and light a candle, if I remained in the dark I should go mad; the light relieves me, yet I live in terror lest it should come on violently. Poor Brown, being an engineer, would go to Mooltan to take a lesson, and came back with an abscess in the liver to die in Scinde; he talked incessantly of Mooltan and the battle: what battle I do not know, but it shews how his thoughts run on his profession.

"January 2nd.—Among my reasons for taking Ramnuggur instead of Wuzzeerabad was, that in advancing from Ferozepoor there is a road avoiding Lahore, which being full of Sikhs, and our Sepoys rather shaky in fidelity of late, is advisable. Did you know that the Sikhs collected a number of beautiful girls, and by their agency seduced our Sepoys? The girls are there still, and perhaps the treason too.

"Miss Napier.—When Soult to pay court to Charles X. went to mass, the wits advertized 'The Whole Life of Marshal Soult from his First Campaign to his first going to Mass.' The Indian affairs thicken.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—I have had a long letter from Lady Sale: Lord Ellenborough had another. She laughs at the goings on, and says, and she knows, that the Sikhs have 70 pieces of artillery in the field, and 45,000 trained soldiers. We have 56 pieces, and Gough's force is about 30,000; not more I believe, though called double: you and I know the difference between men and returns. The Sikhs are, as you expected, falling back on the strong Hazara country, and Gough is doing well so far. We shall see if he forms magazines at Ramnuggur, or rushes across the Jelum and gets entangled. He has no reserves, and Dalhousie, who is in the hands of the civilians, hampers him. I find by a private letter, that Markham got round the enemy's flank at Mooltan under cover of some broken ground, and took him unawares: if so it was well done.

"Miss Napier, Jan. 11th.—I find I cannot bear the cold, I get up sick and in pain; all my resolution fails before cholic, which is very unheroic in the *Hero of Scinde*, but cannot be helped; it would put down ten of the best heroes the world ever saw, from Don Bellianus of Greece to Tom Thumb!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Jan. 12th.—The Times behaves well when it suits his book, that is all one can expect. I saw the paragraph, saying I approved of Whish raising the siege of Mooltan. I wrote a contradiction, but being averse to publish threw it into the fire. I had also called attention to the Times' assertion that I had *received* batta, whereas the directors had deducted the batta from the prize money. I am told that Buist is the correspondent of the Times, and gets £500 a-year. I hear also that at Wuzzeerabad one hundred Sikh guns were found hidden in wells: if so Hardinge was not so good a tooth-drawer as he thought. Lord Ellenborough seems very discontented with Auchmuty's proceedings; but turn from him to a better general, called *Cubadar Moll*. Edward Campbell tells me that

Cubudar is the elephant who ought to carry the lantern for the baggage of the 60th. The men regularly overload him; he remains quiet until they have done; but then he as regularly takes the overplus off and flings it away, and they dare not put an ounce on after that hint. Delightful beast! how entirely he comprehends the spirit of my baggage corps.

"Jan. 21st.—Gough has gone a-head too fast, and he seems to have been ill supported; for it is said Thackwell might have crossed where he was ordered. Gough should, I think, have gone with Thackwell himself as Alexander the Great did with his detachment at the same place, and as William the Third did at the Boyne. The attack seems to have been a piecemeal affair. Had the Sikhs fallen with all their force on Thackwell he would have been hard run: however I am not sure that they have not done the best thing. Did I tell you about the fight of the 14th Dragoons?

"I have always an idea of what you expect, viz., the directors trumping up some accusation against me; but they can do nothing, because I have done nothing wrong. That you will say goes for nothing! But I am covered by Lord Ellenborough's and Lord Hardinge's orders: I was always a second fiddle, not a first. I am not afraid of them: let them do their worst."

This notion of a false accusation was provoked by the increased virulence, and shameful conduct of his enemies: every sort of crime and dishonour were daily imputed to him in the Indian papers, and reiterated in many English papers. Anonymous letters were sent to him, and forged letters purporting to come from men of power: amongst them was a note, pretending to be from the editors of the Times, filled with gross insult, which, being sent back for verification, was pronounced a villainous forgery. There were also some miserable fellows in uniform—one especially, calling himself Captain Pope, not the honourable collector of Scinde—

who made it their business to promulgate slanders, whispering that Sir C. Napier had defrauded his soldiers and officers of their prize money for his own profit! In fine so much cowardly vituperation and baseness was probably never before employed to destroy a public man, and the true sources were not so difficult to discover as those of the Nile. Vengeance however was at hand.

# SEVENTEENTH EPOCH.

## FOURTH PERIOD.

War was now raging in the Punjaub, and a doubt of final success prevailed in England, exciting fear and anger. Lord Gough's fortune seemed to waver, and the public eye was turned on the ill-used conqueror of Scinde. When sounded by the Duke of Wellington, he intimated that to do good extraordinary power must be conferred; but the directors, trembling with rage and humiliation objected to his having any power at all. But the nation demanded a change, and the duke proposed Charles Napier for the command. No! He was not to be thought of! Sir George Napier. Yes! he might be accepted, though a bitter draught. But George Napier loved his country and his brother too well to step into the place of the best man: he refused. Sir William Gomm was appointed, and actually sailed from the Mauritius, yet on reaching Calcutta found himself superseded. The directors exulted at his appointment; they had found a consummate general. '*Gomm would set all right. We don't want Sir Charles.*' The result did not answer their expectation.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Jan. 29th.—I saw the duke this morning. 'How do you do? Very glad to see you. Sorry I sent for you up from Cheltenham, thought I could employ you, but can't: that quarrel with Hogg! it has upset everything. Sorry I gave you the trouble to come. Well, I am very glad to see you, and shall keep you in my eye all the same: another time perhaps.' I don't think I could have gone to India my lord duke! 'Eh! Why? Ain't you well?' Yes, quite well, but I have too many enemies there.

Duke, laughing very much. 'Pooh! pooh! pooh! Enemies! don't care for enemies! Pooh! pooh! Well, good-bye, very glad to see you.' Then shaking hands he walked with me to the door. So we parted."

That the duke should affect to despise such enemies was certainly inconsistent with the acknowledgment, that Hogg had just been too strong for himself. No man knew better than he how powerful the civil servants in India were; how devoted to the directors; and how they had so recently banded successfully against Lord Ellenborough!

"Feb. 3rd.—The Times says the Indian Mail is barren!!! Gough had got a portion of his army 16 miles in advance of Ramnuggur on the 20th of December; that is to say, three weeks after he crossed the Chenaub, the enemy being in a powerful position on the right bank of the Jailum! Gough is compelled also to send a force to occupy Wuzeerabad, to guard the passage of the Chenaub, from an enemy described by these papers as having run away three weeks before! The garrison of Lahore has been reinforced in rear of a victorious army, 'under the especial care of Providence.' Gough's camels were caught, but recaptured, accidentally, by the 14th Dragoons! In short to my mind no mail could be less barren, or more loaded with bad fruit. Having but four months for operations, three weeks are spent in moving fifteen miles after a so called victory; and when the sun comes down, with floods of heat, where will shelter be found for the troops? Lady Sale says the season has been miraculous as to fineness, and that has saved Whish: but miracles will not come every year. Gough may hut, yet that will hardly do, I fear: however where there is a will there is a way, and by digging holes he may create shelter. The Times exults in two days heavy rain as being likely to injure Chuttur Sing's army and position. May be so, but does the wiseacre suppose it will not do ten times as much mischief to us?

"I agree with you, I must have power; and have great

doubts, if with power I could put things right, for news paper puffs don't make one a general: they are much more likely to make one a fool! But assuredly, if I am worth trusting at all, I am worth trusting with the means necessary for success. I told Lord Ellenborough I would go out under him, but under no other. I only would go to be useful, and under him only could I be so, as second. I must have first fiddle, why should I be asked to play second? If the civil governor-general is to be a cypher, why should he be at all over me? The duke refused to be chief of the whole allied staff when Napoleon returned from Elba, because, as he said, '*he should have all the responsibility without power.*' Did I tell you the Sikhs carried off 600 of our camels on 1st December, by the very ford which Thackwell would not try on the 2nd, but marching 22 miles higher up got half his force over, remaining divided during the night? The next day he moved, and was attacked by the Bunnoo troops: our guns beat the Sikhs from their guns, and Campbell three times begged for leave to advance and take them, and then to charge. No! The Sikhs returned, and carried off their guns in our sight!"

The effects of the Lahore journey now fell heavily on him: disease was in mortal progress!

"Miss Napier, Feb. 13th.—I got better yesterday as the day advanced, at night was perfectly well, and slept well, though on going to bed every nerve trembled with dread. Clarke says Bright's prescriptions are admirable for me, and my taking them in time saved me from a severe bilious attack, which was acting violently on the nerves injured by my old wound in the face, and it flew to my brain. Damn it, I cannot talk of it. Clarke makes me keep out of doors, hot or cold, all day. It is strange to feel so well after these fits of *madness*, but I do not think to go permanently mad: if it were to be so, my head could not be so clear as it is between whiles.

"14th.—I was almost mad when writing to you yesterday, since which I am much better, indeed well, if no relapse occurs. About an hour after posting my letter I calmed down until night when I trembled, going to bed, but was at last persuaded and slept well, getting up with only a momentary threatening.

"16th.—To-morrow is the anniversary of Meeanee, and Red Rover and I will have a chat, and Flibertygibbet also; though Flib was on that day in reserve, in case Red Rover and Jack Sheppard should be killed.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Feb. 18th.—My illness was a complicated one. Clarke saw it better than Bright perhaps, and I better than either, by as much as I took the same view before speaking to any of them. In addition to the access of bile, cold fell on the inflamed nerves of my nose and palate. These injured nerves carry inflammation up to the brain, and it is not to be borne. E. and A. tell me they have had the same. I cannot tell what others may suffer, but they have not had the causes that affect me to affect them; they have not had the nerves torn by a jagged ball passing through, breaking nose-bones, and jaw-bones, and lacerating nerves, muscles, and mucous membranes: they can hardly therefore have suffered as I do. If they have their fortitude is beyond mine, for I cannot bear even the thought: it makes every nerve in my body tremble even now from writing on the subject. It is a temporary madness, and recently made me think death alone could relieve me from the distraction of brain. I am fit only for the grave: cold deprives me of reason! Yet my head is clear and it certainly is not overwork of brain.

"It is said Lord Seaton is going out to India. I fear we shall have bloody news from Mooltan. The 10th, 32nd, 60th and Bombay Fusiliers there are all Europeans and excellent, they will go through any breach that mortal man can force; but it is said Whish means to escalade without a breach: these things depend on

circumstances, but a brave defence will be made if any be made."

The battle of Chillianwallah was now made known, with many wild stories, and at once arose from all England, an angry shout of impatience for the appointment of the man whom all in power had combined to thrust down. Charles Napier was not the ministers' general, nor the directors; but he was the nation's man, and faction was suddenly crushed for the moment. That shout was natural, and becoming a great people accustomed to victory, and sure that their troops were never at fault; it was right also, if the acting general was thought to have failed, that one of eminence should be substituted. But it was wrong and unbecoming to accompany that cry for Sir Charles Napier with a maniac one against Lord Gough, who would have been stoned to death in the streets if he had then appeared. And the foremost instigators would probably have been the ministers!

Lord Gough was a noble soldier of fifty years' service, and had always been victorious, whether obeying or commanding; no man heard, because no man dared to say, that personal comfort, or idleness, or fear, had induced him to shrink from danger, or responsibility, or labour. What then was his crime? He had fought a drawn battle, the enemy was not crushed! For that only Lord Gough's destruction was called for! Has any cry been raised against the men who neglected Kars, until its gallant defenders, after making their country's glory blaze amidst desolation, famine and battle, sunk into captivity! Such is the difference between the treatment of military men and civilians in England. The Duke of Wellington said, that he could in a good cause contend successfully with any public body, except the directors of the East India Company: with them he could not. Charles Napier was in that more powerful. The nation compelled them now to bow: aye! to cringe before the man they had so vilely misused. They were compelled to sweep the dust before him with their adverse '*decisions*,' that he might

walk cleanly to their public banquet—most humbly offered to the first Indian general appointed by the English nation: for such Charles Napier now was. What power had enabled him thus to stride on their prostrate necks, still stiffened with pride and malice? Ministers, directors, and the principal newspapers, had been all united against him: what upheld him? The force of real virtue and courage, and success: his true character was known to the people of England, and instinctively they turned to him in the hour of danger. It was a glorious triumph!

But his mind was not one to be overborne even by a people's incense, and the progress of his appointment to command will be best described by extract from his posthumous work, entitled "*Indian Misgovernment.*" Here however, be it observed, that the Duke of Wellington's authority failed to make him accept the situation, until he had consulted the writer of this biography, to whom he stated all the objections, the opposition and difficulties, he too truly foresaw would attend him, independent of the chances of war and the disasters that he might have to repair. He declared his aversion to undertake the charge, but the argument which finally determined him was:—that India was in danger, and the people of England thought he could ward it off; if he did not go, and disaster befell, it would be charged on his refusal to act, and imputed to personal feelings. For never would the public understand, that a sense of inability to effect good against the hostility of men in power was the cause of that refusal.

Extract from "*Indian Misgovernment.*"—"When the Duke of Wellington first told me of my appointment, I objected that my many enemies in India would mar all usefulness; he laughed, pressed the matter home, and concluded thus. '*If you don't go I must.*' Still reluctant, from a conviction of the justice of my own view, I asked twenty-four hours for reflection, it was conceded, and finally a grateful sense of the public will prevailed. But scarcely was this

arranged when proof on proof arose, that with exception of Her Majesty, the duke, the people of England, and the armies of India, I was to expect from all other quarters, that secret base hostility so proverbially difficult for honourable men to repel.

"Among the indications leading to this conclusion was the following. Lord John Russell, at an interview, gave me to understand that doubts had arisen as to appointing me one of the Supreme Council, as all my predecessors had been: he intimated that the directors were seeking for a precedent, and would probably find one for denying it to me. Lord John was explicitly and peremptorily told on the instant, that I also would seek, and if unable to find would make a precedent, for to India I would not go unless as one of the council. Six years I had served in the East with success, as a military commander and as a civil governor; I had received the approbation of my sovereign and the thanks of parliament, for victories which the public voice had applauded: I had been again called to command in the same country by the sovereign and the public, and the expectation of my submitting to such an insult from the directors was preposterous. That a degraded command should have been so offered, or even discussed, shewed that my measure of the directors' temper was more exact than that taken by them of mine, when they thought I should go shorn of honours which others had received."

This was the last open indication of wretched enmity from Leadenhall Street; the usual ostentatious banquet was offered and accepted as a termination to hostilities: sincere it was on Charles Napier's side where duty was concerned, according to his custom; hollow and false on the other side, also according to custom. Well did he know how false, and well also did he couch his discourse for the occasion. I go to India, he said, at the command of Her Majesty, by the recommendation of the Duke of Wellington; and I believe I go also with the approbation of my country-

men. Then, in allusion to the past, he quoted, with an emphasis not unnoticed by his hearers, the proverb, that '*least said was soonest mended*,' thus rebuking the adulation of the hour.

The Duke of Wellington being present, spoke thus. "I have frequently enjoyed your hospitality on occasions of festivals, which you have given on the appointment of governors-general, governors, and commanders in chief, but I have never attended with *so much* satisfaction as on the present occasion. The officer whom you have now selected to command your armies in the East Indies has been distinguished already in that country by public services. He has conducted most important and difficult operations under most trying circumstances with the utmost ability; he has with uniform success fought general actions extraordinarily well contested by the enemy; he has shewn that he deserved the confidence of the government he served, and the troops he commanded."

These were words to burn into the hearts of all those directors who had hearts; and some there were who felt the services and condemned the treatment of them by the general body. Few of the ministers attended, their chief, Lord John Russell, had "company at his house" and could not come. Sir George Grey spoke for his colleagues in eulogistic terms, as sincere no doubt as his cousin Lord Grey's would have been, if his rancorous nature would have permitted him to be present:—but to the saints all things are permitted, even the smoothness of hypocrisy.

Now came the tumultuous curiosity of London fashion, and the wonderful aspirations of persons seeking for advantages, however unmeet the occasion. Ladies of rank, who had never before imagined that they even knew of Charles Napier's existence, dashed up in endless succession to his door, interrupting his preparations—regardless of all but their own fantastic curiosity. And from all sides came letters claiming his special patronage for young men, of whom he had never heard before. From one, it was *momentous* that

her nephew John should be his aide-de-camp; from another, the military bearing and look of James rendered him peculiarly suitable for the staff of a commander in chief; a third had a son, so clever at breaking horses that his services must be invaluable. A fourth wished her son to be on his staff, but desired to have him guaranteed from all casualties! But the most amusing was the offer of a stranger to become his secretary, on the specific ground that Sir C. Napier must be too illiterate to write his own dispatches. Certainly there are in England many absurd people. To these humorous displays he however added one of his own. Receiving a sudden command from royalty to dine at Osborne, with only a few hours' notice, he was going down in a drab waistcoat, not of the newest, but was stopped by a remonstrance on the necessity of court dress. He had no other waistcoat, but suddenly recollecting that his valet, a foreigner, was a dandy, he exclaimed, Oh! I dare say Nicholas has a fine waistcoat: I'll borrow it—and so he did.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, March 22nd.—I will not go down to you, the parting gives me pain, and I have so little time; and even that little is broken by the forcible intrusion of strangers. Would that I were fairly off, out of this turmoil: there is no pleasure in seeing those I love in this way, and there is no good to the public service. The news from India puzzles me: Gough's fortifying himself shews weakness. I doubt Whish getting up to him so quickly as is expected, and several things indicate difficulty in procuring carriage; heavy guards also are required for convoys. These things lead me to your opinion that a battle will not take place immediately; but it will when Whish joins Gough: if not, the demoralization of the army must be great, and my task more difficult, for it is harder to rally than to lead. You are among the few who know of how little value popularity is when trials are at hand, unless powerfully supported by realities; unless I can do something which will shew the troops that their expectations are not

unfounded I shall as certainly lose my moral position as it is certain that I now possess it, and that if maintained it is my strongest point. My first object therefore will be to devote my efforts to supplies, to comforts, to the most rigid discipline, and the massing of such a force, and such abundance of carriage as will enable me to strike with vigour; and my first blow will probably be at Goolab Sing.

"I expect more difficulty with my friends than with my foes about Goolab. The cry here is 'Oh! he has done no overt act, we cannot quarrel with him.' Against this nothing passes my lips. On the contrary I told Lord John he was quite right. 'You cannot my lord do anything against a *faithful ally!*' and so left the subject. But when I get there, and am ready, a test shall be applied to Goolab, viz. he shall carry on the most active operations against his friends, in our support, so as to commit himself past redemption, and put his person in my power by living at head-quarters. Neither of these will he do, and then he shall be brought to the issue of battle. I cannot shape this idea in detail till I see Lord Dalhousie, and I have a doubt that he will fail me; the tone here will be the tone there I fear. Here it is not wise to combat it; there it must be put down, unless we are to let the ruffian Goolab fall on us. No overt acts! Why his whole system is an overt act; our armies have been twice thrashed, and his has not fired a shot! The sin of omission here is as great as that of commission. His overt acts are glaring, and the wise ones here do not see them, and will not. I have told my views on this subject to no one but you: it shall only appear by acts. If fears of the press influence the government, here and in India, to tie me up I will resign; Goolab is not to be trifled with. This outline will give you a key to what may happen; for it is more than probable I may not find it safe to write much, feeling certain of having a dozen Outrams about me in disguise.

"Your *Conquest of Scinde* has sent me to India; but

for that I could not have held my own, and Outram would have been the grand fellow with the newspapers, not I. To be sure I don't much value their praise, but may as well die with an honest character as with an infamous one, which but for your exposition of the truth would have been the case:—your '*violence*' as it was called! Christ was violent when He scourged the rascals out of the temple! I want to say much more about India to you, it helps to shadow out my views, but it is impossible; I cannot get an hour's quiet, and the thread of thought is broken every moment.

"March 24th.—I think you are right about the duke: he was so civil to me that nothing is wrong there. He gave me to read some magnificent letters from himself to Lord Dalhousie, with all his views of the campaign: they are *just our own!* This is satisfactory. May we meet again."

Thus writing he left England; and so leaving it displayed as much generous, unselfish, courageous devotion as could well be. He was sixty-seven years of age, suffering most painfully from old wounds, labouring under a mortal internal disease: his children were provided for, he was rich from his prize money, and all his life had sighed for agricultural pursuits, now within his reach and deemed by him the only pleasurable state of existence. Glory he had gained and was satiated: war and slaughter he abhorred. He had been treated basely, and was still being so treated by the very men he was now called upon to serve again; and he knew that to serve them again was to excite their utmost malignity. He knew their power, knew that he should be exposed to their secret machinations, and to the inveterate scurrility of their press organs. He saw before him a terrible war to repair disasters: or, what was more difficult for him, the task of reforming military luxury and abuses in an army of four hundred thousand men; abuses absolutely incorporated with the military system, and intimately mixed with and supported by a corrupt civil system. For this he was to quit a wife to whom he was deeply attached; to quit the calmness and

consolations to which a long laborious life, amidst turbulent scenes and dangers, had given inexpressible charms in his imagination—and at the very moment that life was commencing!

Did ambition urge him? his whole life, as shewn in this work, contradicts the thought. Despising power, except for the enforcement of good; contemptuous of money, of which he had more than enough; he went forth simply because his country called on him. The duke had said, *Either you or I must go*, the people desired that it should be Charles Napier, and so he went, but not in hope. He foresaw, and the event showed how clearly, that he was sacrificing comfort in age, and even life itself, in a vain attempt to serve the public; that he was to be again repaid with ingratitude and injustice, and both went beyond even his anticipations—yet he went.

The print shops and the press, serious and comic, teemed during this period with caricatures and sarcastic squibs: of the first, the most biting represented four directors trotting towards the India House, as bearers of a palanquin in which the aged object of their hatred reclined, smiling disdainfully. Of the second, perhaps the best historical, certainly the most amusing account of the matter and the man, was the following.

"Story of Koompanee Jehan.

"Some time after the death of Aurungzebe, a mighty prince held domination over India, from the seven mouths of the Ganges to the five tails of the Indus, who was renowned above most other monarchs for his strength, riches, and wisdom. His name was Koompanee Jehan. Although this monarch had innumerable magnificent palaces at Delhi and Agra, at Benares, Boggleywollah, and Ahmednuggar, his common residence was in the beautiful island of Ingleez, in the midst of the capital of which, the famous city of Lundoon, Koompanee Jehan had a superb castle. It was called

the Hall of Lead, and stood at the foot of the Mountain of Corn, close by the verdure-covered banks of the silvery Tameez, where the cypresses wave, and zendewans, or nightingales, love to sing. In this palace he sate and gave his orders to govern the multitudinous tribes which paid him tribute from the Cashmerian hills to the plains watered by the Irrawaddy.

"The great Koompanee Jehan governed his dominions with the help of a council of 24 vizeers, who assembled daily in the Hall of Lead, and who were selected from among the most wealthy, wise, brave, and eminent of the merchants scribes and warriors in the service of his vast empire. It must have been a grand sight to behold the 24 sages assembled in durbar, smoking their kaleoons round the monarch's magnificent throne.

"It was only by degrees, and by the exercise of great cunning and prodigious valour, that the illustrious Koompance Jehan had acquired the vast territory over which he ruled. By picking endless quarrels, in which he somehow always *seemed* to be in the right, and innumerable battles in which his bravery ever had the uppermost, he added kingdom after kingdom to his possessions. Thus the rajahs, princes, and emperors of India fell before the sword of his servants; and it is known that Boonapoort, Tippoo Sahib, the Mysore Sultan, and Iskender Shah, who conquered Porus Singh on the banks of the Indus, were severally overcome by the lieutenants of the victorious warrior who dwelt in the Hall of Lead. One of his chieftains, the great Elleen-Burroo, a stronger man than Antar himself, carried off the gates of Somnauth on his back, and brought them to the foot of the throne of the palace on the Mountain of Corn, by the banks of the Tameez.

"This mighty monarch, who had guns enough to blow this world into Jehanum, and who counted his warriors by lakhs, was, like many other valiant sovereigns, the slave of a woman; and historians assert that he gave up the chief

government of his country to the empress his mother, the queen of the Ingleez, of whom he was so fond that he could deny her nothing. He appointed the captains and colonels of his regiments, but the empress nominated all the chief generals; and the chiefs of Koompanee Jehan, who had carried his flag in a hundred battles, and notched their cimeters across the head-pieces of thousands of his foes, were not a little angry to see strangers put over them, who came from Lundoon smelling of musk and rose water, and who got the lion's share of the honours, while they took no more (as who indeed can?) than the lion's share of the fighting. Thus, in a famous action in Kabool, a certain captain of artillery blew open the gates of the city, but it was the general, Keen Bahawder, who was made a bashaw of three tails for the feat which the other had done; and for a series of tremendous actions on the Sutlege River, Harding Shah, Smith Sahib, and Goof Bahawder were loaded with honours, and had their mouths well nigh choked with barleysugar; whereas one of Koompanee's own warriors, Littler Singh, a better soldier than any of those other three, was passed over with scarcely a kind word.

"In consequence of this system—for the empress-mother would often cause her son to select generals who had no more brains than a wezz or goose—disasters frequently befel Koompanee Jehan's armies, and that prince had many a bekhelool or hard nut to crack. One army was waylaid and utterly destroyed, because the queen-mother chose to give the command of it to an officer out of whom age and illness had squeezed all the valour; and another warrior, though as brave as Roostum, yet was 100 years old, and had been much better at home handling a pipe than a sword, for which his old hands were now quite unfit. Lion as he was, Goof Bahawder did not remember that the enemy with whom he had to do were derans or foxes, and that a pack of foxes is more dangerous than a lion in a pit. Finding the enemy one day posted in a jungle, this Goof Bahawder sent his

troops in upon them helter-skelter; but some fled, many were slain, Goof Bahawder had a dismal account of the battle to render, and when he claimed a victory people only laughed at his ancient beard.

"That is, they would have laughed, but the people of Lundoon were in too great a rage to be merry. Everywhere, in every house, from the highest to the lowest, from the omrahs and lords prancing about in the Meidan to the camel-drivers in the streets, all men cried out; and the Indian soldiers said, 'Why is this old man to be left to jeopardise the lives of warriors, and bring our country to sorrow? If the queen-mother will appoint chiefs for the armies of India over the heads of those who are as brave and more experienced, let her give us men that are fit to lead us. Who is Goof, and who is Elphinstoon, and who is Keen, to whom you give all the honours? And what are they to compare to Thackwell and Littler, to Nott and Pollock Khan?'

"Now, there was, when the news came to the city of Lundoon that Goof Bahawder had been beaten upon the banks of the Chenaub, a warrior who, though rather old and as savage as a bear whose head is sore, was allowed by all mankind to be such a Roostum as had never been known since the days of Wellingtoon. His name was Napeer Singh. He with 2000 men had destroyed 30,000 of the enemy; he despised luxury; he had a beak like an eagle, and a beard like a Cashmere goat. When he went into a campaign he took with him but a piece of soap and a pair of towels; he dined off a hunch of bread and a cup of water. 'A warrior,' said he, 'should not care for wine or luxury, for fine turbans or embroidered shulwars; his tulwar should be bright, and never mind whether his papooshes are shiny.' Napeer Singh was a lion indeed; and his mother was a mother of lions.

"But this lion, though the bravest of animals, was the most quarrelsome that ever lashed his tail and roared in a

jungle. After gaining several victories he became so insolent and contemptuous in his behaviour towards King Koompanee Jehan, whom he insulted, whom he assailed, whom he called an old woman, that the offended monarch was glad when General Napeer Singh's time of service was out, and vowed no more to employ him.

"It is related of Napeer Singh, that when he was recalled to the island of the Ingleez he went into the Hall of Lead, where the monarch sate in full durbar, knocked the heads of the 24 vizeers one against another, and seizing upon King Koompanee himself by the royal nose pulled him round the room, and kicked him over among the sprawling councillors of his dewan. I know not whether this tale is true; but certain it is that there was a tremendous tumash or row, and that when the king heard the general's name mentioned, he grew as yellow and as sour as an ilemoon or lemon.

"When the news of Goof's discomfiture came to Lundoon and the Hall of Lead, and the Queen of Feringhistan, all the Ingleez began to quake in their shoes. 'Wallah! wallah!' they cried, 'we have been made to swallow abominations! Our beraks have been captured from our standard-bearers; our guns have been seized; our horsemen have fled; overpowered by odds, and because Goof Bahawder knew not how to lead them into battle. How shall we restore the honour of our arms? What general is there capable of resisting those terrible Sikhs and their sirdars?'

"The voice of all the nation answered, 'There is but one Chief, and his name is Napeer Singh.'

"The 24 vizeers in the Hall of Lead, remembering the treatment which they had received from that General, and still smarting uneasily on their seats from the kicks which he had administered, cried out, 'No; we will not have that brawling Samsoon — take any man but him. If Goof Bahawder will not do, take Goom Bahawder. We will

not have Napeer Singh, nor eat the pie of humility any more.'

"The people still roared out 'Nobody can help us but Napeer Singh.'

"Now, Napeer Singh was as sulky as the 24 vizeers. 'I go,' said he, 'to serve a monarch who has been grossly ungrateful, and whose nose I have tweaked in durbar? Never, never!'

"But an old General, nearly 100 years old, very old, brave, and wise, the Great Wellingtoon,—came to Napeer Singh and said, 'Oh! Khan, in these times of danger men must forget their quarrels and serve their country. If you will not go to the Indus, I will go—one of us must.' They were two lions, two Roostums, two hooked-beaked eagles of war; they rushed into each other's arms, and touched each other's beaks. 'Oh! Father,' Napeer Singh said, 'I will go;' and he went forth and he bought a piece of soap, and he got two towels; and he took down from the wall his bright and invincible tulwar.

"Meanwhile the 24 vizeers and King Koompanee Jehan had been taking counsel in the Hall of Lead. Many of the angry ones said, 'No, we will not appoint him our General.' Some of the wise vizeers said, 'Yes, we will appoint him; for without him we shall not have a kingdom at all.' At last the King himself, who was bajil, that is very fat, rose up from his throne and said—

"'O my Agas, Omrahs, Scribes, and men of war. There are many things which a man has to put into his imameh or pipe, which are hard to smoke, and have an unsavoury perfume: I have been smoking a chillum of this sort. A kick is not a pleasant thing to swallow, neither is a dose of senna. Adversity sometimes prescribes one, as the doctor orders the other. We have had all our beards pulled, we have been kicked round the room, we have been tumbled helter-skelter by this Roostum. Bekhesm! Bismillah! my sides ache still with the violence of his papooshes. But what of this?

If I am drowning, shall I refuse to live because a man pulls me out of the water by the nose? If I want to fly, shall I refuse a horse because he kicks a little? I will mount him in the name of Fate, and ride for my life. We know how strong this Samsoon is; let him go in Heaven's name, and fight the enemy for us. Let him go. Make out his papers; give him a khelat, and a feast of honour!' And the wise and beneficent monarch sate down and puffed away at his kaleoon, as the 24 vizeers, bowing their heads, cried, 'Be it as the King says.'

"When the Ingleez heard of this Elemzshedeh or good news, they all rejoiced exceedingly; and the Queen of the Ingleez clapped her hands for joy.

"And as for Napeer Singh, he took his two towels and his piece of soap, and his scimetar, and he went away to the ship which was to carry him to the sea."

He left England the night of the 24th, the anniversary of his victory at Dubba, reached Calcutta the 6th of May, assumed the chief command forty-three days after quitting London—and found no war!

"April 25th, off Ceylon.—You will have heard that the war is over in India, and Lord Gough has come off with flying colours. Both these things rejoice me much. 1°. I shall have no more to do with war and its miseries, which are, and ever were, hateful to me, whatever that false mouthing fellow Lord Grey may say to the contrary. 2°. It was hard that a brave old veteran like Gough, whose whole life has been devoted to his duty, should be dismissed from his command, and close his long career under undeserved abuse, because the directors kept him in a post which was become too difficult. Both these subjects of pain to me are now over. I hear the Punjaub is not to be annexed, but to be governed by a commission, of the Lawrence family chiefly."

On arriving at Calcutta he found an honourable testimony to his ability from Mr. Pringle, the civil servant who

had succeeded him in the government of Scinde:—the following is an extract.

"Scinde, May.—I hope you will not consider it an intrusion if I take this occasion to offer you my cordial congratulations on your present high appointment; and to assure you of the satisfaction it has given me, in common with all who have had opportunities of knowing the value of your services, to learn that they are again made available in a position of so much influence for the interests of this country. On your fitness for the military command there is but one opinion; but I speak as one who had more than ordinary means of forming a judgment when I say, that your aid will be found not less valuable in the civil government, if your colleagues be wise enough to avail themselves of it; and I can wish nothing better for the interests of our newly-acquired provinces in the Punjaub, than that they may have the benefit of the same strong and just government which was so successfully applied to the introduction of order here. With every wish for an equally successful issue to the brilliant career now opening upon you, believe me to remain with much esteem, &c.

"N. K. PRINGLE."

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Calcutta, May 22nd.—In an hour I start, but have a moment for a few lines. I know nothing till I get to Simla, and can speak with Lord Dalhousie; but the talk here is that Lawrence is opposed to the annexation of the Punjaub; if so, it is hard to see why Dalhousie appoints him and his four brothers to carry on a policy they do not approve of: but I am obliged to doubt everything said here. Shere Sing's plan to pound Whish in Gough's rear was admirable in design, but not well executed. My action would have been, not to have crossed the ford, but occupy it with a few people, and have stormed the tête de pont and got hold of the bridge on the Chenaub: Gough would thus have been cut off, if the stroke was successful; if it failed Goojerat was still in Shere Sing's rear. His next

error was his position at Goojerat, which is a strong village and should have been in his centre and entrenched; if he had placed it in his centre the battle would have been difficult to win; but it is not fair to criticise either general till one hears the story complete. The engineer who built the tête de pont tells me the Sikhs could not storm it, that the works were too strong; but only half a battalion was in it, and a whole army would have assailed! Governing the Punjaub by a council of politicals is curious, and it is scarcely to be believed that Dalhousie really means this. I have a few steps to take which will do the army good, and then my hope is to return to you all. It is a fearfully hot journey up the country that we have before us, but I dare say we shall get over it well.

"The same. Simla, June 22nd.—I do not know Lord Dalhousie yet, and can say nothing about his abilities; but he has hitherto given me full support and satisfaction: I shall require it, for my work is immense and very difficult. Whether I am equal to it I do not know, but am certain soon to be the most unpopular commander in chief that has yet filled the office. All is loose, and to pull up unpleasant, but must be done. The new Sikh regiments were formed before I came, in consequence of pledges given by Edwardes, Lawrence, Hardinge's treaty, Abbot, &c., in the hour of peril. Instead of tying up the fagot of sticks the political system seems to untie the bundle. The situation of the troops alarms me; they are everywhere deficient in cover, and of course crowded. At Peshawur, at Rawull Pindee, at Lahore, in the Julunder: everywhere. When autumn comes, unless we are saved by a miracle, like Whish at Mooltan, God help us, for I have not Aladdin's lamp. We are helpless at this season; the troops cannot march a mile, and there is no altering this state of things; which I shall of course be accused of producing, and of murdering all who will die from August to Christmas. If we could get into camps of 15,000 or 20,000 men each, it would be different,

but the human body cannot stand tents a week, there must be *roofs*.

"I believe some of Lord Gough's friends blame me for not writing to tell him of my arrival, and letting him put out his own order, resigning. Lord Dalhousie thinks I was right, and the Supreme Council thought so too. My orders, signed by the duke are to assume the command, 'without loss of time.' Such 'are the commands of Her Majesty.' Well, the duke wrote to Gough, that he was to lay down his command 'at his convenience.' Littler told me this, and he had it from Gough. Now before I could have heard from Gough three weeks would have elapsed, and I had been refused in London six days' leave for my convenience, having asked till the 1st of April. Had anything bad happened during those three weeks I should assuredly have been called to account for not obeying Her Majesty's orders, to take command without any loss of time. Suppose Gough did not choose to resign until he was going home, which I knew he did not mean to do until October; I must then have declared war on him and taken command forcibly. I could not be sworn in a member of council until publicly known as commander in chief; neither I nor any of my staff would have received pay, and therefore the civility of waiting would have cost me £1200, and my staff in proportion, we living all the time at great expence: the few days I was in Calcutta cost me £200. For this I would not have cared much, had it been right to have waited, but that was in disobedience of orders.

"Lord Gough had been roughly and unjustly handled, and for aught I knew might have been furious and refused to resign; for he tells me himself the duke's letter authorized him to keep his command at his convenience! In that case I should have returned to England at once: I wish it had been so. Hobhouse told me I should find the army had been without a commander in chief for a fortnight before my arrival! but I found Gough authorized to hold on

till winter! I made up my mind at once, and assumed command, as every previous commander in chief had done. You will think I was right, and Gough told me I was so; but one of his friends told me, he—the friend, thought it was not right. I like that noble old fellow Gough more than ever. I told him my wish was that he would order me home; it would be a kindness, and so saying I told him the truth. More than that, I am sure the people of England would be as delighted at it, as they were at my being sent to *supersede* Gough; for that is the word, not *succeed,* despite of Lord John's assertion:—witness Gomm's arrival at Calcutta! *Successors* are not ordered out in duplicate from the most distant corners of the earth.

"Thanks for your account of Napoleon's pontoons. I too would rather be governor of the Punjaub than commander in chief, as you say you would; had I been so my arrangements would have been quite different from what they are. We shall see how the commission works; perhaps it may do, but my opinion is against it, and I shall confine myself strictly to my military duties, offering no opinions upon other matters. Had I been here for Lord Dalhousie to put at the head of the Punjaub I believe he could not have done it: my suspicion is that he was ordered to put Lawrence there. Write to you often now I cannot; my work is all details, and keeps me fifteen hours a day at my desk. I like Lord Dalhousie so far as I know him, he is very kind to me; that is, he supports me, for as to private kindness I don't care a pinch of snuff, and would rather be without it, as interrupting business; which is the only thing that gives me pleasure. It is cold here, fires in July in India! The great height is oppressive to the chest: we are 7000 feet above the sea.

"The same, July 24th. Forty years nearly have passed since we fought on the Coa, and here we are still alive! You suffering from ill health, I away from all of you, and not liking my position or my work. Lord Dalhousie is

frank, and my hope is that we shall work well together: the state of India demands this, and especially the Punjaub. The military position of the troops is not bad, but I could not move a man in this hot weather. When they can be moved I shall perhaps make some alterations. You will see the copy of a letter I wrote to the governor-general: if he takes my advice, good; if not it will make me more anxious to go home, because it is necessary advice, and if not thought good there must be another commander in chief. I have written two or three of these kind of letters:—not theoretical, but resulting from experience, and my belief is that they have been useful.

"I do not like the state of things at all, but cannot enter into the subject, because letters are not safe, and I have not time. My first object is to make the army know that, good or bad, I am commander myself, and am not commanded by my staff: the excellent and noble-minded Gough, much as he is loved, and William I assure you deservedly so, did from sheer good-nature let the reins slip out of his hands too far: I do really love Lord Gough, but must say his good-nature went too far. My second object is to give a better tone to the officers, and already three or four have been broken for vile conduct. I go thoroughly into courts-martial, and endeavour by my remarks on sentences to amend the general notion; which is to think that the offence of every culprit—that is officers, not soldiers, is to be passed over, as he is a '*good fellow*' a '*poor fellow*' and so forth. Thus every *bad* fellow that the articles of war force a court-martial to cashier, has a recommendation tacked to his sentence; and half the courts acquit a blackguard if they can! But the army is full of fine fellows, and I am sure of support against this maudlin mercy, which in every instance I have rejected.

"My third great object is to restore discipline in various ways; I am however too far away from the troops; and to be with the governor-general is too important for me to go

to the plains yet. My fourth object is to make a better arrangement of troops all over India, when the weather admits. We have fifty-four thousand men in the Punjaub; this is not necessary, and yet my proceedings must be very cautious, though I think it can do well with 40,000, or even less. With good government twenty thousand would suffice, but not with a '*board of administration!*' as it is called. This board has not yet got a police! and it has eighteen hundred men as guards, of whom neither the commander in chief nor the adjutant-general know a word; and they are from 16 to 100 miles distant from any military station! Had there been a sudden insurrection of Sikhs, the first knowledge of the matter would have come to me with an account of the destruction of these detachments! Hardinge gave more to politicals than even Lord Auckland did!

"When I heard of these detached guards, I pointed out to Lord Dalhousie the mischievous tendency of letting politicals interfere with soldiers: you will see it in the copy of my letter. This must be stopped, and to do him justice he does his best to support me; poor fellow, he is not in good health. I have had a trial of strength with the politicals already, and Lord Dalhousie has stood by me well. They had stationed three regiments at Adeenanuggur on the Hassalee canal, N.E. of Umritzer, to guard a deputy commissioner, and a treasury, and all the idle *riff-raff* which surround a civil servant. This place is so unhealthy that the inhabitants flee in the rains as from death; they go to Umritzer until the rains cease and then return. I removed the troops and thus saved them: but the board '*suggests*' to Sir Walter Gilbert, that the deputy commission will be gobbled up by the Sikhs, and he should send back a regiment of cavalry at least. Gilbert, accustomed to the omnipotence of politicals, did so, and the politicals appealed against the troops being withdrawn at all. Lord Dalhousie answered that they were not to interfere with the military in any way, and I ordered the cavalry off, calling upon Sir W. Gilbert

to explain his conduct. This is victory No. 1. Lord D. tells me Lawrence will be enraged, but will not move him; and certainly he will not move me, so he must go to the wall.

"Mr. Pringle behaves well in Scinde, but he is overpowered by that chap Willoughby, who is rapidly overturning all my works, step by step. The pier is stopped; the barracks at Hydrabad are stopped, while only one wing is completed; all the materials ready for going on are lying about, and being destroyed! Moonshee has been ruined by them; and justice is so much in arrears Fitzgerald writes to one of my staff, that an insurrection is not improbable! My military commissions are done away with, and also the judge advocates who guided their proceedings: all is thrown upon the collectors, who cannot get through their work. My native police officers, thieves set by me to catch thieves, have been made magistrates! if they will not oppress the people no matter. For myself I have no wish but to go home. I have too much knowledge, and too little power over things here. I have however received honest support from Lord Dalhousie; and he shall have my support with all zeal for the service, and all possible desire to be of use to him. And again let me express my delight with old Gough; he is so good, so honest, so noble-minded. I do rejoice in the promotion that has made this brave and high-minded veteran so happy and content that all which has past is forgotten!"

The nefarious treatment of the moonshee, Ali Acbar, because he had been brave and useful and attached to Sir Charles Napier, will be found at length in the general's posthumous work; it marks the then Bombay government with indelible disgrace. Its efforts to destroy him however failed, his courage and talent are of a high order, and he will yet prove a formidable foe to his persecutors: he has indeed been found so already.

"Miss Napier. July, Simla.—Time don't jog on at all

you old 73! he gallops like a runaway horse! He jogs us through, and I wish he would jog me home, for here there is no use for me. This place is very beautiful indeed; but the great height gives an oppressive feel in the chest, and makes me draw a long breath every five minutes. The mountains are steep, and covered with wood; the clouds are below us, flying in all directions, and oftentimes, as one sits in a room, a cloud walks in as unconcernedly as a Christian, and then melts away, going I suppose down our throats, for he wets beards and mustachios: apropos, mine are regaining their wonted dignity and are worthy of my position. The rains have at last set in here. Had they delayed another week, famine would have fallen on the land, and in India famines are said to be even more terrible than in Ireland. Tell Lady Colchester, that India without Lord Ellenborough is to me a ring of gold without its jewel. I have got his writing desk, and at it I stand writing words that burn for the Court of Directors: No! they do not burn, or the hall of lead would melt.

"There is a vast deal of work on my hands. You are not a soldier, yet know enough of military things, and of geography, to understand me. Borrow a large map of India, and observe that I command more than 300,000 men, of whom some are placed at Peshawur, some in Scinde, some at Madras, some at Calcutta, some in Arracan, some in Assam. What an immense expanse they cover! It takes a regiment five months and a half to march from Peshawur to Calcutta; and from Calcutta to Assam four or five months more. I could not visit all the posts of the army in less than a year. Now from each I get returns of men, of public works, of health and diseases, with moral complaints, petitions &c. and from such distant countries some are very difficult to understand sufficiently to give orders. You recommend Gardiner's nephew. I know him, but, strange as it seems, I have no patronage. Lord Hardinge raised eighteen new regi-

ments, and did not give Lord Gough the disposal of a single commission. Lord Dalhousie has raised ten, and not a commission at my disposal; indeed they were all given away before I came. The governors-general keep these things for themselves.

"Lord Dalhousie, July 24.—Somewhere about 1800 men are employed in the Punjaub as guards of honour to commissioners, and assistant commissioners, and over treasuries: some of these guards are said to be 100 miles distant from any station. This ought not to be. I do not speak theoretically but from personal experience. I will not here enter into the much-discussed question, whether the Sikhs are good or bad, hostile or favourably disposed towards us, I merely speak of them as a conquered people. So were the Beloochees, and they were hostile in the extreme, yet I gave no military guards to the collectors and sub-collectors, nor to the minor treasuries: no guard in all Scinde was large enough to have an officer upon it. My personal guard, holding as I did the high ranks of governor, lieutenant-general and commander of the forces, was a corporal and three privates. But when the government house was built, at a distance from the cantonment,—a number of thieves having been imported from Bombay, the premises being also extensive, and my office in the house demanding a night sentry,—my guard was, much against my feeling, increased to six men. In the return I give your lordship the commissioners have sixteen, besides sergeants and corporals, and plenty of officers on guard, European and native.

"The treasury at Kurrachee, which was immense, had only a sergeant and twelve men; the treasurer himself having however his bungalow close by, so that he and his servants were at hand. The minor civil treasuries in the country had no other guards than the police, and were kept low by giving cash to merchants for bills on Kurrachee, Hydrabad and Shikarpoor; also by sending money in by

policemen, and in small sums: two or three mounted sowars of the police were sufficient guard. I would have held my administration as very feeble and ill-arranged if I required a military guard for anything civil, unless some extraordinary case arose, which however never did arise while I was in Scinde: my whole force had always six nights in bed. A man had seldom to mount guard above once a week, and here, in some parts of India, I find the men have seldom more than one night in bed: in some cases the guards are mounted two nights in succession by the same men.

"What is in the Punjaub I do not know, but such severe duty is enough to destroy the discipline of an army, unless on a campaign, where the strength of men is on the stretch for a few months. I was not governor of Scinde a month when I had formed in all its details a police, which consisted of 2400, cavalry and infantry, clothed and drilled alike, and spread all over the country. The cavalry, a sort of *gens d'armerie*, connected the stations of the rural police, patrolling all over the country, and assembling to attack robber bands, which were common at first, but soon taught that Scinde was no place for them. This cavalry gave also information to the captains of police as to what was going on.

"These different police divisions were the real guard of the civil power: they were under the command of the magistrates, but commanded by their own officers, to whom the magistrates applied,—and the police officers' whole duty was to protect the civil power. Now if the '*board of administration*' in the Punjaub, had a body of police like that of Scinde, only more numerous, say 8000, the country would be kept in order without soldiers. To form such a police would take ten days or a fortnight, but it must be done skilfully, or it will do more harm than good. The head of the police should be a man of high rank, such as Colonel Penny, or Brigadier Wheeler, or Lt.-Colonel Lawrence. But the great principle is that

there should be no mixture of the military and civil authorities: the latter should be able to execute all their duties by their own force without any aid from the military; except in the one and only case of an insurrection! Then the civil power of course ceases, and the military takes all into its own hands: thus peace and war are kept distinct and vigorous.

"If the civil power is allowed to look to the military for protection against robbers, and ordinary difficulties of government in time of peace, it becomes weak and inefficient: all its operations, from the highest to the lowest, become loitering, careless and contemptible, for there is no stimulus to proper exertions. A military guard is seen at every town, all seems secure, idleness pervades the civil power, neglect of duty follows, and want of vigour becomes universal. The same thing ensues with the troops. Discipline becomes slack, officers on detachment are idle, soldiers insolent and disobedient, guards do their duty slovenly, or not at all, and the whole becomes weak and worthless. The conquered population soon perceive this and take advantage when their time comes. Meanwhile, the troops being at the call of the civil power, the commander can have no system; and when a rising takes place, nothing like a proper distribution of troops exists, and they are in a fair way to be overpowered and destroyed.

"Having a strong well-organized police, civil power is complete in itself and every individual feels that his safety depends on his own alertness and vigour: then his duties are fulfilled, he has the habit of looking to himself for success, and has no time to be idle and take his pleasure while his work is done by underlings, who tyrannize and drive the people to discontent. The military officers are not one whit better. They leave all to their sergeants if they are allowed to do so, and the troops are destroyed: civil servants leave all to their clerks, and the people are destroyed. Rendering the civil power dependent on the

military for protection in ordinary cases, is of all evils the greatest. I speak from nearly fifty years' experience. I saw it in Ireland in 1798, and again in 1803. I saw it in the Ionian Islands. I saw it in the Northern District. I saw it in Scinde. I saw it produce a war in the Punjaub; and I think your lordship's determination to keep the two powers of the Indian empire separate in the Punjaub will prevent another, if anything can prevent it.

"The reports of the guards for the civil service, which I have the honour to enclose, is a sufficient indication of the danger of making the military subservient to the civil power. We have an ill-considered and dangerous dispersion of nearly eighteen hundred soldiers in a newly-conquered country; one against which a commander must protest when he discovers it, which I have done by accident! It is by chance, from those under my command but by chance, I learn where soldiers are posted by an extraneous authority, not by mine! Instead of being posted by orders from the commander in chief, in pursuance of orders from the governor-general, to whom, if he entertained any, he could state his objections, they are posted by subordinates who have neither the knowledge necessary nor the responsibility! Should a sudden insurrection take place, those detachments would be cut off, or would be serious embarrassments to me in my operations for its suppression! These isolated posts give a vast accession of strength to an enemy in the first six months of an intestine war.

"But it may be said that magistrates and treasuries must be defended: yes, but not by means more costly than magistrates and treasuries are worth! Primary objects must not be sacrificed to secondary objects; neither were sacrificed in Scinde, which was a parallel case. Now a magistrate has his police, his numerous attendants; and neither he nor they do their duty if they do not know all that passes around them, and do not secure full time to take necessary precautions. A single magistrate has plenty of means for

escape; a body of soldiers cannot elude an enemy with the same ease. If conspiracy be discovered at work, a magistrate goes on a visit, a shooting party, a tour, and away he flies: a detachment marching off gives an alarm, and is attacked and probably destroyed. A police, dependent for safety on their own alertness, look out: if they trust to soldiers they are careless, and so is the magistrate. I therefore assert that the magistrate is more safe without a detachment than with one, unless it be of such magnitude as to hold its own and take the field: but in that case the army would be broken up altogether, and be destroyed by an enemy of less ability and courage than have been evinced by the Sikhs.

"I have addressed your lordship tediously by this explanation of my opinion, but risk being deemed prolix because I have *thrice* seen misfortune arise in India by the employment of gentlemen, popularly termed politicals: and this state of the guards in the Punjaub furnishes an opportunity to say, that I believe our former and late disasters may be traced, step by step, to the interference of these gentlemen. I beg however distinctly to assure your lordship, that no one can entertain a higher opinion than I do of the zeal, energy, courage, and, in some cases of the abilities exhibited by these politicals individually, both civil and military. But the system placed them in a wrong position, and their personal good qualities only tended to increase difficulties and embarrass the commander in chief. This is not paradoxical. The commander in chief has his own general plan of operations, and so long as his officers receive his orders and execute them he remains responsible for success or failure: but certain of these officers are invested with local powers, independent of the commander in chief, and exercise that power over portions of the troops, and the more ably, boldly, energetically they work locally, the more they dislocate the commander's general plan, and risk the safety of the army.

"I well know that your lordship's opinion concurs with

mine; but I write to shew that this apparently trifling matter of applying for guards, except formally to your lordship, is the more dangerous because it is the beginning of confusion. This makes me repeat, that in my opinion a powerful police placed wholly at the command of the 'board of administration,' with which the commander in chief shall have no concern, or right to interfere in any way, will be the safest mode of proceeding in the Punjaub under the present form of government, on which I do not presume to offer an opinion. It must either have a force at its disposal, or apply to me for the aid of troops: the first will give both the civil and military powers strength in the Punjaub; the second will render both weak."

After a considerable time this proposition for a powerful police was adopted for the Punjaub, and precisely after the model of that in Scinde: and it is "*the only good thing in the Punjaub system of administration*," said a man well informed on Indian matters generally, and particularly conversant with both Scinde and Punjaub affairs. "It is the only good thing in the administration, and was established by men taken from Sir C. Napier's school; yet with quiet effrontery it has been assumed as an original creation of the Punjaub board of administration, and has been copied as such in Bombay and Madras." To give credit for anything good to Charles Napier was treason against the Court of Directors.

# EIGHTEENTH EPOCH.

## FIRST PERIOD.

EXTREMELY onerous now were the duties of the Indian commander in chief. He had been sent out to lead armies, to repair disasters, to strike in a war where every blow would resound through the world: he found himself a reformer contending with inveterate military abuses intimately connected with worse abuses in the civil service, and therefore sure to be supported as profitable mischief. It was a painful charge; but never did he evade vexations, or reject labour attached to accepted duties. For him duty was a sacred trust whatever might be its accompaniments of suffering or enjoyment, of honours or enmity, life or death. Like the bloodhorse, though capable of the greatest exertions he refused no drudgery, however unworthy of his spirit and powers; and fortune had still in store one more occasion for the display of useful greatness, one more bright ray before the darkness of death. He had saved the Company's empire in war; but war is a secondary danger for India, and he was now to save it from the most formidable of perils, mutiny amongst the native troops. He was also, such was his fate, to be again repaid for his services with the foulest enmity, the grossest injustice, and the most scurrilous revilements of faction.

"Journal. August 1st, Simla.—Once more to keep a journal! I left England in triumph over my infamous enemies, but too miserable at leaving all I loved to feel that triumph: I had however expressed my opinion of their wretched characters. In May we reached Madras, where my good and honest servant, Nichola Boisca, broke his leg;

he died of it at Calcutta and I erected a tomb over him. He was an Illyrian by birth, entered the French army of the empire, was wounded in Italy, disbanded at the peace, and became a courier. I found him at Nice in 1847; he was clever and honourable, and a very valuable man: his loss cut down my spirits more than I can describe.

"I assumed command of the four Indian armies the 7th of May, and was sworn a member of the Supreme Council: then my triumph was complete over my enemies in India as it had been in England. On the 22nd I left Calcutta and arrived the 16th of June at Simla, where I found Lord Dalhousie and Lord Gough, and from both received every kindness. Heavy arrears of business compelled me to labour fifteen hours a day, but finding my health giving way about a fortnight ago, I resolved to walk an hour every morning, and ride one hour and a half every evening; but this long and weary journey has taught me again, that Scinde has left me at sixty-eight only a shadow of strength! Can I command in a campaign if one should come? Well, welcome death if at the head of armies, for where could it reach me better? I command more than three hundred thousand men. Would that my power over them was real, and Asia should rise like a balloon out of her state of tyranny, and men should be free. But these ideas are now silly; threescore and ten are nearly run, the grave awaits me, and honest execution of my duties is but preparation for that end.

"August 2nd.—Begun a letter to Lord Dalhousie, telling him that if the army is not relieved from the oppression of the civil power India is not safe. The habit is, that all civil servants have guards of honour, and treasury guards, and God knows what, till, when added to the military guards and duties, the soldiers are completely knocked up. Lately, a Captain Campbell, civil paymaster and of course out of my jurisdiction, chooses to live six miles from Wuzzeerabad, and a guard has to go to his house every

day, for his honour and defence! I only discovered this yesterday, and he shall lose his guard; but there are above two thousand officers and men thus employed by these civil servants and politicals. This shall not go on if I can stop it, and Lord Dalhousie is well disposed to help me: he seems a good fellow and sharp, but I doubt his abilities being equal to the ruling of this vast empire.

"We have the Nizam with eight millions of subjects on the south, and the Southern Mahrattas ready to join him; on the east the kingdom of Ava close on our frontier, and Calcutta without defence, seeing that all our troops are in the North-West Provinces and the Punjaub. On the north lies Nepaul, close upon the Ganges; and then the Punjaub, which they are governing so badly. Scinde also, where that * * * * Willoughby has overthrown, systematically, everything I did! He has swept away my whole system of administering justice, and instead of my military commissioners he has, I hear, made the rascally kardars magistrates, and of course justice is sold: the police native officers are also made magistrates! men employed as thieves to catch thieves! The two most powerful clan chiefs, the Jam of the Jokeas and Wullee Chandia, have both been insulted; in short all write to me to say Scinde is going to ruin: this is hard!

"August 6th.—I am working myself to death here, and what fame awaits me? None! I work because it is honest to earn my pay, but work is disagreeable in the extreme, hateful. Were I to remain five years I might do some good to this noble army; but for the short time I am to be here nothing can be done, at least nothing worth the loss of health and happiness: never however did I know either, except when working in a garden, or in Cephalonia, making roads and doing good.

"10th.—This is my birthday, and Richard's was on the 7th: we are both sinking below the horizon, and oblivion comes on apace. I have just heard of the death of my

friend Charles Curling, at Hydrabad—an honourable good man as ever lived, all those Curlings are: his glass has run, he is at peace and without a care! Plenty of other anxieties. No mail, and it is many days beyond its time. I fear for the safety of the ship in which my precious child Susan is coming out. Her husband is very uncomfortable, and we are afraid to tell each other the horrible thoughts that force themselves on our minds.

"11th.—No mail! I cannot dwell on this, I must think of my work. Every arrangement for the arrival of the 87th and 75th Regiments at Calcutta, was made by me, and for getting those fresh regiments at once to the N.W. provinces; all have been upset by the civil government! My object was that two acclimated regiments should be at Dum Dum, where they are healthy, and the gin-shops known to their officers, who could thus control the evil. The Calcutta government have sent them up the country and crowded a whole regiment into barracks, where I had arranged for only a wing; and it has kept the 75th at Fort William, where the greatest part will be immediately in hospital, and numbers will die. All this is because my friend Sir John Littler has been foolish. He has more work than he can do, and has probably left this to his staff. Mark! I am commander in chief, yet I dare not interfere, because the lieutenant-governor of Bengal is my superior! He is governor-general within the precincts of Bengal, and I can only *pray* that my arrangements may not be disturbed! This is being commander in chief! I will not stay.

"Another sample. The politicals who govern the Punjaub sent me word, that if two companies were sent to guard their small under-political and his treasure at Batalu, that a *palace* there would amply 'accommodate the civil and military authorities, the treasure, and two companies of regular infantry;' at the same time they persuaded Sir W. Gilbert to send two companies. Thinking they were in a palace, and

being reluctant to move the poor fellows back to Govind Ghur in this tremendous heat, I did not counter-order this, when, lo! the officer writes to me that they have no room, are in miserable tents and exposed to the raging unbearable sun, and that the political, the little fellow at Batalu, says, there is no accommodation for them! Order them back says common sense. I cannot gentle sir. I am commander in chief of the Indian army, but I cannot order a man to move. I must write a letter to one secretary, who writes to another, who addresses a third, who asks the governor-general's leave for the commander in chief to move the companies back again from Batalu: the house that Jack built is a joke to it! The commander of 300,000 men can't move two companies out of danger without leave of the civil power! I will not stay in India.

" 13th.—Here is a fresh proof of folly. The engineer department is nominally under the commander in chief. I find public works going on in the Punjaub, India Proper, Arracan and Assam. I read the reports of progress, and suddenly find 'works stopped' by order of the civil government, not sent through me but direct to the engineer. I begun by bringing the engineers to their bearings for slow work, but soon found my command was only nominal! I do not think Lord Dalhousie has the vigour, though he has the will, to put things right: he is a clever man, but not able to rule such an empire. Glad I am now that Lord Ellenborough was recalled, for I should never have gone back to England had he remained. I could never have left him, and could under him have done much good. The Punjaub would now have been like Scinde, for he designed to govern it himself. The Bombay wretches have done away now with my canal establishment in Scinde; everything there is being destroyed, step by step, and systematically by Willoughby. The garden of Kurrachee; the system of justice; the camel corps; the barracks stopped; the great mole; the commerce steamers abolished; the canal administration; the annual pay to Wullee Chandia for his 60 sowars—and then moon-

shee ruined by the foulest persecution! Well one must bear these things, for there is no remedy.

"15th. — Napoleon's birthday, it has brought me good news: my child and her little Kate are all safe at Calcutta. I am quite tired of this command; no power, no power, and great responsibility. This is a silly game to play, and I will not remain at the table. Lord Dalhousie tries to do right, but cannot; it is not always that he catches my views, and his own are not great ones: he is quick and catches up small things, but has no great general views, and his mind cannot grasp them. Hardinge was more able, more experienced: yet Lord D. will do best in the long run.

"August 22nd.—More samples of the system. The bread and meat bad at Umballa, because the military board put the whole contracts up to auction, and at such a price that the contractors cannot keep their contracts. Punish them and get others! yes, and forfeit the food until better is found, letting the soldier starve! In a large town, where better food may be got in an hour, this will do; but here time must be lost, and the patients in hospital cannot wait without great suffering. Dr. H—— says this so often happens as to injure patients severely. I have no power, the military board is the real commander in chief, and a very bad one.

"29th.—I have just written a letter to a brave old soldier, Mahomet Buckshee, a rissaldar of the 6th irregular cavalry. He was the companion of my friend Salter, and at Ooch, charging with him, slew a man who was holding Salter hard. I gave him a sword and wrote him a letter for his conduct in that campaign of 1845: he lost his letter lately by robbers and asked me for another. I daily see the pride and affection of my old comrades amongst the natives, and it is more gratifying to me than anything else. Lately the 12th native infantry, which fought so well at Meeanee, on hearing of my arrival in India, asked their officers to write a letter to me in the name of all the soldiers to congratulate me: I could do anything I like with these natives.

Our officers generally do not know how to deal with them; they have not, with some exceptions, the natural turn and soldierlike feelings necessary to dealing with them. Well, it matters little to me, India and I will soon be separate, I see the system will not last fifty years. The moment these brave and able natives learn how to combine they will rush on us simultaneously and the game will be up. A bad commander in chief and a bad governor general will clench the business; and a good commander in chief cannot be had under the present system. A good governor-general may, but he must also have a good commander in chief.

"Hardinge saved India at Feroshashur by his great firmness and courage, and earned his honours well; but he was unequal to the whole campaign, and failed as a statesman. Every one who knows Lord Gough must love the brave old warrior, who is all honour and nobleness of heart, and worthy of being ennobled for his virtue and goodness: were his military genius as great as his heart the duke would be nothing in comparison.

"War is a dreadful trade, but one looks back with pleasure to the exciting scenes of past campaigns, and loves the company of those who served with us. Turenne was a fortunate man. Wolfe, Moore, and Abercrombie, were not so, they were killed in their first victories; they did not live to feel the confidence victory excites in the troops. The feeling, that, when battle comes on like a storm thousands of brave men are rushing to meet it confident in your skill to direct them, is indescribable; it is greater than the feeling of gladness after victory; far greater indeed, for the danger being then over, and brave men lying scattered about dead or dying, the spirit is sad. Oh! there is no pleasure after a battle beyond rejoicing that we have escaped being slain. But when the columns bear upon an enemy as the line of battle forms, as it moves majestically onwards to conquer or die, as the booming of the cannon rolls loud and long, amidst pealing shouts and musquetry, then a man feels able

for his work and confident in his gifts, and his movements tell upon the enemy. There is no feeling to equal that exultation, which makes men seek to become conquerors if religion does not aid reason to hold it in check: but *'all is vanity!'* However old Solomon had a merry life, a merry rather than a virtuous one, despite of all his wisdom, and if the proverbs are really his he was very wise.

"September 3rd.—A marked day this in my life as well as in old Noll's. Seven years of strange life have I had in the East. I quitted it once and was received with honours and banquets in England; and in Ireland, dear old Ireland, with glory. Well, no sooner were pudding and my just castigation of the Hogg over than war again broke out in the Punjaub. My prophecy that it would was given in speeches, in letters, in conversation, two years before; it was quoted, repeated, contradicted, and believed, and turned out true to the letter. Then India, civil and military, called for me, and when some disastrous work ensued the cry reached England. I had previously called the directors ugly names in public, and maintained the assertion; the pill was bitter for them, but they were compelled to swallow it and appoint me one of their Supreme Council. Lord John Russell, in concert with them, wanted to do me out of that honour: this was made clear at an interview with his lordship. He was shy and not explicit, I was explicit and not shy, and spoke with such vehemence as to settle the matter at once—for jumping to my feet and extending my clenched hand, I said, *Look here Lord John! If they can't find a precedent for my going out with a seat I will, by God, find one for a commander in chief not going out when offered the situation.* Oh, said he, they will, I am sure, find one. My lord I do not care whether they do or not, but to India I will not go without a seat in council. They found their precedent, England was vociferous; Chillianwallah had set up as well as spilt John Bull's blood, and have me he would.

"Had the Court of Directors refused, I wish it had,

parliament would have forced it, for many members were prepared to move in the matter, and I could not walk the streets of London without being followed. When my wife and I stopped our carriage at any shop crowds waited on me and cheered. Lord Brougham wrote to me, that he had never seen or read of such a sensation in a whole country, or such a feeling through all ranks as I had caused. Well I had my dinner at the London Tavern, and very grand it was too—not like that of Dublin though, not like that to me! I sat between the Duke of Wellington and the chairman, General Lushington. I had been sworn in and made my speech, and laughed in my sleeve while speaking to the twenty-four directors at that table! The duke spoke long. He said, 'he had dined at that table to take leave of governors-general, of governors, and of commanders in chief, but he had never been at any dinner there which gave him *so much* pleasure as that had.' These were his words, but the reporters, the directors of course, put in every paper 'which gave him *more* pleasure:' but his '*so much pleasure*' was given emphatically, and the misreport was '*no mistake!*' I then left England to be commander in chief, and a very low-bred, miserable, sneaking, toad-eating post it is: I am not commander. I will not quarrel if possible with this governor-general; but he is sickly, and they have mistaken their man: he is not equal to the ruling of this mighty empire.

"September 5th.—My nephew William was nearly killed two hours ago: his horse was kicked by another over a precipice, 27 feet perpendicularly, yet neither are the least hurt! The horse who kicked him grazed his knee so as to leave a mark; had he struck full the knee must have been smashed: more luck still; he fell on the hard road below on his head! How wonderful his escape: he must be hanged I fear.

"September 9th.—A moral fight with the governor-general. I thought the preservation of the camel corps had been promised to me, but letters from Fitzgerald told me it was to be broken up: astonished at this, I wrote to the

governor-general, who thus answered. Oh! I thought you only wanted the camels; the Bombay government dismissed all the men months ago. I replied to this nonsense by sending him his own general order, and that of Bombay, ordering them to be broken up on the 15th!! Oh! he had not seen it. There is some trick about this. Old Fadladeen Benson leads him, I suspect, by the nose, and is his great military adviser. I had explained to Lord Dalhousie the use and value and economy of the camel corps, and that instead of opposing the Bombay governor's bad proceedings he was going with them. This he does not understand I think yet. Moreover he is afraid of that government: he is quite unequal to the good government of this vast empire—quick and clear but of no calibre. Hardinge as a soldier knew and made some military arrangements; this young man not only makes none himself, but fears to let me do so: he is terrified by the idea that my design is to encroach on his powers, which makes me laugh.

"I do not want to encroach on him, but he shall not make me responsible for his own bad arrangements. I like him, he is seemingly a good fellow, but he has no head for governing this empire and drawing forth all its wondrous resources! What the koh-i-noor is among diamonds India is among nations. Were I emperor of India for twelve years, she should be traversed by railroads, and have her rivers bridged, her seat of government at Delhi, or Meerut, or Simla, or Allahabad. Her three armies should occupy three camps, one at Delhi or Meerut, one in Scinde, and one on the Barrumpootra—each 50,000 strong. No Indian prince should exist. The Nizam should be no more heard of, Nepaul would be ours, and an ague fit should become the courtly, imperial sickness at Constantinople, while the Emperor of Russia, and he of China should never get their pulses below 100!

"As to my treasury, it should be full of gold, accumulated by economy, such as no government but that of the

great king of Prussia ever exhibited. The grandeur of the East should be in its power, its mighty power; in its armies and its justice; in its strength for making terrible war, and in its long peace; for who dare make war on such a land when happy and well cultivated, with commerce, good roads and railroads, and canals; when its government was just and protective of the poor, having a strong police, taxes of little weight, a full treasury, and 150,000 strong soldiers well drilled, and trained in great standing camps for the protection of all? Who? I say! None. In twelve years of my reign there should not be a war, not a shot fired, except to put down Nepaul and the Nizam, both small affairs for a few winter months. There would be but one difficulty in all this, a very great one, but not insuperable: the destruction of corruption, that demon of the East. It would be the greatest, the noblest, but by far the most difficult to overcome of all obstacles: yet justice would do the job.

"September 21st.—Dined with Lord Gough: he is a most amiable noble-hearted man. It is impossible to remain here. I ordered a barrack, from which a sick corps had been withdrawn, to be cleansed and repaired as another regiment was to occupy it. The executive engineer cannot obey my orders until he has the leave of the military board; and that board applies to the governor-general, who grants or refuses, and the decision travels back to me in due time! I wanted the Cawnpore barracks to be vacated, and ordered the troops to Agra on the 7th of August. My order to have the Cawnpore barracks put in order was of moment, they being uninhabitable, and the 87th Regiment being on the river, coming to them: nothing was done. The engineer reported to the military board, and on the 28th of August a letter comes from it, to say the governor-general has complied with my wishes! that is he has told the board it may give authority for commencing the works.

"September 23rd.—Just seen Sheik Ali Hussein, who was Ali Moorad's minister in Scinde. The sheik is a clever

chap; not the personification of honesty perhaps, but true as steel to his own bread and butter. He quarrelled with Ali Moorad, entered Moolraj's service, and became his minister. Had Moolraj opposed me in the first Punjaub war my advantage would have been surprizing; but Lord Hardinge thought Mooltan better in Moolraj's hands than in mine, and all sorts of fine things resulted from the bright plan concocted by him and Doodle Currie. The sheik tells me how ill Major Edwardes used him; the major being prejudiced by the patans, which was very natural. The sheik was tried and honourably acquitted. He says Goolab Sing's army is bad, but he has immense treasures, numerous forts, and quantities of guns. This corroborates another of my informers' story; but the having taken no pains with his army leads me to think he will not quarrel with us, unless ill-used, or violently tempted by some egregious folly on our part.

"The sheik also, corroborating other information, says Goolab's nephew is his bitter enemy, and the more so because of the alliance with us. I cannot make out Goolab's age, but it is the wrong side of sixty. The son of Emaum-oo-Deen is also his enemy; and, in a row, if we do not affront this man he will raise all the hill-men of Cashmere in our favour.

"September 26th.—A brave native gentleman, who distinguished himself in our service during the Affghan war, has written to ask my leave to accompany me on my military tour. I think that I cannot take him without the leave of the governor-general! Was there ever anything so ridiculous as this law of India?

"27th.—Anniversary of Busaco, where Wellington first essayed the courage of the Portuguese troops. We had a battalion of them at the bridge of the Coa the 24th of July, under George Elder, who, doubting their quality, asked me to stay by them at the first onset: I did so, and the men fought well; but I soon left them, because Crau-

furd, with whom I was a favourite, desired me to act as his aide-de-camp. Well Busaco was the great test, and a very beautiful fight it was. The French were in the valley, shrouded in mist when the morning broke and the running fire of the outposts began; soon an irregular but very sharp musquetry rung through the gradually-dispersing mist, which, mingled with smoke, came up the mountain, and from it many wounded men broke out. The picquets then appeared, being driven back, but firing so hard that our line loudly cheered them from the crest above: following fast came the enemy's columns, and 80 pieces of cannon opened with a roar from the summit of the mountain, sending shrapnels shells and round shot down on them. The battle was thus begun, and soon they reached us. The firing rolled loud and heavy, the shouts of our men were grand, and their charges in different parts of the line went fiercely home. I was hit, woe the while for me! Now, thirty-nine years after, the horrid suffocation of that wound is scarcely endurable. Oh! it shakes my very soul, the horror of this feeling does! I was carried into a small chapel of the convent of Busaco: it had a large arch in the wall, only partly built up from below, so that I heard people, officers high of rank, in the next room, eating and drinking though the battle was not yet over! Some talked of my father and mother, praising them and their extraordinary beauty. I was so delighted at this, as hardly to feel pain, but finally disgust at these men for being out of the battle so excited me, that I got up from the pallet on which I had been laid, walked clean out, and got to the convent door, looking for my horse. I was however seized instantly by Edward Pakenham, and led back with this expression, 'Damn it Napier, are you mad to think you can go back in the state to the action? Be quiet for God's sake.' I could not speak plain, as my jaw was broke, and blood flowed freely from my mouth, so my looks were worse than the reality.

"While these men were eating and drinking my two brothers were in the field, and sent me word they could not come to see me: how proud and happy this message made me! I gloried in them, yet, thinking I could not live long, I was very anxious to see them, especially as I heard George had been wounded. He was gallantly leading a charge, and while half turned, with his sword up, was shot by a Frenchman through one side of the antipodes to my wound: the muzzle was so close the fire scorched his clothes, and the wound, though not dangerous, was very severe indeed. William had been shot through the hip two months before but did not go to the rear, and went into action here with his wound still open. Well, we are now all three still alive and old men; we were then young, strong, and as handy men as any in the army; we have had fifteen or sixteen wounds amongst us, and being very fond of each other it made a talk amongst our comrades: noble, brave and excellent comrades they were! Poor Edward Pakenham was wounded at Busaco, which was what brought him to the convent, and having been dressed he was returning to the battle when he caught me trying to do the same. Poor fellow! He was a heroic man that Edward Pakenham, and it was a thousand pities he died in defeat: it was not his fault that defeat.

"I think of those times gone by, with a mournful gloomy mind. We three brothers went that day into battle with sad hearts, for our cousin Lord March had told us our beloved sister Caroline, just twenty-two years of age, was dead! Our hearts sunk with sorrow, we said nothing but embraced each other and went to our posts: mine was with Lord Wellington. My cousin, Black Charles the sailor, was with me; he too had been wounded a few days before. Our lives have since been full of events. He set up a king in Portugal after a desperate sea fight against great odds; and I have pulled down six kings after a land fight against great odds. Now I am at the head of nearly 400,000 men, and he has the Channel fleet of England! George has just quitted the

government of the Cape, and William that of Guernsey. George kept the Cape from war the whole time he was there, and the moment he left it war began. No one gives him credit for this; men do not value peace, or those who preserve it: human nature seems essentially belligerent. It is a glorious excitement, but reason abhors it.

"It is a subject of gladness to me not to have commanded at Goojerat; I might not have been able to control that love of war which a certain consciousness of being able to wage it creates in me; and I know well what Goojerat and its results would have been in my hands. Shere Sing had a road running to the only pass, behind his right rear, by which he could escape; had his right flank been turned his whole army was lost, for there was no passing the ridge of rocks behind him except by that one pass. His position would have been very strong indeed had he made Goojerat the front of his centre, instead of a support a mile in rear: that, or gone in rear of the pass altogether.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, October 6th.—I never write to you because I cannot write *all*, and as *all* goes wrong in India a quire of paper would not tell you half. Lord Dalhousie supports me to the best of his abilities, but he cannot break a bad system to atoms, and nothing short of that will do here. Keep this secret, for all I do and say is caught at and disfigured, and the disfigurement adds to my difficulties, which are hardly to be surmounted without that. Lord Dalhousie is very young, and obliged to decide on matters which require experience, and few men can learn India in a moment: he has a hard task. The Lawrences have been forced upon him, the Punjaub system is not his: at least he tells me so. Sir Henry Lawrence is a good fellow, but I doubt his capacity. His brother John is said to be a clever man, and I am inclined to think he is; but a man may have good sense and not be fit to rule a large country.

"I have made a military report on India generally, which goes to you next mail, as I never think anything mili-

tary complete until you have seen it. This will be a document for them when I leave India, and I think my principle is right, but the next man won't use it.

"I am going on a military tour, and a very pleasant one it ought to be, exactly Alexander's march, but retrograde. The young part of the army bears my tightening hand beautifully, and the old not amiss! Gilbert is a sensible fellow, and a good soldier: Wheeler is capital; said to be cross-grained, not so with me, and is always right. Colin Campbell admirable. Old —— is better than we who know him could reasonably expect, and takes rowings kindly: the cavalry and artillery, as usual, the most troublesome. Your friend young Bowie is a fellow of the right stamp; Lord D. has made *him* his aide-de-camp, because he was unlucky. I like Lord D. so much, that it goes against the grain to find fault, or rather to criticize: fault there is none, the system is too powerful for him."

The following letters are curious, as shewing how even the greatest of men, when not personally directing, will expect others to make bricks without straw.

"Lord Ellenborough to Lady Napier, October 11th.—I have sent Sir Charles' letter to the duke. Pray send the duke's letter, as I copied it, to Sir Charles, as he may not be able to read the original, which I shall send him by the next mail, the writing is so indifferent. In sending Sir Charles' letter to the duke, I mentioned the measures I had taken to relieve the army from civil duties, and to render the civil forces more efficient; and how those measures, of which he had experienced the benefit in the increase of his disposable force upon the Sutlej in 1845-6, were yet abandoned by Lord Hardinge when the court objected to the new system. My new system was always odious to the civilians: it gratified their vanity to be able to order the troops about; and besides, all their patronage in the appointments of Chuprassies and Burkundauze was necessarily put an end to. This they did not like *much*, and their native Omrahs, who managed to

bring in their relations and to job and sell the appointments, liked it *still less*."

"Duke of Wellington to Lord Ellenborough, October 7th.—I have seen in the newspapers statements that Sir Charles Napier would return home in the month of March, but I have heard nothing from authority on the subject; nor do you mention in your letter of the 6th, which I received this morning, that you have the report from any authority. I shall very much lament his return. I hear from the governor-general that he is very well satisfied with his relation with him, and is disposed to place confidence in Sir Charles! His return will be a great misfortune to the public interests, as well as to himself, but I really hope that he does not think of such a thing!"

From the expression "*a misfortune to himself*," it would appear, that by those in power, Sir C. Napier was not considered as a great man having claims on the country for honour and attention, and respect; not as a man capable of a guiding policy, but as a tool, to be used while convenient for expediency, and to be misused when not required. How could it be a misfortune to himself not to continue a patient insulted drudge? The total want of power to do good, as disclosed in his journal, was overlooked; his genius, and knowledge, and experience, his laborious habits—all these were only valued as they might carry an inexperienced lord, of half his age, safely through abounding difficulties. If his coming away was a misfortune for the public why was he not made governor-general? No! Sir C. Napier was to be the drudge of a lord placed by aristocratic influence in power, without knowledge; and with what arrogance he was disposed to use that power may be judged from his first interview with the aged hero, whom honest patriotism had momentarily brought under his control. "I have been warned Sir C. Napier not to let you encroach upon my authority, but I will take *damned good care you shall not*."

Such was Lord Dalhousie's first address to a man more

than twice his age, who had been sent to him as the chosen champion of England! Had the vulgar insolence been repelled by tossing the Queen's commission in his face, it would have been a justifiable retort. But Charles Napier was too intent upon duty to let even this outrage disturb his equanimity; public wrong could always move him to anger, but this only moved him to pity for the weak creature before him; and his journal has, and will shew, that he kept his judgment clear of passion, measuring the governor-general's ability by his public acts. Now let it be seen how brave and generous men like himself viewed his advent and his labour.

"The masonic fraternity gave him a dinner as a brother: many of the leading officers of the Indian army were present, and his health was given with this speech. 'Tried in many high posts, and tested by conjunctures as difficult as dangerous, he has been ever true to the ancestral motto of his family "*ready aye ready*" and invariably found equal to the emergencies that have marked his long and illustrious career.'"

This acknowledgement of the masonic compliments disclosed a new passage in his eventful life.

"Few masons owe so much to masonry as myself.—I was once a prisoner, without hope of being exchanged and expecting to be sent to Verdun; for at that time there was no exchange of prisoners; a man who was taken lost all chance of promotion, or even of seeing his friends again. In this state of despair and misery, knowing mine must believe me killed, I was casting about in thought how to communicate with them, when it came into my head that I was a mason. Then I poked out a brother, a French officer called *Bontems*, a very good name, and like a good and honourable brother he managed to send a letter from me to England: no easy matter in those days. It was a very hazardous undertaking for a French officer, but my honest and good brother did it for me, and within three months my family knew I lived."

To this public testimony of respect was added a private one, not less indicative of the general feeling, and coming from a brave and noble soldier, Sir Colin Campbell.

"To Sir C. Napier.—I was truly sorry to hear that you deemed it necessary to devote such a number of hours daily to your work. Fifteen hours is beyond the strength of any man; the youngest constitution could not stand that amount of daily labour continuously, without giving way under such exertion of application and confinement. You have a great task on hand, in the success of which every officer, young and old, of both services in this army, who feels the slightest concern for its honour and well-being, is deeply interested. And I know that in your efforts for its improvement you carry with you the hearty approval and cordial good wishes of every regimental officer, and all officers in command of troops in the army.

"You understand and are acquainted with the army of India, an advantage which few commanders in chief enjoy upon their first appointments: and as every officer, and every soldier too, is aware that the improvements now being introduced originate entirely with yourself, all are anxious that your health and strength should not fail while engaged in the good work. Think of saving yourself enough to carry through the very arduous job you have taken in hand, in which every one wishes you success, and which for many reasons none other than yourself can or could accomplish."

His journal of military inspection now commenced.

"Journal, October 13th.—Anniversary of my father's death. He was fifty-four. Giving my mother his watch, he said '*Sarah, take my watch I have done with time!*' and immediately expired! My hope is to meet him, and it will be soon.

"Jerrog, October 22nd.—Left Simla where I have dwelt among the clouds for four months and six days, doing much hard work, which, of course, as at Cephalonia and Scinde, will be of no use, and undone by my successor, who will

be another fool:—a fool with a will, or a fool without a will. If the first he will undo all my work, and do his own. If the last he will let other men have their will, and probably be made a lord for so doing: not that I want a peerage, but most men do, and that is the way to gain one: I reviewed at Jetag the little Goorka battalion: they are said to be brave as men can be, but horrid little savages. Their '*kookery*' is a sort of knife, like a straitened reaping-hook. Troops to engage these small but strong devils should have shoulder chains, for the Goorka makes three cuts; one across the shoulder, the next across the forehead, the third a ripping-up one. If then the shoulder be safe there are but two parries to make, and a firm stand with a strong bayonet will settle *kookery*.

"It is very strange how English officers will cry up every weapon but their own, although every soldier knows it to be the best; McMurdo with a good sword would kill half a dozen of these Goorkas, one after another. However they are brave little men, and all surrounding nations dread them. We should therefore make much of them, take fifteen or twenty thousand of them into pay and overthrow their king with his own subjects: they should be in number equal to the British forces here, and then the Sepoys could not '*turn out*.'

"Sabathoo, 23rd.—An examination of the barracks here leaves no wonder at the sickly state of the men; in rooms badly ventilated, and only 12 feet high, they put one hundred and forty-two men! The principle of the military board is that of the Black Hole of Calcutta: only ninety-four men should have been in those barracks at the most. How is it possible men should not be sickly and die? They do die by hundreds, and a man costs the Company £100 the day he lands: he must be replaced at the same expence. Take the cost of these and the like barracks, in this case it has been very great, and we have the cost of uninhabitable barracks. Is not this inconceivable folly and cruelty? The

directors fancy this military board is economical!! It is certain that people of mediocre talent always put their foot in it: moderation is their cry, that is, do things by halves because you have not talent for doing all right. Had Lord Ellenborough and myself been moderate, after this fashion, in Scinde, rivers of blood would have flowed: there would have been a battle of Feroshashur, but Sobraon would never have been fought, or if fought, it would have been on the banks of the Jumna!

"October 24th, Kussowlie.—This place is very pretty, mountain scenery and as healthy as possible; fine mountain scenery cannot be unhealthy, yet the soldiers are sickly: the barracks are infamous! Calculated for five hundred men, the military board, that curse of India, has put 1300 into them! Numbers have perished, killed in this way by that board.

"Dugshai, 25th October.—This place is magnificent for a barrack, and the barracks are good, but with one fault, they are too broad; and again the infernal military board will jam more men into them than ought to be, and the overplus die. Each man should have a thousand cubic feet of air; short of that sickness and death result, as sure as night follows day. When not crammed the Dugshai barracks are good.

"Kalka, October 26th.—Passed over some miles of road, than which none can be worse or more dangerous. One place, fifty yards long, being measured with a stick, was eleven inches wide: on one side was a precipice of 800 feet with a rocky torrent below; on the other the bank rose so steeply that, although not absolutely perpendicular no one could stand on it. To make the transit more fearful, the path sloped towards the precipice. On this the horse walked, and half way the path had a sort of rocky step for two yards! No horse fell, but none of us rode, except Lieutenant Jackson the magistrate of the district: he rides it two or three times a week! I would not do so for ten pounds: one slip by his horse and no power on earth could save him. Captain Harding did ride over one of the worst of these bits, but I

think he did not see it till so close that to dismount was impossible: in other places, where we did not dismount, our legs hung over the precipice. How the bearers got the Palkees along I know not, but they did, holding them actually over the edges.

"Umballa, 27th.—Saw the body-guard, and made acquaintance with their commander, Major Mayne; a fine dashing handsome fellow, and a good soldier I hear. The guards are fine-looking men; each had a medal, being all old soldiers, and their horses are beautiful. Dalhousie is bent on following Hardinge's plan of reducing them, instead of Lord Ellenborough's plan of making them a superb corps. How invariably '*mediocres*' fall into each others' plans, and eschew those of great men. Yet Hardinge was far above par.

"Deobund, 29th.—Here, amidst quantities of monkies, I worked at my military report on India. I forgot to mention that at Kussowlie and the other hills, are the largest, finest butterflies, and other insects, in the world. Some were scarcely less than this book—nine inches by four: they are sold for a gold mohur, nearly two pounds!

"Meerut, Oct. 30th.—Finished my report on the defence of India; good in my opinion, but it must be again read over. People may think it sense or nonsense, but I know it is sense, and am pretty sure my brother William will think so too: his opinion and Kennedy's are the only ones I care for, and Kennedy likes it. Lord Ellenborough will certainly like some parts, for they are his own: it is the system adopted by me for Scinde, but on a large scale.

"Delhi, 31st Oct.—Reached this famous city, and have been just visited by the ex-Raja of Gwalior, Hindoo Rao. He is a fine stout fellow, something between Harry the Eighth and Falstaff, but short and squab; sitting, I took him for six feet high, but when he rose he was not so tall as myself—and my excellency stopped on the journey towards heaven at five feet seven inches and a half.

"Nov. 1st.—The grandeur of the palace is only to be

equalled by the degraded state of its inmates: one anecdote tells the whole tale. In the king's apartments a magnificent set of arched marble windows were being taken down; they were of the finest white marble, with beautiful fret-work carving, and were to make way for an honest glazed window, of most honourable deal wood. The marble pieces will be left, I am told, in some out-house, and gradually disappear. What courts are here! What seats of marble from which to issue edicts to an empire! Oh this palace, once worthy of India! Now the marble even cannot be seen from filth! Would that I were king of India. I would make Moscowa and Pekin shake. Before this no palace ever met my eyes that excited a wish to become its master. Delhi! Delhi! thou art in truth the queen of cities, or ought to be; and with thee and thy palace I am in love, beastly and filthy as both are! How beautiful it would be if restored, and one hundred thousand pounds would restore the palace worthily: but a wretch owns it, and the 'ignominious tyrants' of Leadenhall bow the head to his filth. The magazine will explode some day and thousands will be destroyed, and with them the palace.

"Nov. 4th, Agra.—Received here by the Lieutenant-Governor Thomason, with a kindness of manner which distinguishes this very distinguished member of the civil service. Of him I have heard and seen enough to convince me, that he is one of the few I have met who take really great views for this noble empire, and who has a head to execute grand conceptions. He is not what I call an old Indian, that is to say, a man full of curry and bad Hindostanee, with a fat liver and no brains, but with a self-sufficient idea, that no one '*can know India*' except through long experience of brandy, champagne, grain-fed mutton, cheroots and hookers. Well, Thomason has nothing at all of all this: he has no self-sufficiency, and has a marvellous good head. If he has a failing it is, seemingly,

too much mildness for governing, that is, for making officials stick to their work. Perhaps he is right however, certainly so for himself, for a man cannot be too mild. Still, what is to be done? there is nothing so difficult as to temper vigour with mildness: rogues always play upon mildness. How the devil could I make soldiers attend, by sending a civil message to a rascal a thousand miles off, with '*Pray sir, do me the favour not to get drunk at mid-day: do think how wrong it is! at least it is not quite right.*' By the Lord Harry it won't do, oak trees cannot be chopped down with penknives, and so I must and do use the hatchet, now and then. Yet one would rather not, and as I can produce no great deeds here from want of power, I'll be off! Meantime I admire Mr. Thomason, and wish they would give him the Punjaub.

"The five rivers and the Punjaub, the Indus and Scinde, the Red Sea and Egypt, the Mediterranean and Sicily, the Ionian Islands and Malta. What a chain of lands and waters to attach England to India! Were I king of England I would, from the palace of Delhi, thrust forth a clenched fist in the teeth of Russia and France. England's fleet should be all in all in the west, and the Indian army all in all in the east. India should not belong another day to the 'ignominious tyrants!' nor should it depend upon opium sales, but on an immense population well employed in peaceful pursuits. She should suck English manufactures up her great rivers, and pour down those rivers her own varied products. *Kurrachee you will yet be the glory of the East!* Would that I could come alive again to see you Kurrachee in your grandeur!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Nov. 4th.—Nothing to tell you but of courts-martial and fights with politicals, the last not serious yet: to these add the relieving of regiments, squabbles of officers — and all sorts of rubbish that would take a month of writing to describe, and not be worth a moment's reading. I endeavour in these details to give the army what it wants:—a proper military tone.

I have been relieving the whole army of the Punjaub, which has high pay, with troops from the provinces receiving low pay: well this has not been an easy job; but will you believe, that I am pestered with letters, even from lieutenants, to move corps into such and such countries, as being more agreeable to them! This shews that these things have been done from favouritism, or these gentlemen would not dare to write such impertinence to a commander in chief. I have answered the whole by a general order. To give proper military feeling to such a mass requires some severe examples; light touches are not felt in so wide a command. Though nothing I write on high military matters seems worth much to myself, all convictions in my position should be clear, and put so to the higher powers, who may do as they please as to execution. Here is the outline of my report.

"I first take all our surrounding enemies into review, north, south, east and west, and by an exhaustive process, bring our greatest danger to *this*:—that though those enemies have not yet, they can coalesce, and I shew that some day they *will* do so. The chief powers now menacing us are, Nepal and Goolab Sing, both being very powerful. Oh! they won't! they can't. I reject such explanations: they *can*, and each is able to hold us in play alone. Goolab can assemble two hundred thousand men well armed, with four hundred guns, and he has an immense treasure with a strong country. Assume that he and Nepal will some day coalesce; and while he attacks the Punjaub, Nepal will fall on Almoral to get back its ancient hill possessions; it will also pour out from Katmandoo, its capital, upon our communications with Calcutta. You can fill up the outline. Our army is scattered like pepper from a pepper-box over the land: it would take months to collect it. My doctrine is to locate all our Europeans between Noopoor and Almoral, at Mundu, Simla, Deera, &c.: in short hold all the mountain district. This will keep them in high health, being cold; and that

would furnish a powerful reserve to assist our Punjaub army marching on Jumnoo; or our Almoral army if invading Nepal: Goolab and Nepal would be held under control. They could not unite. On the least threatening, a large force could enter Nepal at two places, and a powerful reserve could support the Punjaub army of fifty thousand men: Delhi and Dinapore, my two great magazines, are connected by water carriage.

"With all this I propose the substitution of a military police for the idlers, the latter are called all sorts of names and attached to the civil servants, who make servants of them: at least all people say so. They amount to about *three hundred thousand men!* Call them 150,000 in Bengal, and give me 100,000 for police; it leaves 50,000 for their present work, and we should have 12,000 policemen in each military division, capable in war of fighting the enemy, of keeping down insurrection, and of guarding convoys. If forced to fight for life and India, we can, under this arrangement, retire from Delhi, because there will be a grand magazine at Dinapore connected with Calcutta by water, and the line of the Seone River could be occupied with the Bengal army. Its right would be on the Ganges, its left on the Madras army, which would occupy the line of the upper Nerbudda: the lower Nerbudda would be held by the Bombay army. We could thus close in mass, to retire on Calcutta or Bombay with all the Europeans, civil and military, and any faithful native troops. This may seem a wild idea of danger, but it is not impossible, and we should be always prepared: for if mischief ever comes in India it will come like a thunderbolt. I will send you my report at length, for I never feel satisfied till you see my military plans: it will not please the powers that be, but my knowledge is greater than theirs."—This report and his military views, and projected reforms for every branch of the service, will be found in his posthumous work: here some characteristic opinions and modes of command must suffice.

"Journal. Allighur, Nov. 7th.—Knaves rule here, by rules made by knaves, and poor Lord Dalhousie has not head enough to control them; he does his best, but is afraid. He has neither the perception of how, nor the moral courage to do the needful: he is bound with moral cords, which he might snap with ease yet lets them hold him like chains of iron. Hardinge was not bound by them, but his ambition is unbounded, and though he would have faced the directors fearlessly, and the press too, any day in the week if it suited his purpose, he did not, because his ambition is to glide into elevation: he has wound, and will wind, like a serpent up the pillar of fame. Here I must note that there are two versions of the campaign on the Sutlege. Hardinge says that but for him the battle of Feroshashur would have been fought with six thousand instead of sixteen thousand men; for Gough wanted to leave four thousand at Loodiana, and fight before Littler came up from Ferozepoor. Colonel Grant, Gough's son-in-law, tells me, that but for Hardinge's counter-ordering Gough's orders, we should have had an immense force at Moodkee—that our deficiency there was Hardinge's fault! Time will clear up these things, but there was great blundering somewhere.

"Lord Dalhousie has talent, but clearly I see he dares not take a great line, and his quickness makes him lose time in small matters, which he should leave to his *shoes* and not trouble his *head* with. He does not see what small things are of importance, and what are of none; and he is clever enough to beat those under him in details, and then thinks himself, and they think him, very clever: but while he is unravelling minute points great ones are smouldering in mischief."

Now, by example Charles Napier strongly rebuked the luxury of the Indian system. All previous commanders in chief, when moving on a military inspection, used, at the public expence, eighty or ninety elephants, three or four hundred camels, and nearly as many bullocks, with all

their attendants: they had also three hundred and thirty-two tent-pitchers, including fifty men, solely employed to carry glass doors for a pavilion! This enormous establishment was reduced by him to thirty elephants, three hundred and thirty-four camels, two hundred and twenty-two tent-pitchers; by which a saving was effected for the treasury of £750 a month. "Canvas palaces," he said, "were not necessary for a general on military inspection, even admitting the favourite idea of some 'old Indians' that pomp and show produce respect with Indian people. But there is no truth in that notion: the respect is paid to military strength, and the astute natives secretly deride the ostentation of temporary authority."

"Sir G. Berkeley, C. C. Madras.—Thanks for introducing Captain Oakes to me; he is both a clever and an agreeable man; and, what I delight in, up to his chin in his profession! I do love to see this. One such fellow as Oakes is worth two batteries. His coming here has been of great use. He certainly *disapproves* (ironical) of the Madras Horse Artillery, as the worst in the world; but is fair towards others. Now that I know him I shall feel perfect confidence in all he tells me: for though his *bad* opinion of the Madras Horse Artillery may warp him a *little*, it will never make him unfair. My object in bringing him here was to form an estimate of his character. I did not care for his models, but I did care for him. A Bengal and a Bombay man were here before, and now I have a Madras man to whom I can write with confidence: he is a noble soldier, and I can see he would be as good in the field as in the arsenal.

"Sergt.-Major Bennet, 1st Bᵞ. Fusileers. — When in 1847 I presented the Fuzileers with their new colours, I said the men of our days were as good as those of former days. I was right. Mooltan has proved my words! In former times, Sergt.-Major Graham, if my memory serves me correctly, of the 1st Europeans, planted the old colours on the breach of Ahmedabad: it was a gallant action! And

when you planted the British standard on the breach of Mooltan, your deed was as gallant as his, and as renowned! The officers non-commissioned officers and privates of the 1st Europeans in both presidencies have sustained, and if possible even surpassed by their valour in the present day the glories of old. Tell your comrades that I rejoiced when I heard of the fame which you have all gained for those new colours, which I had the honour of presenting to the regiment in Scinde.

"Sir W. Cotton, C. C. Bombay.—I had not time to give you a line before I heard that my appointment has given you so much annoyance as to induce you to resign. I regret this, but am sure it will not interfere with old comradeship: the appointment was not sought for by me. I am sorry you have resigned, because the armies are so independent they can never clash, unless I visit the Bombay Presidency, which is not probable: and after all what signifies one man going over the head of another? Both you and George Berkely went over mine, for I am an 'older soldier,' not 'a better,' than either of you. I hope the duke will tell you to think again. Whatever happens, I hope you will believe that I regret any pain my appointment gives you, and that I shall always be your old comrade of flag of truce times."—Cotton had accompanied him under the flag of truce in Spain about his exchange.

"Lieut. McFarlane.—You are quite right to address your letters to me, and when we come across each other pray introduce yourself; for your family and mine have been friends for more than a hundred years, though for the last half of that time we have had but little intercourse: still our forefathers came from the same old land together; and though I have never been in Scotland, nor you either, I believe neither Napiers, Scotts, nor McFarlanes can forget their ancestral houses and associations. But yours and mine have a more modern tie, as Irish friends and neighbours, until my father's death made his sons wandering

soldiers, without any house but what they could make for themselves. All these recollections make me not only wish for your acquaintance, but also, if in my power, to be of use to you. But I am here in a position, where I am resolved, so far as I am able, to be just, and to bestow whatever patronage I may have on those whose claims are strongest on the country. Thus my wishes to serve you may not be seconded by my power, restricted as that is by myself; and sure I am you will approve of such restriction, for I know the high feelings of your family. Now I can only say this: you have I believe served with distinction, and have claims as well as your neighbours; therefore, if at any time you think I can serve you tell me how, and state your claims.

"Captain ———.—I arrived here yesterday and found your letter of May 22nd! I go away this evening and shall be at Cawnpoor the day after to-morrow, and so on to Meerut, where I shall be glad to see you should affairs admit of it: but *run no risk*, for need I tell *you*, that Lord Ellenborough's friends get no mercy from his enemies. I was not aware that on being sworn in I became President in Council, 'ex officio.' It signifies little, but had I known it I should have taken my place!"—*Why was he not told so by the Council?*—"I am glad you did not decline going to ——. Have patience, and bear anything till I get to Simla, and be assured that Lord Dalhousie will tell me frankly his intentions about you. I judge him by Lord E.'s opinion, but at all events will form mine, and tell you what it is. The '*peculiar qualifications*' are perfectly clear to me: he is deceived! I will convince him by the facts, that Scinde revenue is better collected by Major Goldney and Captain Rathborne than by any civil servant in Bengal, Madras or Bombay: at least those who are good judges of both have told me so, and I believe it capable of proof."

Those who knew Charles Napier will at once recognise his playful, caustic humour, in the following letter. It was

written in answer to the complaint of an official person. The offence complained of was, that a sergeant, who was also a tailor, had a wife, angrily excited at her husband being addressed by the complaining official, as *sergeant* instead of *master tailor*, which she thought a more honourable title.

"Sir.—I have received your complaint, and your very sensible remarks on Mrs. Sergeant Rowe's letter. There is as you say, nothing disgraceful in being a sergeant, any more than in being a tailor, which, by your letter, Sergeant Rowe appears to be. My opinion is that he who *wears* a uniform is of higher rank than he who *makes* it; and the sergeant is, in my mind, much the highest rank of the two! All soldiers are gentlemen, whereas tailors are only tailors. But it seems Mrs. Rowe thinks otherwise, and prefers being a tailor's wife to being an officer's wife. Now, in my view, a lady has a right to hold her own opinion on these matters, and I am unable to give you any redress, because my commission as commander in chief gives me no power to make ladies apologise for being saucy: it is an unfortunate habit they fall into at times, and more especially those who are good-looking, which I suppose Mrs. Sergeant Rowe happens to be.

"As to the sergeant having written this letter, that is neither here nor there! Some husbands cannot well help doing as they are ordered, and he may be innocent of malice. The only thing I can do is, to advise you to apply to your superior, the collector and magistrate of Furruckabad, who will represent the insult which has been put upon you, as you state, by Mrs. Sergeant Rowe: and, if possible, Major Tucker will endeavour to persuade the lady to apologise for calling you an ass. More than giving you this advice I cannot do."

Some ladies were not so easily disposed of. An officer was broke by sentence of a court-martial confirmed by the commander in chief. His mother, a widow, made earnest intercession for her son's restoration: this could not be done,

but Charles Napier, in the kindness of his nature sent her from his own purse money to purchase a new commission. She accepted it, and then boasted that Sir Charles had given her the sum as hush-money to prevent a public exposure of his shameful conduct towards her son.

"Lieutenant ——.—I have read a court-martial, which gives me a very bad opinion of the state of your regiment; and I am extremely discontented with the style of your evidence on that court. I have not time to say much, but this I tell you, that you had better take great care of what you do. When officers ask me to serve them, I learn much that they little think of. Now your evidence has spoken volumes against you in my opinion, and I repeat, take care what you are about or you will lose it altogether. I do this as a friend.

"*Remarks on a memorandum of the judge advocate general.*

"I can see no occasion for his pointing out to the officiating judge advocate the circumstance to which he alludes. It signifies nothing whether it was the prisoner's *ordinary tour* of guard or not: the refusal to mount guard was enough. The spirit of mutiny was up, and with that, and not with words, a military court had to deal, and have dealt.

"The same reasoning applies to the pipe. To '*put the pipe down.*' To '*take the pipe out of his mouth.*' To '*extinguish the pipe,*' were all one. To make all these distinctions, which have no difference, is to mislead officers, and shake their confidence in their own powers as forming a military court. Such impediments to justice lead to the destruction of all military discipline. The remarks of the judge advocate general, as to the erroneous sentence of the court, prove that sentence to be illegal, and I have revised the proceedings: but I must differ with the judge advocate

general in thinking that it rests with me, either to revise the sentence or by remitting a portion make it legal. I have no right to 'approve and confirm' an illegal sentence, which this sentence is! And without approving—'*approving and confirming*' *it*,—I have no right to remit any part of the punishment. My business is to revise the proceedings, which I have accordingly done.

"M. Genl. Campbell.—These judge advocates will destroy the army: they get into law, and *then* and *there*, and being bewildered themselves they will bewilder all of us. I have read your appeal against Birch's strange decision, but I will not send it home: I have given my decision on your side. I have been long struggling as a servant against this quibbling, and now that I am master I will put it down. I take every case into my own hands, and by a single sentence have answered Birch's long catalogue of law cases, to prove that Lamb was all right because he had not carried off the belt.

| BIRCH. | NAPIER. |
| --- | --- |
| "In each of these cases it was *decided*, that there was not a sufficient carrying away to constitute larceny." | "Aye! but it was not so decided by men *sworn* to try and sentence according to their conscience, the best of their understanding, and the custom of war in like cases." |

"This answers all three quibbles: we are to act according to our conscience, not books of law; the one is always with us, and a devilish troublesome fellow too at times! the others are never with us—thank God for all mercies! If we get into these quibbling ways discipline is gone! A fellow will knock you down, and prove he had a glove on; and as he never touched you with his fist itself, a court, according to judge advocates, must acquit him! I am refusing leave of absence to idlers, and doing all sorts of vile things, and shall soon be the most unpopular commander in

chief that ever was in India: be it so. I will pull up all the looseness in discipline that I see.

"Genl. Caulfield"—a director, but one of those who scorned and condemned the malice and foulness of the general body.—"I have read your pamphlet"—on the Indian army—"which I was much pleased with; especially where you stand up manfully for the Sepoys. I am quite provoked at the silly way in which it is so common to speak of them in this country. They are admirable soldiers, and only give way when badly led by brave, but idle officers who let discipline and drill grow slack and do not mix with them: being ignorant themselves they cannot teach the Sepoy. All this produces confusion in action, and then the ignorant European officer, who has neglected his own studies, yet is as brave as any lion, tries to rally them with the glorious courage which he ever shews: but courage will not restore order, and disorder necessarily produces defeat.

"The Sepoys, who when well taught and well led would oppose any troops in the world, fly when ill taught, however bravely led, for brave leading alone will not do. A military writer has justly remarked, that if two armies be alike in all things but the generals; and if one general be a lion in courage yet ignorant of how to lead, and the other a coward yet master of his trade, the latter will win the campaign, for he will find brave men to second his wise plans. I often think of this when I see officers neglect the drill of their regiments. 'Your regiment is brave I say to myself, but it will run away and the fault will be yours.' Yes! the Sepoy is a glorious soldier—'*not to be corrupted by gold or appalled by danger.*'

"At page 14 I disagree with you, though I admit you may be right, in your low estimation of irregular cavalry. I formed two corps, called the Scinde Horse; one was at Goojerat and did more than any regular regiment; so the Bengal officers assure me. They charged at Meeanee and Hybrabad in line, and were fully equal to the regular cavalry:

the latter are said to have disappointed their commanders in the last campaign, and are much abused, whether deservedly or not I cannot tell. All I can say, is, that the 9th Bengal Light Cavalry and 3rd Bombay did nobly at Meeanee and Hydrabad: so did the Scinde Horse, and I would not be afraid to go into action with native troops, and without Europeans, provided I had the training of them first. With respect to the Company's European regiments they are admirable. Whether it be expedient to increase their numbers to replace the Queen's regiments I will not pretend to judge: but this I will say:—the Company's Europeans will face any enemy in the world! I have the greatest admiration for them, and know them well!"

# EIGHTEENTH EPOCH.

## SECOND PERIOD.

Sir C. NAPIER was now approaching a great event, namely, the suppression of a fearful mutiny, and the exposure of ignorance and selfishness which had produced it; yet his correspondence only vaguely touches on this great matter: heavily oppressed with labour and sickness, and each hour expecting a rupture with jealous power, it was guarded and scant. But in his posthumous work he has told the story with all its curious details, disclosing at once the peril to the empire, and the miserable jealousy and foulness of the weak, vain creature, to whose misgoverning that empire was delivered. Succinct explanatory sketches will however be found here, shewing the leading points.

When the Punjaub was first occupied, the Sepoys, having passed the Indian frontier, had augmented allowances; but when the country was annexed these allowances were withdrawn: bad policy prevailing in both cases according to Charles Napier's view. He saw no occasion to grant those allowances, and they were suddenly suppressed, by a mere official regulation, without reflection on the danger of tampering with the pay of mercenaries, who had no tie of fidelity but pay, and many grounds for estrangement, such as religion, colour and race: mercenaries also of such power that once aroused none could control them. Discontent immediately prevailed, and in July 1849, one month after Sir C. Napier reached Simla, the 22nd N.I. stationed at Rawul Pindee in the Punjaub, refused the reduced pay: it became known also that other regiments were prepared to do the same, but a temporary want of money had delayed the offer

of payment. This happened in the midst of the warlike Sikh population, including the disbanded Kalsa army, then sullenly brooding over their recent defeats: an army which only two years before controlled their own government on this very point of high pay:—controlled and overturned it, and by a machinery perfectly known to the discontented Sepoys! Soon the 13th Regiment followed the example of the 22nd, and an active correspondence with other and distant regiments was discovered to exist.

From Simla Sir C. Napier would, on hearing of this matter, have repaired at once to Rawul Pindee, if he had not thought it unwise to give importance to a danger not yet fully developed, and only affecting a quarter where a very able and prudent officer, Sir Colin Campbell, commanded. Meanwhile it was proposed to Lord Dalhousie, by Colonel Benson of the military board, that these two regiments should be disbanded at once. This the commander in chief opposed, as cruel and impolitic. Many other regiments were, he said, certainly involved, the government could not disband an army, and the punishment of two would be a signal for a general outbreak. His reasoning prevailed. The insubordination at Rawul Pindee was repressed without bloodshed, and the commander in chief publicly treated the matter as one of accidental, restricted criminality, not affecting the mass: but he did not privately view it thus, and watched keenly, expecting mischief, because the Sepoys remained sullen though passive, and the ramifications of evil were evidently widely spread. It was in this state of affairs he commenced his journey of inspection, visiting, as already seen, various places, and at Delhi he again encountered the spirit of mutiny. There the 41st N.I. four hundred miles from the insubordinate men of Rawul Pindee, refused to enter the Punjaub without the higher pay; and it was well understood that twenty-four other regiments, then in orders for relieving the troops in the country of the five rivers, were of the same mind. By dexterous management, and the obtaining of

furloughs, which had been unfairly and recklessly withheld from the soldiers of the 41st, this insubordination was repressed and the regiment marched.

The commander in chief then continued his inspection, passing by Lahore and Attock to Peshawur; but on the road to the latter place, he heard, that at the large station of Wuzzeerabad, very extensive insubordination was being developed, and still for higher pay! It was then apparent to him, and to all officers on the spot who were conversant with Sepoys' habits and feelings, that a widely-spread formidable scheme of mutiny was in progress, and great danger impending: for though the Sepoys at Wuzzeerabad, awed by the presence of a large European force, remained passive, they were heard to say, they only awaited the arrival of the relieving regiments and would then act altogether. Soon after this a regiment of the relief, coming from Lucknow,—which is eight hundred miles from Wuzzeerabad, and the principal recruiting country of the Bengal army,—having while in march displayed an insubordinate spirit, reached Govind Ghur, one of the great fortresses of the Punjaub, containing treasure, and being close to Umritzer, the seat of the Sikh religion, where the Sikhs were chiefly congregated. At this dangerous point the regiment broke into violence, insulted their officers, attempted to seize the gates, and were only prevented by the accidental presence of a cavalry regiment, which being on its return to India was not affected by the money question. The allusions in the following letters and journal will now be understood.

"Journal, Delhi.—Here is a nice matter! The 41st N.I. shews a disposition to mutiny against going to Mooltan; this comes of Scinde pay being given by Lord Hardinge: it will be a job for his successor.—Just interrupted by a visit from Cope the editor of the Delhi Gazette—kicked him out."

This man, under cover of '*we*' made India ring with denunciations of Sir C. Napier's rapacity; he has recently, in his *own name*, been publicly accused of thieving!

"Meerut, November 9th. — There is a report that 24 regiments are in league with the 41st Regiment; India is in danger of a military dictation. This is a very awkward matter. Letters from Scinde say the Sikhs are bent on another trial, and soon, and the authority is very good. Well, if this and a mutiny takes place together they will try my head: however I am not afraid of anything but folly above:—that is dangerous.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Dec. 7th. — The command of 400,000 men, for I find it absolutely reaches that number, is no joke. Be cautious in speaking of any matters I may tell you; especially when I only hear of them from others, for there may be error: thus, I told you the Bombay government had stopped the great mole at Kurrachee; no such thing: it was Lord Dalhousie, he told me so yesterday. He was ill-informed: weakness and want of head! now, were I to quarrel with him for that, it would be unjust, for he does his best to support me generally. I have some strange intelligence about Goolab Sing; he would not meet Lord Dalhousie here: he has a first-rate head. Keep this secret, for public good depends upon the governor-general and myself pulling together; he seems willing, and is honest I think, but God knows! I grow suspicious of men. I am on unsound ground, every step is dangerous.

"Miss Napier, Dec. 20th.—We are altogether in a funny state here. At this moment we have war in Eusofsye, the north, where two battles have taken place with our new subjects. In Nepal the rajah of Sikhim has imprisoned two doctors, and tortured one of them; and we are collecting troops to get them back. On the borders of Arracan the Burmese have, it is said, massacred all the inhabitants in two of our villages. All these things are the works of the politicals.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Dec. 22nd.—I have never had such hard work:—details though, nothing interesting, save a few matters that would only irritate you as they do me. I feel

it hard to bear, and will go home: to you only will I say, that the good but weak creature I have to deal with is enough to drive me mad. Our apparent cordiality, which I encourage a belief in, is of use, but my cards are very difficult to play, and have been all along. Great self-control is required, and I have fear of writing even this much lest my letter should fall into bad hands. However some good I have done. It has been left to me to build a cantonment, and my hope is that it will be a model for others. But there are a hundred reasons why I cannot stay in India, and I cannot tell them to Lord Ellenborough, for he would tell them to the duke, or Lord Fitzroy, and they would tell Lord Dalhousie: the horses here are too many for the coachman. When we meet I will tell you of all the folly going on; and it is past remedy, unless the governor-general and commander in chief are made one. It is not poor Lord Dalhousie's fault. I like him, he is well intentioned, and '*so firm*'—in his own opinion—that he dashes his head against a wall! With the best intentions in the world, he is paving everything and place but the roads, which unluckily are the only things that want to be paved.

"I have smashed about a dozen blackguards. The courts-martial thought they could do as they liked, reject revised sentences, and spit in my face, but found they were in the wrong box: they forgot that I could shew them up in my remarks first, and next mark them as 'very good regimental officers but not fit for the staff.' I let this ooze out as an *on dit*, and somehow courts now think twice before they attempt to bully: there are but few, and those are honest recommendations to mercy now. The youngsters thought they had the bit in their teeth. My judge advocate general Birch is a blue-light man, full of faith and legal quibbles: he had the discipline of the army in his own hands, but now he is in my hands, and discipline revives.

"The poor 14th Dragoons had been so run down for the Chillianwallah affair that their spirit was broken: there was

indeed a panic, but we know a panic ought not to stamp men as a set of cowards after their gallantry at Ramnuggur, where, when led by a brave soldier, they behaved bravely: when badly led they got a panic. My speech to them was re-assuring, and I hear set the men half mad; there were shouts heard in the barrack rooms all day and night after it: yet I said only a few words expressive of my confidence in them.

"The same, Jan. 2nd.—Much to say, but no time, no! not even to dress myself. The details of my work ought to be left to others, but not yet, I must go into them well first. Kennedy works as hard as usual, or I should limp badly over my business. The adjutant-general Grant has a thorough knowledge of the Indian army, and of individuals' conduct, as to the old and most of the young officers; I have never found him unjust towards any, his likes and dislikes seem well placed; but he is a stranger for me, and I cannot wholly be sure that, like you and I, and every one, he has not favourites. You shall now have my official report, and for the love of God keep it secret, for there is a long correspondence going on about it, and the knowledge of your having a copy would do me great injury. Were the duke to know of your having a copy he would be savage as the devil, and his support I cannot afford to lose; if thrown into the scale against me, there would be no chance of carrying a single point. I will not send it to Lord Ellenborough, lest he should speak to the duke; and as much of it is grounded on information I obtained from him, it would tell him little new: he can get it from the duke. My first resolve was not to send it to you, that I might have power to say, none but Lord Fitzroy had a copy; but I changed and I have no time to tell the why's and wherefore's. You know how one is hampered when dealing with fools and knaves; and weakness, worse than all! You should not have had this report, were it not that I never think my military ideas are proof till they have been seen by you.

"Lord Dalhousie, 5th Jan.—On arriving at Wuzzeerabad I learned, from Brigadier Hearsey, that the Sepoys, and especially the young ones, said *'When other regiments come up we will do as they do; this reduction of pay is tyranny, but what can we do alone.'* He further said, that an unusual degree of correspondence is going on between regiments; which he considered very bad and wished that the government could prevent it, or appoint a person to read all the Sepoys' letters. I told him that was quite impossible: that neither could government abridge correspondence, nor open private letters, except on some occasion which would bear out such an act. He also told me, that during the war some men were grumbling and Neville Chamberlaine rebuked them, saying 'You are pretty fellows to pretend to be soldiers, when a few hours' hardship makes you grumble; had I the power I would dismiss you.' Upon which another soldier, I think a Havildar, replied 'You had better not do that, for you should not get a man from the country to replace us if you did.'

"I tell you what Hearsey told me, and it marks a bad spirit: he seems to think there may be more trouble given yet, as regiments enter the Punjaub. Hearsey does not want sense, and is perfectly master of the language of the men; knowing them well also, as Grant tells me. I know so little of him that I cannot speak as from personal acquaintance, but he appears to have conducted this refusing pay affair with great judgment. All that he has told me, when compared with the report among the 41st that I heard of at Delhi—of 24 regiments having resolved not to march into the Punjaub unless they got Scinde allowances—looks bad: it is just one of those events that one can make no conjectures upon: we must wait. If nothing happens, all is right; but if it turns out to be a preconcerted mutiny, force must be met by force: the *least concession would cost us India.* And justice has placed us on high ground. Thank God! for I declare, if we were not perfectly right

and just I could not reconcile it to my conscience to do what must be done, in my opinion, to save India from the state the Sikhs were in before we quarrelled with them.

"I am not in the least doubtful about putting a stop to this atrocious attempt of the villains who are trying to mislead their comrades, but fear it will cost bloodshed if they succeed; for I will immediately act against all with the utmost vigour. Neither your lordship nor myself would shed a drop of blood if it can be avoided; but a thousand lives must be taken rather than let 400,000 men dictate to their government unjustly:—nor justly either, for that matter: but woe to the government which placed itself in so dreadful a position!

"I cannot express what pleasure our just and honourable position gives me. If the men under trial are condemned as mutineers I will execute them at once, which I have power to do.

"And now I am sure that this most disagreeable affair will open the eyes of the directors, and satisfy them that I am right in wishing for Goorka battalions. I would if I could, have 25,000 of them, which, added to our own Europeans, would form an army of 50,000 men, and, well handled, would neutralize any combination amongst the Sepoys! I do most seriously recommend this subject to your consideration, and whether it ought not to be seriously pressed upon the consideration of the court. I believe your lordship's opinion coincides with mine as to the Goorka battalions: if so, I wish that you would order their higher pay to be issued from the 1st of January; it will at once secure the fidelity of these brave troops, and it will bring others rapidly if we should determine to increase their strength. There are small points which in times of danger govern great events. You see I write frankly all I think."

These Goorkas he described as being of low stature, but with huge limbs, answering very exactly the description of Attila's Huns, and not improbably a cognate race: there

were several battalions in the Company's service, but on pay so scanty as scarcely to suffice for sustenance, and it was an object with Sir C. Napier to place them on the same footing as the Sepoys; not only because of their fine qualifications of body and spirit, but their freedom from hampering religious scruples and customs. He hoped thus to render the prejudices and customs of the Sepoys nugatory for mischief, and furthermore to check and neutralize the power of Nepaul as a state, by the employment of its own people; for the government of that country was not of a nature to retain any hold on the affections of soldiers well paid and cherished by another power. But their greatest value in his eyes, was the furnishing a sure check on Sepoy mutiny; for he had discovered that the insubordinate spirit of the Sepoys was principally amongst the Brahmins, and secretly nourished by their religious men with a view to control the government.

Very politic was the plan of these religious men. High pay interested all castes, and was a covering-bait: but their under-machinery was, by religious influence to bar recruiting if the mutineers were disbanded; and use their banded strength if retained in pay. Charles Napier's ready genius at once seized the means of baffling this scheme with one more deeply laid, morally and physically, namely, augmenting the Goorka battalions, as he proposed to Lord Dalhousie, and giving them Sepoy pay and advantages. He could thus overawe the mutineers with a rival army of men, more hardy, stronger of body, even braver, and of less prevaricating faith, as having fewer prejudices to wound: thus also he designed to convince the Brahmins that their influence to stop recruiting would be futile against the government, hurtful only to themselves, and must therefore be abandoned. Meanwhile, as before mentioned, he, from policy, publicly met the immediate mischief with pretended scorn, expressing it in a general order of the 16th January upon the trial of the Rawul Pindee mutineers.

His journal was now resumed and treats of various subjects; for his mind opened to everything of interest, to beauty as well as grandeur.

"Jelum, January 11th.—I have a long arrear of journal to bring up. I have been looking after Alexander and Porus, and the antiquarians may be assured that two thousand years, many lying historians, and a river that plays as many tricks as a kitten, are not very manageable. However, there are two passes, and through them the only roads from Attock to the Hydaspes run: never were any other roads heard of, and we may hence believe that Alexander came through one of those passes. The one would bring him to Jelum, the other to Jullapoor, and on his way undoubtedly he fought with Porus; but that the banks of the river are now as they were then is very improbable. In favour of the Jelum road is, that Alexander would for health keep as near the mountains as possible; and that, knowing he had great rivers to pass, he would rather do so near their sources than lower down in their breadth and inundations. There are also two other, though lighter reasons, in favour of Jelum. 1°. The remains of towns on each bank, one of which is called 'Alexander's Throne' to this day, and is on the left bank, where the battle would have been fought, if fought here at all. 2°. Many Greek coins are constantly picked up there. These are strong claims for Jelum; but Jullapoor has also strong presumptions in its favour: however I did not go there, being too ill.

"January 23rd, Hussum Abdawl.—I am encamped on the site of Lalla Rookh's favourite garden; now no more a garden, for the trees were cut down by the Sikhs to spite the Mahometans: but the hills, and the clear stream, and the form of the ground, confirm the tale of beauty. I have had no time to say more of Alexander and Porus, my own work is of more importance, and my notice of this place is only in compliment to the lady who loved it, to Fadladeen —how they abound! and to my friend Tom Moore.

"Miss Napier, January 28th.—I am of no more use here than any other disciplinarian would be; that is all they want, and plenty can be had. I have now gone over all Alexander's marches from the Kybur to the Gedrosian desart, and much pleasure I expected in tracing his course where I am now, but had not time, have no time. My work is too hard. Work is to me pleasure; but it is repulsive when half at least springs from want of power. It is not easy to describe how picturesque my march is, through the roots of the great Himalaya, with an escort clothed in such various uniforms, all of bright colour and striking forms. They and their wild horses winding through passes, crossing rivers and ascending hills, mixed with swaying camels, and the sober steady elephant. The elephant is a noble creature: my little Kate M'Murdo went up to one with a full intention of *thrashing it!* She endeavoured to hit its trunk, and the good beast quietly lifted its proboscis out of her way lest she should hurt herself: they are of magnificent temper when one gets acquainted with them—so good, so gentle. As to little Kate—not all the elephants of India would frighten that child, such courage does she display on every occasion. Poor Lord Dalhousie has been obliged to go to sea, sick, and so I am under the orders of Major-General Sir John Littler, and the council! a full general under a major-general! The good folks of England scarcely sent me out for this I think.

"Journal. Peshawur, February 6th.—I have been so ill lately, and so much occupied as to neglect my journal, and have now very bad work on hand. The Affreedees, a hill tribe, have massacred a detachment of our men on the road between this place and Kohat, and they are said to have fortified the pass: I will open it. The ground is very strong, and these chaps are bold men, but we shall try them the 10th and 11th of this month, for then I will go through the pass, or know the strong reason why! This insurrection arises from imposing a heavy tax on salt, and it is the second

produced by this most silly government. Already above seventeen men have been slain, and more than sixty wounded without an object, save that of fighting men with whom we have, in my opinion, interfered unjustly! We beat them in the Eusofsye country the other day, and shall do so on the 10th, but men will be slain without an object: this is sad work. Lord Dalhousie is always in dread of my interference, but he must hear truth: not the whole truth indeed, for I cannot tell him that he is wholly unequal to his position. He is a good well-meaning man, and I believe honest, but weak as water: his whole treatment of the Punjaub is one great error from beginning to end.

"Letters from the south this day tell me, that the determination of the Sepoys to have higher pay is breaking out everywhere! This is not unexpected news for me, but how it is to be dealt with I know not. All in my power has been done, and if they persevere we must come to blows: altogether it endangers India; our rule is in greater jeopardy than it has ever yet been, caused, as I think, by giving increase of pay to the troops in the Punjaub, and a civil government to the Punjaub.

"I am in doubt whether to go to Kohat about the Affreedees, or to Lahore about the mutineers. Kohat I must see before deciding on important military measures, while Lahore is the point of danger as to the mutiny: the ass is between two bundles of hay. Lord Ellenborough tells me he thinks Lord Dalhousie must go home from ill health, and that I shall be more wanted than ever: he seems quite unaware that I have no power! My resolution is made up, not to stay a moment after Dalhousie goes, unless I am made governor-general. I was sent out when there was danger, and am as fit, perhaps more so, than Hardinge or Dalhousie, to be governor-general, and I will not be made a convenience of again. Events are rising on the horizon which require the hand of a giant, and a pigmy only is present: hence to go off if possible is my intent,

but accidents so bind men in these mundane matters that human will has no power: bound fast by fate my destiny must be awaited, though with anxiety."

His own giant hand was there: but when he put it forth to save the empire, it was suddenly nailed as it were to the shopkeeping directors' counter, as though it had been spread out for theft instead of protection. Of this more anon: it shall be now shewn, with what entire sagacity he had foreseen the power and malice of his enemies; those enemies which the Duke of Wellington had treated with such scorn —in words! Now with his usual fortune, or rather sure instinct in warlike affairs, he decided to go to Kohat, and thus saved two regiments from destruction, prepared for them by the Punjaub board of government. This led to a military operation, on a small scale indeed, yet one of those which as surely mark the great captain, as operations on a large scale, when mismanaged, do the want of military genius. The details given by himself are at once exciting and melancholy; they are the neighings of an old war-horse in the last of his battles! But previous to recording them, some private notes shew how carefully he had considered the probable progress and results of the mutiny.

"Memo.—1°. This mutiny is very serious, and the Europeans are dispersed in cantonments, hundreds of miles apart.

"2°. In each cantonment the Queen's troops are greatly outnumbered by the native troops.

"3°. The Punjaub, newly conquered, is hostile to the English rule, and contains all the materials of an army, a defeated one indeed, yet able to rally to the number of some sixty thousand. Will Goolab remain faithful?

"4°. The regular native regiments in the Punjaub amount to forty thousand men. Between them and the Sikhs there is no antipathy; numbers of our Sepoys during the war were found on the Sutlege in the ranks of the Sikhs; not deserters from us, but men who belonged to the battalions which had been disbanded for mutiny before by my predecessor.

"5°. The European troops are about twelve thousand.

"6°. If the native troops mutiny they will be joined by the Sikhs, and we must calculate upon having one hundred thousand men opposed to twelve thousand European troops. This is a great disparity so far as numbers go; but the moral feeling will be with the twelve thousand; so will the individual physical strength; so will the money; so will all the means of war except numbers. These advantages will quadruple the power of the twelve thousand, reducing the adverse chances to about two to one only: for the mutineers will be ruled by '*Punchayets:*' that is to say a sort of native politicals, such as governed the old Kalsa army, and did their work as politicals well, destroying both government and army in a very short space of time. But thousands more may join in this mutiny and place the fate of British India in jeopardy far beyond any it has yet sustained. Hence, in the present state of affairs, and at this period of the year especially, any concession would be full of danger: more dangerous even than a colljsion, scattered as the Europeans are. We must be very gentle, but fight sooner than concede a single point.

"I have had a conversation with Lord Dalhousie and Colonel Benson. This officer and myself were opposed: he wanted to disband the two regiments of native infantry, I objected and Lord Dalhousie agreed with me. What were we to do if many regiments refused their pay? We could not disband thirty or forty battalions! What would Colonel Benson then do? Had we disbanded those regiments, the whole line, trusting to their numbers, would have followed the example, knowing we could not disband an army. No man can tell where this danger will end, and any blunder of this kind will be ruinous. Accidents however will occur, and I must be prepared for the greatest possible danger. My resolution is to treat the cases as isolated ones, while they can be so treated; for if we attempt to bully large bodies they will do the same by us and a fight must ensue."

On these views he acted, taking care secretly to provide movable colums, and giving positive instructions to the generals in the Punjaub how to work on every emergency: meanwhile he passed on to Peshawur, and found, as before noted, that he must engage once more in war. For a British detachment had been massacred, the road to Kohat was closed by the Affreedees against him the commander in chief, the orders issued by the Punjaub administration were absurd, and sure to cause the loss of two regiments. There was no time to lose, and he put himself at the head of the expedition, the causes for which and the details will be gradually brought out by his journal and notes.

"Journal, February 10th.—We marched yesterday and encamped at the mouth of the defile, where the head man of the Akora village met me. He endeavoured to exculpate his people, and, as these people always do, cast the blame on others. When he found this unavailing, he tried to defend himself only. I gave an hour to bring in the chiefs and cause the people to lay down their arms; it passed and we advanced; but the troops had orders not to fire unless fired upon. I sent Captain Coke up a height to the right, and two companies of his regiment to one on the left, thus securing the hills in my rear; the Affreedees then fired, and we opened with a 12-pounder howitzer, the village was taken and burned, by Lawrence's men my belief is, and by his orders." He commanded a body of the troops raised for the Punjaub, and placed, as before noticed, under the Punjaub board, beyond the commander in chief's authority: they were in fact independent auxiliaries!

"These villagers indeed deserve punishment, because they, Lawrence assures me, receive money from our government to protect the road; instead of which they attacked us. This is the usual conduct and nature of hill robbers, but they say we did not pay them enough. It is the old story: —civilization and barbarism cannot run together. We have had firing all night, and I expect our march this day will be

under the fire of matchlocks the whole way, and I fear our return will be very difficult.

"11th, Bostee Khail.—We have fought our way through the defile, five miles: the pass of Kohat is just above us, and I rode there this morning. It is occupied by our men from the town of Kohat, and there is an old tower, quite strong enough against matchlocks and jezails: I will throw up a stronger one to contain some troops, as this only holds about twelve men, and is built of loose stones. I rode also to where the Affreedees massacred our poor sappers, close to another tower which had eighteen men; these last were able to hold their own, but the fourteen outside were all murdered. Well, we have killed as many since the morning! While we stay we shall have sharp work every day I think. There has been firing all night, our picquets had little rest and we have had some losses. I am going over to Kohat.

"Four o'clock.—Just come back from Kohat itself, and find that fine lad, Ensign Sitwell, has been slain during my absence. Alas! alas! Hilliard too is mortally wounded! These two young men dined with me three days ago, and I took such a fancy for both! especially Sitwell:—never did I meet with a more engaging modest youth. Poor Hilliard talked to me of his young wife! She will soon be a widow now! My God how hateful is war! Yet better die gloriously as young Sitwell did, than as my dear John did, in the agonies of cholera! Fool that I am to think Sitwell's death the best! We know nothing! How can I know anything about it? it was the impulse of a fool to think one death better than another. Prepare to die bravely, and let death come in what form it pleases God to send him.

"I mean to return to-morrow and go clear through the defile. We shall be strongly opposed, and therefore Lieutenant Pollock has orders to march from Kohat towards a pass which leads to Buzottee, a village in the hills to which the Affreedees have sent their wives and children: he can only cause an alarm, but that will draw men from us to defend

their families, and we shall get away with more ease and our loss be less.

"Feb. 13th, Mutinee.—We are here again in the plain, having swept clean through the pass of thirteen miles, fighting the whole way; yet we have lost but six men wounded, and I believe none killed. Hilliard is still alive, and some hope of his wound not being mortal.

"Feb. 14th, Peshawur.—A march of eighteen miles brought us here and our whole loss is about one hundred and ten killed and wounded; not much when one considers the terrible defiles through which we passed, defended by a warlike race. This is a proof of the nonsense talked about mountaineers, and how foolish it is to expect success against them with regular troops! Regular troops are the only troops that can succeed against them. Runjeet Sing made the same march that I did to relieve Kohat, and is said to have lost a thousand soldiers: how few men understand war! But all this loss and expence has been caused by the government's inordinate taxing of salt: they will pay for their folly, the Affreedees will be avenged. Lord Dalhousie has, I think, shewn a total want of ability as an administrator. How lucky I am! Rain is now falling in torrents; had it caught us in the hills the camels could not have moved: however I had prepared for accidents by taking fourteen days' provisions with me. Altogether this march has been a good lesson in hill warfare. The Sepoys did all the work. We made, with exception of the artillery, little or no use of the Europeans, keeping them for a struggle."

Here his journal ends, and the following is from his posthumous work.

"Coke had kept his men at the top of the defile to protect our rearguard in retreat, and as the enemy, not knowing that he was to remain at Kohat, took him for a part of our force, his position gave us a quiet march for a mile or two. When he retired the Affreedees followed us: not however in full force, for Pollock's feint had drawn many towards the

western pass. This was an important diversion, for government information, acquired at Peshawur, said the Oruksie and Terah Affreedees had gathered forty-five thousand men, exclusive of the warriors around us; and as all are branches of the one tribe and combine in danger, he must proceed bridle in hand who ventures among their mountains. To enter them is easy, to retreat difficult, to remain stationary all but impossible; for every convoy may have to fight its way through fearful straits, and the strongest army be worn out, or paralysed before an incautious commander is aware of his danger. The Emperor Ackbar lost two large armies in the Eusofsyes' country, opposite to that of the Affreedees; and the destruction of our forces in Affghanistan was another miserable catastrophe, to warn imprudent commanders and improvident governments.

"To give Pollock's feint value, we resolved to retread the defile by one rapid march, and thus forestal the Affreedees, who had gone to defend their western village: enough however remained to keep us warm. The skirmishing, front flanks and rear, was incessant, and some noticeable incidents occurred. Some Affreedees had gathered on a sugar-loaf rock, terminating a spur of the precipitous hills on our flank; this rock being close to the road barred our progress, and the column halted. On the summit a warrior stood like Fuzeli's picture of Satan, with legs wide apart and arms high in air; waving a sword and shaking a shield, he shouted and defied us. A young artillery officer, Maister, laid his gun with a shell, and the flying death, whizzing through the air, burst at the moment it struck the brave Affreedee: his head, his legs, his arms, flew like radii from a centre, and a shout of exultation burst from the troops. The amusements of a field of battle are grim. Condemn not that shout; life was played for in a rough game, and they who won naturally rejoiced: it is however a painful remembrance. While this was going on, a dozen or two of enemies in the rear crept, unseen, within three hundred

yards, and laying their jezails on rests sent a volley against some staff officers, separately assembled with spy-glasses"—the general and his staff—"none were touched, but had the Affreedees been armed with musquets many must have gone down.

"Among Colonel Lawrence's men was a chief, Futteh Mahomed, or Futteh Ali: he was six feet four inches high, and always accompanied by his standard-bearer, a tall spare man, not less daring, yet slight to look at near his gigantic master. This Futteh and his followers attacked a hill covered with enemies, he and his flag man conspicuously leading. The Affreedees held their ground, firing fast, but on the summit were charged sword in hand by Futteh, who slew their chief with a single stroke. '*With one blow I split him down, no man wants a second from me,*' was his speech. This was no empty boast: all had fallen who came within the sweep of his sword. . He was certainly one of the finest men ever seen, and in honour of his bravery I made him ride into Peshawur on an elephant, with his standard-bearer behind the howdah, waving the flag over his head. That man and his people will be always true to the British unless we maltreat him: not an impossible event however, for the British officers at Peshawur said, that we ill-used some Pathan chiefs who had served us well in the Affghan war."

Such was the Kohat expedition, the last of Charles Napier's exploits in war, and that he should have been compelled by a sense of duty to engage in it was a disgrace to the Indian government more ways than one. He, the chosen general of England, sent out to redeem an empire, should have been consulted, honoured, respected and listened to with reverence on military affairs as a master in the art; listened to and reverenced in civil affairs also, as having governed in like circumstances with matchless ability and success. Instead of that he was reduced by a miserable jealousy to be a mere inspecting general, and suddenly found himself com-

pelled by the reckless folly of the local Punjaub government to lead in such an expedition. He was compelled at his advanced age, by a sense of duty, to risk life and reputation, and with every probability of terminating both amidst the Affreedee rocks, in skirmishes so obscure that an ensign's death cast a gloom over the troops, as too great a loss for the occasion! It was not for that England sent him forth, nor was it God's will that he should so perish. But what mischievous folly was that which forced him to such a course? folly of men set high in power to control him, when their proper places should have been awaiting his orders with respectful silence. Let the following summary speak—

Arriving at Peshawur in his military course of inspection, and having information from several quarters that the Affghans were designing a new war, he had also the governor-general's orders to visit Kohat as a frontier post of importance, especially as regarded an Affghan invasion: he found, as before noticed, that the road was blocked by an enemy; that there was an unprovoked massacre of soldiers to avenge, and two strong regiments under orders to force a way to the isolated post of Kohat. These regiments were not under his orders; nor had their contemplated expedition been concerted with or even previously made known to him, though commander in chief! One of them, being cavalry, was utterly unfit to operate amongst the rocky hills; the other of infantry was totally unprovided with arms! "One soldier," he said, "had a musquet without a lock, another a lock without a musquet; here was a bayonet that could not be fixed, there one that could not be unfixed. One man had a weapon with a lock, the cock of which would not go down; then came one that would not stand up. A fine handsome soldier, six feet high, brawny and bronzed, a model grenadier, his broad deep chest swelling with military pride, and his black brilliant eye sparkling with a malicious twinkle, pretended to hold over his shoulder, between his finger and thumb, a flint—his only arm! He was an epitome of political

arrangements: a powerful soldier rendered useless by ignorance!"

Now, had both these regiments been infantry and well armed, they were still far too few for their task; and their destruction, or, to save their lives, their passing over to the enemy, who was of their own race, was almost certain; and to prevent that, and the political danger that must have immediately ensued from a defeat, the general was forced to take command of this obscure expedition. He immediately furnished them on his own responsibility with arms, and uniting a large body of troops, resolved in person to convoy them to their destination and fight his own way back. It was beneath the dignity of a commander in chief, said an old Indian officer. It would, answered Charles Napier, have been more so, to let a tribe of barbarians bar the movements of my head-quarters. So with that simple devotion to duty that characterised his whole life, he risked fame and life without ostentation, the dignity of the mind rising above the dignity of rank.

That his dishonour, or death, would have given unbounded satisfaction to his political enemies in India and in England was soon abundantly manifested. For when the affair became known, an exultant cry was at once raised that he had been baffled, forced to fly, and was seeking to cover his disgrace by big talk; that his fame amongst the surrounding barbarian nations was gone! And so pertinaciously was this clamour continued as even to falsify history in a grave work by an honest man, Mr. McKenna. But his real objects were, militarily to save two regiments from destruction and relieve Kohat; politically to shew the Affreedees that their power to stop his way was naught, and that Runjeet Sing's failure was no measure of British power. These objects he effected with his usual promptness and vigour; for a knowledge of the sappers being massacred was only obtained at mid-day on the 6th of February, and at daybreak on the 9th he was in march, with a well-

organized body of more than three thousand men of all arms, and a supply of fourteen days' provisions. This is the way to make war: but to pervert, and misrepresent, all Charles Napier's actions, sentiments, and whole character, was still the object of his powerful enemies, and pursued with as much virulence as ever.

When the burning of villages became known in England, the same system in the Eusofsye country having been before praised as a "*vigorous measure*" a clamour was commenced about Sir Charles Napier's ferocity; and so far prevailed, that Lord Fitzroy Somerset wrote to the author of this work, expressing the pain, which a generous spirit like his could not fail to entertain, at British troops being engaged in burnings and desolation. But when it became certain that Charles Napier had with a vehement indignation opposed that system of warfare, and that it was the act of the politicals, and in pursuance of Lord Dalhousie's savage policy, all clamour ceased, and such "*correction of barbarian insolence*" was applauded as an energetic and proper application of power. Worse remained behind.

"Journal, February 16th.—This day seven years I was at Muttaree in Scinde, having made up my mind to attack the Ameers, whatever force they might have! The Rubicon had been passed, and victory or death were the alternatives—the first awaited us! I had then two thousand men only, with full power. I have now four hundred thousand men, but no power. This is the just proportion between Lord Ellenborough's brains and Lord Dalhousie's. Poor little pig!

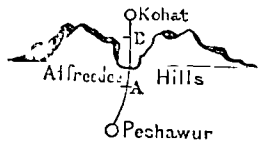
"February 17th, Meeanee day.—Lord Dalhousie tells me, as a piece of information, that we must not give up ground before the people of this country: he is very good to tell me this, which he does to help me in the disposition of the troops! He is a great warrior, and the members of the board of administration are all great generals! they will get me into some military scrape, by their imbecility, which will

be difficult and dangerous to get out of. This Kohat affair is all pure blundering! I am ill, and if no improvement takes place must soon die; for three weeks' excruciating internal pains have seized me every hour, or two hours, day and night, and I have fallen away, and have no strength. Good pluck carried me through the expedition to Kohat, but hardly could I sit my horse, though no one knew what agonies I suffered, for I do all I can to conceal my illness. These pains cannot go on much longer; better or worse I must soon be, for they are not to be borne with life long.

"Lord Ellenborough, Feb. 26th.—Many circumstances prevented my sending in my resignation, to go home in March as I intended: this is now impossible. My tour occupied more time than was expected, and I had information that the Affghans and Goolab Sing intended to break the peace immediately: with that in my possession I could not think of resigning. Then the Sepoys are discontented, most dangerously so in my opinion: this also required to be looked to, until the relief was effected. I am now in hopes that all will pass over; and, after fifty-six years' constant service, I am not equal to the work of putting this army in order. You know the circumstances under which I came out, and how much I disliked coming. I felt convinced I should have very little power, and find I have much less than I expected. Why, I am now, during Lord Dalhousie's absence, under Major-General Littler of the Company's service, I being a full general in the Queen's, and commander in chief! Of course I said nothing about this to give Lord Dalhousie trouble; but if any one had told me in London, that I was going out to India to be under the orders of a major-general I would not have gone at all. Well, I will not continue this egotistical strain, but could give you innumerable reasons why I cannot remain. The duke's good opinion is all in all to me, but he does not know how powerless I am.

"Now for my news about India, and our *skrimmage* with

the Affreedees. It happened thus. There is a mountain road between Peshawur and Kohat, both towns being ours: but the Affreedee tribes were never conquered by the Sikhs, and the latter paid black mail for protection across the pass from A to B, a distance of 13 miles. It is a long and very dangerous defile, commanded by steep heights during its whole length. We began a road across, at the same time paying the Affreedees 6000 rupees yearly as black mail, to keep the defile safe. The Affreedees complain, 1°. That we did not pay the money to them; that young Pollock, the political at Kohat, is the friend of a prince of the house of Soojah ool Molk, who persuades Pollock that he, the prince, has all power, when really he has none. The prince thus pockets the rupees, giving a little to one or two feeble villages and getting their receipts for the whole.




"2°. That salt was always sold at the rate of fifteen to twenty maunds for a rupee, and now the Lahore government has raised it to *one rupee per maund!* This is true: it is the only complaint I can vouch for, but a strong one.

"3°. They say we have occupied the top of the pass B, with soldiers, which is an insult to them, and unjust, as it is in their territory. Occupy the pass Pollock did; but whether it be in their territory I know not: however, these are their grievances. But instead of stating them, they assembled from seven to twelve hundred men at night, and falling upon twelve sappers and miners, who were making our road, murdered them. This could not be submitted to, and the political at Peshawur, Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence, applied to me to open the communication with Kohat, to punish the villagers, and reinforce that post which was then exposed to attack. I was in any case going to Kohat, and therefore I took a strong reinforcement for the post, and passed the defile. On entering it we were attacked, the firing was kept up throughout two days. We lost a very fine young lad

indeed, young Sitwell, and twenty men killed, with some seventy or eighty wounded; but having reinforced Kohat, we returned.

"I like Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence much, and Lieutenant Pollock seems a fine young man; but he acts, and must act, in the spirit of the government, which is utterly unsuited to these mountain people. I have told Lord Dalhousie this, honestly and frankly. I know he will be angry, I cannot help that, and regret it much; but as commander in chief, and a member of council, it is my duty to speak truth when asked: and the truth is that this province is very ill governed and very discontented as far as I can judge. And there would be more insurrections, like the three which have already taken place, viz. in the Eusofsyes, Bunnoo and Affreedee mountains, had the discontented, like the above three, had hills to fly to. The forcing the Bengal regulation code on these people is to them most offensive. I need say no more, for you know these matters better than I do.

"Now for one military fact. At Peshawur I found an irregular regiment, one of those lately raised, which are not under my orders. This corps, 1st Punjaub Infantry, was ordered to Kohat, with another of the same description, called the 1st Punjaub Cavalry. I had the curiosity to review these two regiments, and they are well commanded and in good order; but the infantry had old Sikh musquets of different calibres, and luckily very few would go off, or they would have burst and wounded half the regiment! Had the orders of the Punjaub board of administration been obeyed, these two regiments would have been sent alone, and not half armed, through the strong defile of thirteen miles, and probably cut to pieces. Luckily I was there. I took spare arms from other regiments, armed the Punjaub Infantry well, and conveyed them to Kohat with troops drawn from the garrison of Peshawur; and most gallantly did these men behave. I gave the Sepoys nearly the whole work, and this regiment, under a prime soldier,

Captain Coke, did the greatest part. Pray tell Lord Denman, who is a friend of Coke's, that his young soldier is one of the best I have met with in India.

"Your lordship will see that the mere accident of my being on the spot saved, in all probability, two regiments; for with near 3000 men and six guns I lost two officers and twenty men slain, besides wounded: yet I had strength to send strong detachments to seize heights on either flank, and to shell the enemy where he was strongly posted! Coke's noble regiment, and its noble leader, could not have sent sections where I sent companies, and would have been cut off! Besides, they would have had no arms!! Can anything be worse than this? Well, I took upon myself to give them arms, and I dare say '*his honour in council,*' on the representation of the '*Military Board,*' will reprimand me, as they have twice done already—they being perfectly in the wrong each time! It is not good old Littler that does this: it is Halliday and Pecksniff: however, if the supreme council expect me to be passive they are in the wrong box!

"Now for a more serious affair. There is a smouldering conspiracy among the Sepoys to force the government to give higher pay; this had shown itself in mitigated forms in four regiments, but burst forth with some violence in the 66th, which garrisoned Govind Ghur, and tried to seize that fort! Luckily one vigorous officer saved the gates, and the 1st cavalry dismounted and entered by force. Lord Dalhousie is away, I am here up in the north, and Gilbert had to deal with the mutineers. He tried them and let them off with lenient sentences, and thus overturned the system I was acting upon, of inflicting just punishment for mutiny! The guard, which fixed bayonets and seized the gate to exclude the dismounted cavalry, was merely sentenced fourteen years' imprisonment! The whole proceedings came to me yesterday, but I can do nothing, as Gilbert has confirmed the sentences. So *I have dismissed the regiment bodily and made the Nusseeree battalion of Goorkas the* 66*th*

*Regiment.* The talk amongst the Brahmins was, that the government could not get men if the Brahmins chose to stop recruiting: so I thought it good to shew the whole of India, as well as the Brahmins, that we can,—and good soldiers too, as daring as Europeans!

"Whether I have done right or wrong is yet to be seen, but a prompt and strong blow was necessary, and I struck it, and being convinced I am right await the result with perfect confidence. If once the army can dictate to the government, the Indian game is up; we should have the Sikh punchayets in a month! Had not the conduct of the government been perfectly just on this occasion, I should feel nervous and unhappy; but it has been quite just; and while I am at the head of the army, with God's blessing, not one farthing of increased pay shall the Sepoy get.

"I will now relate to you another of our vigorous doings. The Rajah of Sikkim imprisoned two doctors. This happened just as the governor-general was on his way to Bombay. He ordered the '*supreme government*' to punish the rajah and publicly threatened him. Then regiments were ordered here and there, without my being consulted at all; a general was appointed to command; and all things were collected at Darjeeling to enter Sikkim, and smite the Sikkimites, hip and thigh. However the commander, General Young, thought it as well, first to ask what sort of country he had to act in? and thereupon the political, a Mr. Lushington, made enquiry. The government had thought that enquiry the last thing to be done it seems; for it was then found, that the despicable rajah has such a country, and such means of defence, that General Young very properly wrote to government to say he feared his force was unequal to the invasion! Thus, after all the preparation and expence, the expedition is countermanded by '*his honour in council!*' and the public letter of the governor-general, threatening to ex-

tirpate the rajah and his tribe falls harmless to the ground.

"I dare say Lord Dalhousie will be very angry, when he lands and finds what has happened, but it is his own fault. Why did he leave to the supreme council the conduct of a war, when the commander in chief was the person to entrust with the execution of such measures? General Young, in my belief, prevented a catastrophe, which was very probable had the suggestions of Mr. Lushington been followed. In short the system of political management in war, which your lordship put down, is fast getting up again. I may be wrong, but this is my decided opinion; and without prejudice, for I like Lord Dalhousie, and on many points he has given me excellent support, though on many others I am a cypher, and any other man would be as good. I could tell you many things to confirm your doctrine, about the necessity of a complete revision of the whole system of Indian government."

The "*vigorous blow*" of the foregoing letter, though founded on a general view of policy had also an especial object. The general had proposed to Lord Dalhousie, when the mutinous spirit of the Sepoys first appeared, that the Nusseeree battalion of Goorkas should have Sepoys' pay, their own being too scanty. This was an experiment to ascertain the feelings of the Goorkas towards the British service, Lord Dalhousie assented, and an officer was sent to announce the offer to the Nusseeree Goorkas: they accepted it with frantic joy, for they were actually starving. Here then was a fair beginning of an admirable policy; but though the governor-general promised, and the commander in chief's assurance had been thus publicly and officially given to these poor men, faith was not kept: their claim was shuffled off by the government, until Charles Napier, indignant at such falseness and cruelty, seized the occasion of the mutiny at Govind Ghur to redeem his own

word. On his self-responsibility he disbanded the 66th and substituted the Goorka battalion, thus giving them Sepoys' allowances: certainly it was a bold stroke, but one of those which belonged to his resolute, honest character, as a public man.

Previously to this vigorous display of energy he had assumed, on his own responsibility also, to dispense for a while with a government regulation, apparently and really of the smallest possible consequence in itself, yet bearing so on the troubles of the mutiny as to carry with it the safety of the Indian empire. This regulation affected the usual allowance to the Sepoys for purchasing their food, according to the market prices of the countries in which they served: it was recent, was but partially known, was in itself unjust, and became suddenly applicable at Wuzzeerabad, where it was entirely unknown. The general was then on his journey *to* Peshawur, previous to the Kohat enterprize; and he was told by the Brigadier, General Hearsey, commander at Wuzzeerabad, that it was an unknown regulation, which would lessen the allowance of the Sepoys, and in their sullen temper, looking as they then were for higher pay by mutiny, would be most impolitic and dangerous to enforce: that it would most probably produce an outbreak. The value of this communication may be measured by the fact, that only twelve days afterwards the Govind Ghur mutiny happened.

Sir Charles Napier immediately consulted Colonel Grant, his Indian adjutant-general, and other persons, as to the origin, nature, and effect of this till then unknown and partially-acting regulation: they confirmed his own notion that it was unjust, was trifling as to amount in the aggregate, but would yet be most injurious to the public service if enforced. Lord Dalhousie was then at sea, the supreme council distant, the commander in chief was on the spot, the crisis formidable, the danger imminent. Weighing these things Sir C. Napier suspended the application of the

regulation:—let the reader mark! "*suspended the application, pending a reference to the supreme council!*" That is to say for one month! One month's delay in promulgating and enforcing a partial, unjust, and to the Sepoys unknown regulation, when, in the opinion of all the officers conversant with the Sepoys' disposition, its immediate application would cause a terrible mutiny that might overturn the British empire in India! And to what amount did the sum thus withheld from government reach in the aggregate? *Less than ten pounds!* not ten pounds to each Sepoy, but ten pounds in the whole! For thus overstepping his legal power, to an extent that an ensign would scarcely be rebuked for, Sir Charles Napier, the commander in chief, was by Lord Dalhousie and his council grossly reprimanded, grossly insulted, and forbid ever to exercise his discretion in any such matters or under any circumstances again—in fine, as will be seen, driven by brutal insolence to resign his command. A principle, it was said, not money was in question. Yes! there was a great principle! one which involved that of serving the public at any personal risk; and the proof that he, Charles Napier, well judged the occasion, was that Lord Dalhousie and his council did not dare to enforce their own regulation after him! His letters and journal shall by degrees disclose this affair, but for the complete story the reader must look to "*Indian Misgovernment.*"

"Miss Napier, Feb. 28th.—Take a sample of my daily work. Got up at four o'clock and rode my elephant till daylight; then mounted my beautiful white Arab '*Mosaic*,' and galloped him for ten miles, to the disparagement of some of my retinue, men of half my age, who were knocked up: a hearty breakfast after, at seven, and from that time to this five o'clock, write! write! write! and my horse is now waiting for me to go and review two regiments.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—Your view of the duke's letter is right: what he thinks a misfortune to me, I think none at all. All that he, and Lord Ellenborough, and you, say,

I had well considered before, and resolved to stay a few months longer. The duke has a right to think this country in danger; it is in great danger, and Lord Dalhousie is more likely to hurry on danger than to control it: time will reveal his weak character. I could fill volumes with small matters, aye! and great ones, on this subject.

"Among other things that hinder my attempts to put the troops right is this great one: the Sepoys are overwhelmed with duties that do not belong to them—civil duties. Next, the stations are enormous: each officer, each clerk, each civil servant has what is called a '*compound*;' that is a villa with a large garden, outhouse, &c. Hence the guards at these stations have five, six, even ten miles to go to their posts, and two evils arise. 1°. They must be very large to defend themselves. 2°. They cannot be relieved daily, for the heat is too great, the distance too great: they mount guard weekly, sometimes only once in two months! Discipline of course has been destroyed, and all the guards in Bengal are, in fact, *detachments* under native officers. A sentry calls out when his time for relief comes, the next sentry then gets out of bed, dresses and takes his post, and the relieved man goes to bed.

"I have had no time to deal with this yet, nor is it easy to deal with. I cannot stem such a stream under a poor creature who requires a long correspondence to understand the most trifling matters, and then 'considers.' No! he don't consider, he will 'take into consideration.' Now consideration in any case is the devil with a weak head; but it is ten devils in the future tense. I have however carried three new cantonments by assault; he has assented, and I have clapt on engineers and workmen so vigorously, that my hope is they will be too far advanced before he has time to recant: they will cost £300,000, but regiments will no longer be destroyed wholesale as they now are.

"I have disbanded the 66th Sepoys, and transferred Goorka men to the colours of that regiment. I expect this

to make a devil of a noise, but time was not to be lost by applying for authority to '*his honour in council*' at Calcutta: half the army might have been in open mutiny before an answer could have been received from men not competent to give an opinion. My dear coadjutors of the supreme council are unfit to form any military opinion, yet are great generals, and form the most decided opinions. So I have acted for myself, and if reproved in the least degree will appeal to those who sent me here, which will be a job for the supreme council. The impression which my proceedings will make on the public mind in India cannot yet be known, as my general order only left this two days ago; but the papers will have it directly, and you will see what they say. Had the mutineers seized the strong fortress of Govind Ghur, there is little doubt that the disbanded Sikh soldiers who are round Umritzer would have risen in arms. We had a narrow escape.

"H. Napier, March 10th.—I have very few things in my gift. Lord W. Bentinck, and Hardinge, deprived the commander in chief of everything they could take from him. Yet I know not why they should be blamed: it was all jobbing, and they had as good a right as others. All the pains I take to stop jobbing is however just labour thrown away, except for my own conscience: Kennedy and I are absolutely tired out by the great labour, and time, it takes to find out who has the best claims, and we do not succeed: it is impossible. In our Affreedee fight three young men distinguished themselves much: chance gave me three vacant posts in that week, and one went to each of those three officers. This seemed a fair thing, I having never seen one of them until in fight; yet three times three dozen, in the whole army, have greater claims; but not the luck to fight gallantly and notably under the eye of the commander in chief. This therefore was not strictly just: but two of them went three times up a precipitous hill, leaping from crag to crag under a heavy matchlock fire and the rolling down of

stones, and brought off four wounded men from under the noses of the Affreedees. These wounded men had been lying under the rocks above; seen by us from below, but the enemy, though just above them, saw them not. Up went Lieutenant Norman and Lieutenant Murray in full red uniform, with a parcel of Sepoys as gallant as themselves, and in three trips brought the poor wounded fellows down. The third officer was Hilliard, who, when gallantly carrying a cliff was shot down while cheering on his men.

"Well, the Affreedees now have the defile again, and the whole was a miserable blunder of government: this I have tried to prove to Lord Dalhousie and hope we shall not quarrel on the subject. I have done a good job in quelling the mutiny:—if so be I have quelled it, for I am by no means sure. I ought to be more modest Hal; but, to tell truth, I doubt whether every commander in chief could have done so well as myself. I have also done great good for the European soldiers in establishing three new barracks, built on sound principles of ventilation and comfort, and in one way or another have benefited the soldier much. But I have now been travelling and working very hard for a year, and have not a bit of flesh on my bones: I have lost at least a stone in weight. Tell your friend Mrs. —— I cannot get a cadetship for her friend's son: it is a private favour from a director, and I do not think Hogg would give me one! How well, by the way, *he* ought to read the Sikhs' bible: it is called the *Grunth!*

"I always intended to ask Jones to paint the battle of Meeanee, and am delighted at his having taken up the idea. *He* throw it in my way! Why, if there be anything in military glory, what is the G.C.B. of the Bath compared to a picture of Meeanee by the best battle-painter of the day? I know of no glory in the Bath, except that my heir will carry the badge on a cushion to the Queen, snivelling, and say '*gone dead.*' And the sovereign will say, '*Another ribband to give away.*'

"M. Genl. W. Napier, March 22nd.—I had decided to stay until October before your letter came advising me to do so. With Lord Dalhousie I have been very plain about the Affreedees, because the government is entirely wrong. But my expedition was right, for the Affreedees were savage in their acts, though right in their anger: they were very brutal. They cut the cords of the sappers' tent, and holding it down hacked the poor fellows to pieces through the canvas. There will be mischief in that district. Twelve of our men have been killed there since my foray, and the pass and the salt mines are in possession of the Affreedees. Lord Dalhousie is not pleased with what I tell him about the Punjaub government, but the Affreedees will tell him enough. The 66th nearly got hold of Govind Ghur: had they done so, they would have murdered their officers, and obtained £100,000 in specie. It is the seat of the Sikh religion, all the disbanded Sikh soldiers are living around it, burning for another fight, and would have been up in an instant.

"March 26th.—Lord Dalhousie has just returned from sea. He approves of my disbanding the 66th, but not of my taking the Goorkas into pay, which is the *essence of the blow struck!* as shewing the Brahmins we have another face to rest on for soldiers. I have just got his weak letter:—it is very silly. He will not however, I expect, rescind my order, but it would please me, as my resignation should instantly go in. He does not see half the danger he was in, I suspect, and they will all—pooh! pooh! now it is over. Here, on the spot all were in the greatest fright. The Sikkim affair has ended disgracefully: so much for Lord Dalhousie's military ability, and his confidence in the commander in chief! Had I not been at Peshawur two regiments would have been destroyed; yet I have not power to order even a detachment of a corporal and three anywhere: to do so is at my own risk! Is this a position for me? You will say no! but you are right about my staying till October.

"Lord Ellenborough, March 28th.—I told you of my

making the 66th a Goorka regiment. My reason for this very important measure you shall have in full, because I have had a hasty note from Lord Dalhousie on his landing at Calcutta, in which he regrets my having taken this step without applying for advice to the supreme council. Now, I have no regret, and would act precisely in the same way were the work to be done over again. When I was at Simla last November, the officer commanding the Goorka battalion told me his men were starving on 4 rupees 8 annas a month; that they were very proud of our service, but many had deserted from want of food. He shewed me his calculations, by which it appeared clearly that their pay could not support them.

"Turning in my mind what to do, I saw on the one hand, that two native regiments had just mutinied for increase of pay, and there were strong grounds to suppose the mutinous spirit was general in the Bengal army, evincing itself in the midst of a hostile population. On the other hand, the Goorkas were said to be as brave as Europeans: this is the unqualified opinion of every officer who has seen them in battle. I therefore came to the conclusion, that by taking these Goorkas into the line we should get faithful troops, equal to our Europeans in courage, for the pay of Sepoys. Common sense pointed out the wisdom of doing this; especially at a moment when the faith of the Sepoys was doubtful; for with the Goorka race we can so reinforce our European army, that our actual force in India would be greater than that of the Sepoy army, numerous as it is.

"Having this impression, I went to Lord Dalhousie, who entirely agreed with all I said, but added, that he had been told the Goorkas objected to serve in the plains. 'However,' said he, 'I have also heard, that this was a mere story spread by the married officers, who had bungalows in the hills and did not like to move.' My answer was that I could easily find that out, and I did so, and told Lord D., that the married officers were against it, but the Goorkas would be

delighted to go anywhere. Let me I said, send an officer to their quarters to ascertain from themselves if they like it, and, if they do, to promise them Sepoy pay at once, on condition that they march wherever ordered. He agreed, I drew up a paper for the officer to read to the Goorkas, Lord D. read and approved of the paper, spoke to the officer, Lieutenant Tombs, and sent him off that day. The Goorkas accepted the offer with frantic shouts of joy. Poor fellows, they were starving!

"I thought everything settled and went on my tour, but when at Hurdwar, to my astonishment, received a letter from Lord Dalhousie, saying he had not authority to grant the Goorkas increase of pay, but would write to the Court of Directors to recommend it! My answer was, that '*the promises of the governor-general and the commander in chief, voluntarily given and gratefully received, could not be withdrawn.*' I was really discomposed at this, and my joy was great when, in answer, came a letter to say our promise should be kept at all hazards; but he would wait for the answer of the Court of Directors, which would arrive by the first of January. That if unfavourable, he would do the thing even though it removed him from India. Well, six months passed and nothing was done! I had been travelling the whole time, and was much vexed to see the mutinous spirit evincing itself in all directions. These outbreaks convinced me there was but one way to meet them, namely, by force. It is all very well to talk big, to say, 'oh! we won't concede an iota to mutineers:' but Lord Dalhousie forgets that we must concede, unless we have force; and that force cannot be found in the ranks of the mutineers! It is therefore good policy to enlist Goorkas, and bad policy to treat those brave soldiers ill!

"Now, at the moment when daily and hourly reflection had brought these thoughts to conviction in my mind, I heard of the 66th having nearly seized Govind Ghur, containing an immense magazine of gunpowder, a vast quantity of Sikh

cannon, and treasure: and this at the seat of the Sikh religion and in the midst of the disbanded Sikh soldiery! I saw there was no time to lose, and thought the opportunity favourable for striking a heavy blow at mutiny, and at the foundation on which mutiny was based; and I think the following fact will satisfy you. Lord Dalhousie knows it as well as I do, for he wrote to me on the subject. When some Sepoys were grumbling at a little hardship in the last campaign, Major Neville Chamberlaine reproached them thus, Were I the general I would disband you all. A Brahmin Havildar answered, If you did we would all go to our villages, and you should not get any more to replace us. This was a distinct promulgation of a principle on which they were prepared even then to act; and hence the mere disbanding of a regiment, so far from doing good, as Lord Dalhousie imagines, would only render the dangerous principle more formidable. To me it is incomprehensible that his lordship does not see his own safety in that part of my conduct which he regrets.

"Some time before the 66th mutinied, the 22nd had shewn the same spirit, and when some were punished by court-martial the men were heard to say, 'This is tyranny, but what can we do? We are in the midst of European regiments. We will wait till all the other regiments arrive and then we will consult and do whatever the other regiments do.' Here we have the Sikh punchayets in embryo. Such was the tone of the Bengal army when I assumed command; for this pay affair was a long-prepared one, and the correspondence by post between regiments was enormous, as has since appeared. At Delhi when I put a stop to the mutinous proceedings of the 41st Regiment, the Sepoys said, *Twenty-four regiments are coming to the Punjaub and ready to stand by us!* Few are aware of the great and secret spread of this spirit of mutiny: the whole framework of discipline was shaken to its foundation, and the only chance of putting it right was the very measure which Lord Dalhousie dislikes,

but has fortunately confirmed. Had I not enlisted the Goorkas, merely disbanding the 66th, the other regiments would have said, '*They are martyrs for us, we too will refuse.*'

"This passive resistance, which however became more active and violent of character in each successive mutiny, could not be easily dealt with by breaking regiment after regiment, in the midst of an armed and most discontented population; for if Lord Dalhousie thinks the Sikhs are disarmed he is mistaken: they are not. I therefore repeat that we have no way to meet this formidable spirit but by force; and we have not sufficient force, unless we enlist men wholly different from the Sepoys, and who, being joined to our Europeans, can put down mutiny. Then the Sepoy will be faithful; not otherwise, since he has got the taste for high pay. I could now dismiss a dozen regiments if they behaved ill, and there would be no more mutiny; all the commanding officers say that the spirit is gone; for all see that I do not look to Lucknow for recruits, and the Havildar's threat is no longer of worth: the military government is now firm and vigorous.

"The three Goorka regiments had been ill-used, but that is now made up to them; Lord Dalhousie has given to them all Sepoys' pay, which has delighted me. Lord D. thinks I should have consulted the supreme council—he being absent. There was no time to hold councils of war! The thing required a blow, heavy and rapid, or the whole effect would have been lost. And what could the supreme council know about the matter? Which among them knew anything about soldiers? Not one but Littler, and I am not likely to consult a major-general on a subject I understand better than he does. I like Littler much, but I do not like councils at all, because I never want to avoid responsibility.

"P.S.—I send you a copy of my Kohat dispatch. Whether it is usual or not to publish these dispatches you will know better than me; but this has not been published: nor do I

know whether Lord Dalhousie approves of what I have done or not, for he has not written a single line to say so, beyond approving of the conduct of the troops. I do not want Lord Dalhousie's thanks, but it is ungracious, his not saying even in a private note—'I congratulate you on getting safe out of the defile.' These Affreedees had been ready to do anything to oblige and serve us before, they were ill-used, and their anger arose entirely from bad management, as I have told Lord Dalhousie. Had Sir Colin Campbell been in full command there, instead of Lieutenant Pollock and Lieutenant-Colonel Lawrence, the fight would not have taken place: I know they should not had I been there. I like Lawrence very much, and he is a good and clever soldier, so I do not speak from any hostile feeling: but I think he, like all politicals, is incautious. Young Pollock is a boy, I do not blame him: but these gentlemen hold the people they have to deal with too cheap.

# EIGHTEENTH EPOCH.

## THIRD PERIOD.

To suspend a deduction of ten pounds from the Sepoys' allowances at Wuzzeerabad, was an official irregularity so eagerly seized as clearly to prove watchful malice directed from afar; and Lord Dalhousie's qualities fitted him for giving effect to such miserable enmity. He had also his own cause of anger. The military report on the Punjaub system, especially as regarded the Affreedees, speaking plainly, as its author acknowledged, because truth was absolutely necessary, wounded the governor-general's self-love. Sir C. Napier, when composing that report, knew not that the system he so unsparingly condemned was of Lord Dalhousie's own concocting, and secretly directed by him. He thus, unwittingly, hurtled his lordship's vanity and weakness, sending both staggering to official pomposity for support! With this key to motives, the progress of the affair may be judged from the simple records of the wronged man's feelings as the events occurred.

"Miss Napier, April 5.—My letters must be short; for unless I tell a long story of all that goes wrong I know not what to write; and were I to tell only what goes right you would have a blank sheet! It is hateful to grumble and criticise; yet what can a man do in my position? Truth must be told, because men's lives hang upon it, and the truth is, we go on very ill: put things right I cannot, and it is better to go away. Besides I may be wrong, and therefore, better away digging in a garden: if my work spoil the garden no harm is done, but great will be the harm of

making mistakes in India, so I speak plainly to my colleagues. They don't agree with me; the soldiers do, and also many civil servants: but I and the powers that be, take widely-different views, and that is bad, though we do not exactly quarrel.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, April.—Lord Fitzroy has copies of Lord Dalhousie's minutes on my Punjaub report, and my answer. If I am wrong I am better at home, for my head must be gone: but my opinion is that I am right, though such a long story is not easily told, amidst such crushing masses of business. I am loaded with responsibility, and Lord Dalhousie tries to throw on me that which I should not bear, and will not bear: if evil happens it will be the result of his own government, not of my acts. However as I may be hooked on, despite of myself, the danger is great, and I shall beg to be recalled in October. I am too old to bear so much work, and so much danger; for those who surround me have power not always to be coped with. Keep close the copy of my letter to Lord Ellenborough: you know how the duke upholds the principle of secrecy, and he won't like my telling Lord Ellenborough even, though that is in fact telling himself. My thought is that Lord Dalhousie does not wish to make war; but he has a little jealous mind, and thinks he understands great points of government, which he does not: however, if possible, I will keep well with him.

"Journal, April.—Lord Dalhousie not yet arrived. I suspect we shall have high words: he is weak as water, and as vain as a pretty woman, or an ugly man. I am sick of him. I have been told that it was Colonel Benson who advised retreating at Feroshashur; but when it was proposed to Gough, he furiously exclaimed, 'Retreat! No by God! I have served all my life with honour and I'll leave my old bones to whiten on this field if we are beaten! I'll never retreat.' This is just like the brave and noble-hearted veteran: he is true as steel."

Now burst the long-expected storm of factious malice. Lord Dalhousie returning from his voyage, made known his arrival by an angry minute, repelling and censuring, as personally offensive, the report on the Punjaub; adding thereto the subjoined reprimand of the commander in chief, for having, by a temporary suspension of a foolish unjust office regulation, quelled without bloodshed, the most formidable spirit of mutiny that ever pervaded the Indian army.

"Reprimand, dated Calcutta, April 13th, and addressed to the adjutant-general by a secretary.

"Your dispatch No. 13, of the 20th January, and my reply thereto, dated the 14th February last, relative to the mode of calculating compensation for Sepoys' rations, having been duly submitted to the most noble the governor-general of India in council, I am directed to acquaint you for the information of his excellency the commander in chief, that his lordship in council entirely concurs in the opinion expressed in paragraph 9 of my letter to your address, of the 14th February above referred to, and views with regret and dissatisfaction the orders which the commander in chief intimates he has issued to the officers in the Punjaub.

"2°. There was, I am to observe no room for doubt as to what were the intentions of the governor-general in council, on this part of the general order of 1847 that had been referred to. If there had been doubts the obvious and proper course for his excellency was to have referred the matters for the consideration of the president in council, and to have awaited his reply before he gave an order which he had no power to issue, and did not in any respect call for haste.

"3°. The commander in chief has issued this order with reference to troops in the Punjaub. His excellency well knows the difficulty of reversing an order issued regarding pay; and he must be aware that, that difficulty becomes an impossibility after what has recently occurred in the Punjaub. The effect therefore of his excellency's act has been to re-

establish in the Punjaub (for the governor-general in council will not sanction the extension of the charge to districts to which his excellency's order has not applied) a different rate of allowances from that which will prevail in other provinces; and thus, in great measure, thwart the endeavours which the governor-general in council has been making to assimilate the soldiers' allowances in every province of the presidency.

"4°. His excellency's orders having been given, they are hereby confirmed, as far as regards the Punjaub, and officers will be instructed to carry them into effect.

"5°. But the governor-general in council, from a consideration of the papers before him, feels it necessary to intimate, for the future guidance of his excellency, that the governor-general in council will not again permit the commander in chief, *under any circumstances,* to issue orders which shall change the pay and allowances of the troops serving in India, and thus practically to exercise an authority which has been reserved, and most properly reserved for the supreme government alone."

Be it here remarked 1°. That the order of Sir C. Napier did not, as said in the reprimand, reverse anything; his order was only for *suspension*, and privately addressed to General Hearsey. Neither it nor the regulation suspended was known to the Sepoys, and consequently it raised no difficulty whatever. 2°. That this offensive reprimand was not sent direct from the governor-general to the commander in chief, who was also one of the supreme council; but through a secretary major to the adjutant-general, himself a subordinate officer, who had to communicate it to his chief! And who was that chief? Let his age, his services, the manner in which he had been sent out to India be remembered, and the occasion: a suspension, *pending a reference*, of a paltry unjust office regulation, when the fate of India was trembling in the balance! Essentially vulgar must the spirit have been that could even conceive such an insult! The answer, addressed direct to the arrogant lord, displays

in strong contrast the manly dignity of the insulted general.

"Lord Dalhousie, April 26th.—I have just received from Lieutenant-Colonel Grant your two official letters, both dated 13th instant, and signed by Major Wyllie and Mr. Halliday, respectively. The one letter is about the allowances to the Sepoys:—the other about my remarks on your minute. I will hereafter reply to both officially; and when your lordship reads my explanation, especially about the Sepoys' allowances, you will be a better judge how far your reprimand to me on the latter subject is just.

"If, with a large army on the verge of mutiny, I assumed a certain degree of responsibility to secure the public safety I must take the consequences, as every man is prepared to do who thinks circumstances demand that he should incur such a risk, and I can only regret that you think I erred. But this is a strong instance of the dangerous position in which a commander in chief in India, may at any time be placed:—viz. liable to the most serious responsibility, yet possessing no power to meet it even in military matters! The enforcement of the order consolidating the Sepoys' allowance would, at that moment, have been most dangerous, and I was seconded in this opinion by the two most capable judges in India, from their position, their abilities, and their long experience in the Indian army. I mean Lieutenant-Colonel Grant, the adjutant-general; and Brigadier Hearsey, who commanded the station in which the mutiny had most recently made its appearance.

"I therefore feel satisfied that I was justified by circumstances in acting as I did; and you will see by the enclosed memorandum, which I wrote in reply to Major Wyllie's letter to Colonel Grant, dated 14th February, that I felt confident of your lordship's approbation and support! At the same time I have no right whatever to complain that your lordship, as the higher authority, should judge for yourself; and I do not complain. As commander in chief however, I

cannot be expected to expose myself willingly in future to such another reprimand, for exercising my professional judgment at a critical moment, and when no higher authority than my own was on the spot. . And even had the whole supreme council been there, I much doubt whether in a question of mutiny any of them would be so well able to judge as the commander in chief of the army.

"With respect to the letter about my reply to your minutes, I assure you, that while implicitly adhering to the opinions which I expressed about the Punjaub, I never complained either publicly or privately of want of support from you! When I said that I received no information, I referred entirely to the Punjaub government not to the supreme government: and this referred only to *information*, not to support. I never complained of want of support from any government, nor any individual! I was in the Punjaub: I was writing about the Punjaub: and when I spoke of government I of course referred exclusively to the government of the Punjaub. It gave me no information; it gave me suggestions where I ought to place troops; and these suggestions were ridiculous, because there was no shelter for the troops where they proposed to place them. And if there had been, I would not have complied with their suggestions; for it would have been contrary to common sense to scatter troops in the most dangerous part of the Punjaub and the most unhealthy, when I could keep them together in masses in a healthy country, close to the supposed dangers!

"These suggestions I said, and say still, do more harm than an enemy. They throw upon me the great responsibility of rejecting the advice of the government of the Punjaub; and however correct and just my arrangements might have been, chance might have produced some mischief and the public would have naturally turned upon me and said—The Punjaub government warned you and you would not listen to it. Therefore I said, that such improper interferences are, in my opinion, much more embarrassing than an

enemy: but I did not, either in this, or in any part of my remarks, refer to your lordship.

"Lord Ellenborough, May 11th.—I send you a copy of a reprimand which I have received from the governor-general in council: the case is this. 1°. A regulation of yours in 1844, gave the Sepoys compensation for rations when they were above a certain price: this compensation was computed on each article separately.

"2°. Lord Hardinge altered this in 1847, and in the code issued in 1849, the compensation was consolidated on the whole of the articles which compose the rations of a Sepoy.

"3°. This change was not known to the Sepoys in the Punjaub; because the cheapness of provisions had as yet prevented the new rule from being brought into action at any station in that province.

"4°. Last Christmas the price of provisions rose at the station of Wuzzeerabad, and there the new rule became applicable. At that moment mutiny made its appearance at that station, and against the reduction of Scinde pay. And it was perfectly known to every one that the spirit of mutiny had become general among the troops occupying the Punjaub.

"5°. This change in the code deprived the Sepoys of one anna and six pice per month, which sum, however small it may appear to Lord Dalhousie and his council, is a large sum to a frugal Sepoy, supporting himself far to the north of the Sutlege, and having a family south of that river, down in the provinces.

"6°. At this moment the governor-general was at sea; and had I written for orders to the supreme council, it would not have had my letter for twelve days; and I could not have received an answer for a month, as I was daily marching towards Peshawur: then my letter, communicating the order to Wuzzeerabad, would have, in all, produced a delay of above five, if not six weeks:—mutiny going on!

"7°. This mutinous spirit pervaded an army of at least forty thousand fighting men, distributed amidst an armed and hostile population. It had arisen against a just reduction, though a very ill-managed one. But here was an unjust reduction, because the Sepoy had enlisted with the understanding that his ration compensation was made on each item separately, and not on the aggregate, and by the last he lost money: it was therefore a breach of public faith to those who were enlisted previous to the code of 1849. It is not to you that I need say, how sensitive all soldiers are, and especially Sepoys to any interference with their pay: it is matter of history!

"8°. In this very dangerous position, uncontemplated when the change was made by Lord Hardinge, should I have been justified had I enforced an unjust reduction of allowances; not general, but falling accidentally upon a station where mutiny had just made its strongest demonstration against a just reduction of allowances? Would not my doing so have armed the mutineers with a just pretext for discontent, at the very moment when the strength of government lay in its justice and its generosity to the Sepoys? Had I hesitated, had I lost five weeks in applying for orders, and in making a remonstrance to the supreme council against its folly and injustice, should I not have placed the safety of India in peril? Would it not have been madness?

"9°. I at once decided what to do. I *suspended* the action of the rule of 1849; and I held by your rule, contained in the code of 1845, till the orders of the supreme government were received, and to that supreme government I instantly reported!

"The third paragraph of the governor-general's letter is an inflated piece of verbiage about difficulties that do not exist; and the closing sentence of paragraph 2, that the order '*did not in any respect call for haste*,' is as I have shewn unfounded: there was not one moment to be lost.

"The president in council made no decision on the matter, and said he would abide the arrival of the governor-general; but the tenor of the answer shewed the council to be very irate. Well, I awaited Lord Dalhousie's coming, in full expectation of his entire approval and support, instead of that I received this severe reprimand, if there be any severity in what one laughs at, and feels to have resulted from miscomprehension, and the intrigues of understrappers. However it is not a mere reprimand; it is also a prohibition to exercise any discretion on such matters for the future!

"10°. On this I have the following remarks to make. In the first place there was a fearful crisis; and if the commander in chief, on such occasions, and far distant from all higher authority, is forbidden to exercise his judgment he must be unfit for his position. He submits to have an enormous degree of responsibility heaped upon him by the imprudence of government, while that government ties his hands. I neither will nor can submit to this. In the second place this letter is a party ebullition, written without understanding the subject. I am told I should have 'referred for orders to the president in council.' I *did so*, as far as was possible: I was obliged to act at once, and I reported what I had done at the same moment. The governor-general would have seen this, had he read the papers with attention and compared dates.

"It may be vanity in me to say so, but I consider that the commander in chief was, not only the proper person to deal with the troops in such a crisis without any instruction from government, but also the one most able to deal with the danger; for I do not think the supreme council were able to advise me. I may be wrong in the low estimate I have formed of Mr. Halliday's and Sir Frederick Currie's military abilities: but however that may be, I merely suspended a rule regarding an allowance, and I did not '*change the pay and allowances of the troops.*' I am satisfied that I acted with prudence in a dangerous crisis: had I acted otherwise,

had I increased thereby the existing irritation and excitement; had bloodshed been the result during the five weeks that must have elapsed ere I got instructions from the supreme council, how could I have answered for my conduct to superior authority? Impossible!

"The question is, not so much whether I was right, or wrong, but whether, in the absence of higher authority the commander in chief is to act according to the best of his judgment? The governor-general has, *ex cathedrâ*, decided that he is not so to act, and has reprimanded me for so acting; and has at the head of his council forbidden me to do so '*under any circumstances*.' So that, though the safety of India may be at stake the commander in chief must not act as the case requires '*under any circumstances*.' I cannot and will not remain under this most unjust rebuke. I have made no personal quarrel with Lord Dalhousie about it; for, as the higher authority, he has a right to express his opinion: but when that opinion is unjust, inconsiderate, and, I fear, the result of an unreasonable jealousy of my interference with his duties, fostered by some about him, I cannot stay here either with credit or safety.

"My intention was to have resigned very early: but the moment I heard there was danger from the Affghans; and saw the great and imminent danger to which India was exposed by the mutinous spirit among the Sepoys, I resolved to remain till I had put it down, or proved myself unfit for the high command in which the duke had placed me. What I saw at Peshawur and Kohat, convinced me that we were safe enough from Affghan invasion, if our unwise form of government in the Punjaub did not provoke it; and as to the mutiny I believe the very principle of mutiny, as well as the spirit, has been effectually put down by the means I have taken. This is the general opinion, and the thanks I have gotten from Lord Dalhousie privately, is a letter, saying he would support me, but regretting my having brought the Goorka battalion into the line without previously consulting

the president in council: that is to say, without losing six weeks, at a time when the pith, the very essence of the blow by which the dangerous influence which the Brahmins' supremacy had assumed in the army was crushed, was the striking it on the instant!

"A strong fortress full of money and ammunition had been, by the energy and courage of Captain McDonald, saved from the mutineers. Many battalions were unquestionably prepared to join them; all was on the balance, when I flung the Goorka battalion into the scale, as Brennus did his sword, and mutiny, having no Camillus, was crushed. To have lost six weeks consulting the military talent of Sir F. Currie, so conspicuously shewn in the late Punjaub insurgent war, would have been an act of imbecility! Even my friend Gilbert, with his namby-pamby courts-martial, nearly played the devil with my previous measures: he did not discover that these native courts-martial were all impregnated with the same mutinous spirit, or with fear, and dared not sentence the mutineers, unless driven to act with justice by revisings and exhortations.

"Suppose that I had not incorporated the Goorkas with the line; suppose that I had acted according to Lord Dalhousie's idea of quelling a mutiny; what might, and probably would have been the result of simply disbanding the 66th Regiment? Every Sepoy in the Punjaub would have refused their pay, rightly judging we could not dismiss them all:—their cause was an increase of pay, their principle, that we could not do without them! One week, aye! one day would have spread the spirit through the whole Indian army, and raised the whole Sikh population upon us! Yet Lord Dalhousie '*regrets*' that I did not risk a state of things that would have produced a bayonet struggle with *caste* for mastery. Nor was the stake for which the Sepoy contended a small one—exclusive of the principle of an army dictating to the government—they struck for twelve rupees instead of seven, nearly double! When those in the Punjaub got twelve

by mutiny, those in India Proper would not long have served on seven: unless the supreme government had the philosopher's stone they could not have paid such a sum. So much for the thanks I got *privately:* but the good was done, and Lord Dalhousie thus performed his long-delayed promise to the three Goorka regiments. The thanks I have gotten *publicly* for one of those measures, by which I parried an increase of danger and irritation, has been, as you see, a reprimand, and a prohibition which places me in the greatest danger for the future, should another of those critical moments arise which are so common in India, and which demand prompt and decided measures on the part of the commander in chief."

His resignation sent through Lord Fitzroy Somerset, run thus—"I have the honour to enclose for submission to his grace the commander in chief, copies of a reprimand which I have received from the governor-general in council, and of my reply thereto. I came out to this country as your lordship knows, much against my inclination, and only because there was a war, in which it was supposed that my local knowledge of the country might be of use. I arrived just as Lord Gough had victoriously ended the war, and I have endeavoured, for above a year, to maintain the discipline of this excellent army, so as to deliver it to my successor in no worse state than I received it from my predecessor.

"This was not altogether an easy task; for at the moment of my assuming the command in India a reduction of Scinde pay became a just and necessary measure on the part of government. Whether the mode in which this measure was effected happened to be the best which could have been taken by government, is a question with which I had no concern. My business as commander in chief was to quell the mutinous spirit with which that reduction was encountered by the troops; and as far as we can at present judge, it is generally believed that I have succeeded: the mutineers have been punished, and all is at present quiet in the Punjaub. For this successful exercise of my judgment in a

critical juncture, I have, as your lordship sees, been publicly reprimanded, and forbidden to exercise that judgment in future.

"I have been treated as if I had assumed the powers of government—which I had not done: I merely acted with decision in a dangerous crisis; so dangerous that in a few days after the mutinous troops attempted to seize the strongest fortress in the Punjaub. On that occasion also, although the governor-general publicly approved of what I did, he in a private letter regretted that I had not consulted the supreme council at Calcutta! Such dangerous moments do not admit of slow and undecided councils: yet I am reprimanded. Therefore I request, most humbly, that his grace will obtain for me Her Majesty's most gracious permission to resign the chief command in India. And the more so, as being now nearly seventy years of age, during the last ten years of which I have gone through considerable fatigue of body and mind, especially during the last year, my health requires that relief from climate and labour which public service in India does not admit of. I hope that his grace will allow of my being relieved in October next, or as soon as may be convenient."

This simple, and, the provocation considered, mild and moderate resignation was thus responded to.

"I had the honour to receive and lay before the commander in chief your letter of the 22nd May, transmitting the copy of one from the official secretary of the government of India in the military department, and your reply and its enclosure in relation to the orders issued by you in the Punjaub, respecting the mode of calculating the compensation for Sepoys' rations; and as your conduct in this matter has been disapproved of by the governor-general in council, requesting that his grace would obtain for you the Queen's gracious permission to resign the command in chief of Her Majesty's forces serving in India.

"The Duke of Wellington has carefully perused these

papers, as well as many other documents, which have been furnished for his information by the President of the Board of Control; and having given his best attention to the whole subject he has arrived at the conclusion that there existed no sufficient reason for the suspension at Wuzzeerabad of the rule for compensation of the 15th August 1819, and that the governor-general in council was right in expressing his disapprobation of the act; and this being the case he has felt it his duty to lay your resignation before the Queen, and he will by the earliest opportunity convey to you Her Majesty's pleasure thereon. The commander in chief has however taken this step with the greatest reluctance, and he cannot but deeply regret that you should have thought proper to ask leave to relinquish an appointment for which you were selected in a manner so honorable to your professional character."

The reader has seen enough to measure the value of this rebuke. Charles Napier's resignation had not stated details, or offered offensive or defensive argument: confident in his own sense of uprightness he dreamed not of further injustice, when thus simply retiring from a command he could no longer hold with credit or safety. The duke's answer was founded on secret, incorrect, and one-sided information, sent home by Lord Dalhousie, and that without calling on the accused man for explanation, without even knowing that he had ever seen the adverse documents. It was a strange and startling comment on the laugh of scorn for enemies with which he sent him forth to command, overruling his better judgment and clearer sagacity with that memorable expression "*Either you or I must go.*" It was an ill-founded conclusion, entirely anomalous as to the Duke of Wellington's character:—but the genius, once so grand and luminous, was then receding from this world.

With a high and calm sense of dignity and truth, the wronged man thus met this new injury. "I half feared the duke before, now it is impossible for me to remain. I was

much annoyed at first, but on reflection see that it is not half so bad as I thought it at first. The duke only thinks I was not warranted in suspending the order, and Lord Dalhousie's minute is so ingeniously jesuitical that it almost staggered me: this is what the duke has seen. I have not, however, lost my temper, and I am so palpably right, that I stand as high as my own house here stands above the deepest valley below. It would be a mortal sin to lose such a position by any want of self-command." Thus he wrote and thus he acted, pursuing his vigorous course of command while awaiting his successor's coming with all imaginable steadiness, and seeking the public good as earnestly as though he were neither wronged nor troubled.

"Lady Napier.—You tell me Lord Ellenborough has doubts about my authority to disband the 66th Regiment. Lord Dalhousie denies that I had any. Lord Ellenborough foresees everything. No! I had no official public authority; but Lord Dalhousie gave me privately authority. Judge for yourself and send this to Lord E. Lord Dalhousie and I had several conversations about the mutiny, and he assured me that he entirely approved of my mode of dealing with it, and that I should have his cordial support in whatever I did: however, let him speak for himself. When at Delhi I told the native officers that unless their regiment, the 41st, marched, I would dismiss all the officers from the service: this produced the effect desired. I reported everything to Lord Dalhousie, and his answer was: '*I am very sure of your doing everything that is right in the circumstances that may arise, whatever they may be.*' This was dated November 11th, Loodiana.

"On the 30th December he thus wrote to me from Mooltan, on his way to the coast. 'The conduct of the 32nd distresses me in every way. It is unreasonable and on every ground unpardonable. The original creation of allowances, extra, was a short-sighted and impolitic as well as an unnecessary act; but the government cannot allow the act

and its evils to extend into futurity. I am very sure that the course you contemplate is the truly merciful one, no punishment can be too severe for the men who deliberately instigate to mutiny; and although I am as little bloody-minded as most men I should be prepared to advise, if called upon, that these men should be put to death. It is true that, it is said, transportation across the seas has more terror than death. I very much doubt it, and I conceive that the promptitude of the punishment in retribution of the act, and in presence of those who partially shared in it, would have greater effect in repressing similar offences than the more distant punishment of banishment. I am very glad you are where you are: and I feel quite at ease when the conduct of measures consequent on such offences is in your hands.'

"In his letter of November, on the subject of disbanding the officers, Lord Dalhousie thinks, and says, that I shall do everything right whatever the circumstances may be: this surely implies that I shall do right to disband a regiment if necessary. In the letter of the 30th December he inculcates promptitude of punishment: yet when the greatest danger arose, he finds fault with me for exercising the power and the promptitude his letters to me advocated! He can talk boldly, but is frightened when deeds are to be done. He pretends, now that all is safe, that there was no danger! He felt very differently at the time. I maintain that if there be meaning in words those used in his two letters sanction all I did. As to his prompt punishment forsooth! Why I was forced to it, even had he not inculcated the principle. He was out at sea, and his *Aulic Council* so far off, that India might have been overturned ere I could receive the fiat of those sage civilians at Calcutta, who Lord Dalhousie thinks so superior to me as military commanders: but let us hear his lordship again.

"On the 18th January he wrote from Scinde, 'I quite agree with you in being prepared for discontent amongst the native troops on coming into the Punjaub under dimi-

nished allowances. I looked with *just anxiety* to the result of a measure which was indispensable from the first, and I am well satisfied to have got so far through it without violence as we have. The Sepoy has been overpetted and overpaid of late, and has been led on by the government itself into the entertainment of an expectation, and the manifestation of a feeling, which he never held in former times. The government and yourself have no doubt of the perfect justice, and perfect necessity of the present general orders, and they must be enforced. I would fain hope flying rumours are exaggerated, and that your prompt and decided action at Delhi and Wuzzeerabad will check all future danger.

'I saw the 41st at Mooltan; it has behaved perfectly well ever since it left Delhi; and the men, Major Halford tells me, have seemed ashamed of themselves ever since.'—That is ever since I dealt with them.—'If my hope be disappointed, the course of action you indicate is the only right one'—namely, the taking a thousand lives rather than permit insubordination—'Indeed it is the only possible one. A yielding, or a compromise in this case would be worse than a defeat by the enemy in the field, and would make our own army more really formidable to us than the Kalsa have been.'—Yet Lord Dalhousie now wants to make out in his minute that there was no danger: but to continue.—'On this point then our sentiments are in perfect unison, and *whenever anything may occur which requires, or could be benefited by the support of government, that support will be unreservedly given.* All testimony has led me to form the same opinion you held of the efficiency and fidelity of the Goorka corps; and if immediate increase of their pay were necessary.'——

"If! Good God! had he not promised it to them four months before, and immediately too! Is this the way to trifle with the pledged words of the governor-general and commander in chief, solemnly made by an officer sent for the purpose, and then not fulfilled? I feared disaffection would

spread also to the Goorka ranks in consequence: these things will not do with soldiers, but to continue.—

'If immediate increase of their pay were necessary, to enable you to command the services of these corps in the event of disaffection amongst the native infantry, I should at once issue an order for the increase; but the terms of their contract of enlistment entitles you to call upon them to move anywhere on emergency; and as you can thus avail yourself of them fully, and at once, if they should be required, I think it better to wait for the reply from the Court of Directors, which will in another month reach me.'

"It did not reach Calcutta till the middle of March, and his want of faith to the Goorkas would have done great mischief if I had not taken the responsibility of fulfilling the promise, and secured their affection. These extracts contradict his minute and bear me out: *I was authorized.* And as to his saying he has not power to delegate his authority to the commander in chief to disband a regiment, it appears to me nonsense: that power has been frequently given. It was given to me formally by Lord Hardinge when I was a major-general in Scinde, and not merely to disband one but all the regiments which I might think deserved it, without waiting for the approbation of the governor-general. Tell my brothers not to notice this until I send them my full answer to Lord Dalhousie's absurd and unjustifiable minute."

This minute, the one upon which the duke acted, was the first of a series which Lord Dalhousie recorded at Calcutta: they have been all noticed and refuted in Charles Napier's posthumous work "*Indian Misgovernment,*" and require no additional remarks here, save that the last and most unjustifiable one, was not drawn up until *after* Sir C. Napier had quitted India, and therefore when he could no longer place his answer on record as one of the council. Meanwhile, amidst constant insults which Lord Dalhousie had the bad taste not to forbear after resignation, he, while awaiting the Duke of Wellington's answer, pursued his regular busi-

ness as commander in chief with the same ardour and care for the public. Most men indeed would, when thus insulted and ill-used, have made resignation a ground for avoiding all official labours not absolutely necessary; but Charles Napier seemed to redouble his energy, taking note of all the evils that beset the army at large, and of every branch in particular. Above all objects he strove to obtain good barracks for the soldiers, and the result of these labours and inquiries are given in his posthumous work, with a vivacity originality and force difficult to surpass; here they would interrupt the story.

"Journal, May 27th.—It would be in vain to describe the reception my regiment gave me at Dugshai. The barracks are dotted about on the top of the hills, and the men turned out on each, cheering, from hill to hill, incessantly. The Meeanee and Hydrábad men still left, 260 of them, run down to meet me; and their greeting was not cheering but shrieks of delight, and furious gesticulation, leaping, yelling, and throwing their arms about like wild men. I really did not well know whether to laugh or cry! Poor fellows, they are easily won if well treated and well led! I was glad to see them once more!

"July 7th.—I have been and am so ill as not to keep my journal until now: the mass of detail work perfectly disables me. I am now at war with Lord Dalhousie, who is a poor petulant man, cunning and sly, ill-conditioned, and ready to attack any but those he serves. With plenty of materials he will not make a really great figure: but he will make money. People say he won't be left long. Won't he! He is a booing man, who will *pay court* to *the court*, to the end!

"18th.—I have just heard that Captain Jacob of the Scinde Horse has persuaded the Bombay government to withdraw the troops I placed at Shapoor! Jacob is a good regimental officer, and good mechanic, but no more; he knows nothing of the principles of war: very few men do.

This fort was the most important one in the desert; and the moment it was abandoned the Bhoogtees and the Mazzarees commenced plundering: so also will the Kaherees and the men of Lehree, if they have not already. Shapoor dominated over these tribes and secured the power of the Khelat Khan. All my system for securing tranquillity has been destroyed wilfully, but this is the most grossly ignorant step yet taken!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, July 24th.—Forty years have passed since we fought together on the Coa! And I was again under fire only a few months ago! Shall we be together the next anniversary? I have written but little to you lately, because my hope was to pass a few months without an open quarrel with Dalhousie, which was sure to impede the little good I could do; and I could not write without telling you everything, and so giving you more annoyance than I felt myself. Here all my work is detail, in furtherance of all that is silly, when not infamous. As I came out only to do good, it is idle to remain when none can be done, and I am subject to daily impertinence.

"When Old Gough's movements had put them in a stew here, Dalhousie sought to get me out in command: this I heard in London. There was no man then in a greater fright than he; the Moffusilite ridiculed him; and I am told that to the editor of that paper he now pays such abject court as to excite contempt, because the object is seen. Lady Dalhousie is reported to have said *We must butter the muff*. When I arrived, he had just issued an order to raise ten regiments of Punjaub Irregulars. The regiments had been raised before the order was issued, and it came out twelve days after I landed at Calcutta. Would it not have been natural to have turned these regiments over to me, the commander in chief he had himself asked for? It might have been thought that he, with a kingdom just conquered, the storm hardly subsided, and his own civil work far more than he has head for, would be glad to give these

young levies to me to render them effective. No. He sedulously prevented my having anything to say to them, and, after being embodied one year they are unfit for service from want of arms and equipments! He now offers me the command, but retains the patronage; that is to say, the patronage which has always been given to former commanders in chief, namely, the recommendation of European officers to fill occurring vacancies. Gough had this; I had it in Scinde; but here as commander in chief not: he holds with a Scotch gripe this patronage. Now I consider, the having first withheld the command of the regiment, and now the only power I have to reward officers, are insults to me.

"He breaks through custom, and common-sense also: for if I am to have all the punishment of officers, I cannot give either spirit or tone to the army when the power of rewarding those who do well is withheld from me. Lord Dalhousie knows perfectly what pains I have taken to find out meritorious officers, and to reward those who have strong claims; he must know also that I have not given anything to any officers who have not been recommended by merit, and by their immediate commanders: none recommended by my own friends have benefited, unless they had public claims to back them. He therefore has no ground of that sort for his proceeding:—no job has been done by me for any one. Yet he deprives me of the patronage, which I ought to have for the good of the service, and which all my predecessors had. To me this matters very little personally, because I give everything to those whose claims are strongest; or rather to those who have claims, for it is impossible to find out whose claims are strongest. Look at his appointments!

"Lord Ellenborough, and you all, will now see what a petty warfare is made upon me, amounting to insult, and that my remaining commander in chief is impossible. I will submit to anything until it suits the duke's convenience to relieve me, but that cannot be beyond Christmas. Meanwhile Lord Dalhousie's little mind leads him to offer con-

stant impertinence without even plausible grounds. Thus he tells me, through the adjutant-general, that the commander in chief is not in future to interfere with public works. I never had interfered with public works, and have demanded —*Where?* *When?* He cannot answer. A month ago I was told not to interfere with the Punjaub Irregulars. The same answer—*Where?* *When?* *How?* So on in everything: the fact being that in his jealousy and hurry to reprimand me he blunders, I tumble him over, and he then becomes more furious and more blundering.

"The men of these irregular corps are in beautiful order, because they are all picked young men who command them: but their arms and clothing are shameful. I told Dalhousie this, and he has I believe been working underhand to send them arms. What gravels him is that their commanders openly express their desire to be under me, and not under the Punjaub board of administration. When I reached Peshawur, the two regiments ordered to force the pass to Kohat were thus equipped. Front rank. No. 1 a musquet, no ramrod or bayonet. 2. No lock. 3. No hammer. 4. No cock. 5. No flint—the jaw to hold it gone. 6. Musquet stock, no barrel. 7. Cock at full, but an armourer required to get it down. 8. Bursted at the breech. 9. No cartridge box. 10. Ditto. So on through the whole regiment, and all the men in rags! Yet such soldiers! Never did I see finer men, and as well drilled as the Guards. The brunt of the fighting fell on those magnificent soldiers; for I had some doubts of their fidelity, seeing that Affghans, Kyburees, Sikhs, and even Affreedees were amongst them: but they were all true as steel. I never saw men rush up the mountains like them, and our own soldiers could not shew more courage.

"The matchlocks and far-famed jezails had no chance there with the musquet. Such stories had been told me of the jezails, that at Kohat, celebrated for the manufacture of them, I bought one for six pounds; it must therefore have

been a good one: it is very heavy, and how the men run up the mountains with them I know not, as they weigh much more than a musquet and bayonet. When fighting these jezail men, the irregulars, armed by me, fired sharply as they mounted the rocks. Major Coke said Don't fire you see no one. Major if you object we will not fire a shot; but you will be killed and so shall we: but if we keep up a heavy fire as we advance, the Affreedees will not shew their noses over the rocks and we shall gain the summit with little loss. We cannot go fast up such precipices, and if we do not keep up a smoke we shall be picked off fast: now give your orders and we will obey! Fire away lads, said Coke. He is a gallant fellow, and a fine handsome-looking fellow too: the Bengal officers shewed their blood there well.

"Kohat is not under my command, but a letter from thence says in substance thus. 'We are very sickly: two regular regiments, and two irregulars, two batteries, cut off from Peshawur, and very little ammunition.'—What they have, I sent them and got reprimanded for it.—'No English doctor, one native doctor for this large force! What are we to do if attacked, and have 150 men wounded, no medicines, no dressings! and only two native apothecaries as ignorant as the doctor. God bless you! I have a tertian fever which I hope to get rid of, if I can escape the doctor; which I may do as he has no medicines!'—When I was there, I ordered the old fort to be repaired and got some heavy guns up from Attock, thanks to the activity of Sir Colin Campbell. I thought some mischief would happen from the silly way things were being carried on, and repaired the fort for a refuge. Within a month we had a report that the dhost's son was on the frontier, at Bunnoo, with 4000 Affghans. So he was, but pretended it was only to gather revenue. Major Taylor, said to be an excellent officer, not under my command, assembled all his disposable force in the Dejarat to meet him if he invaded us:—not altogether crediting the revenue story. At that moment my heavy guns reached

Kohat, and also some 20,000 rounds of ball cartridges sent by me for Coke. Well, now they are in the straits mentioned in the letter quoted above. What think you of the system, and the sense I have to deal with?

"The Punjaub board of administration ordered the 1st Cavalry from Kohat to Peshawur; that is from a weak post in a plain with an enemy within reach, to a strong post against which no enemy dare march! But how did they get the regiment through the Kohat defile? They got an Affreedee chief to pass it through as a favour! The heights were all crowned with jezailmen, the chief riding at the head of the regiment. As it passed, each tribe chief came down, and made salaam to the friend at the head of the regiment, but took no notice of the British officers who were with him: a marked insolence with these barbarians! In this manner Daly's horse marched through that defile which, a month before, they had passed with me in triumph.

"When you take into consideration 1°. The not furnishing this post with ammunition, or medicines, or medical men, or guns for the walls! 2°. The exposed position, and the taking a cavalry regiment from where it was wanted to place it where it was not wanted, and the dishonourable mode in which the regiment marched under a bribed sufferance from a beaten enemy. 3°. That the finest infantry corps would not have had arms but for me; and that to place it and this cavalry regiment at Kohat had cost above a hundred men killed and wounded: finally that I was reprimanded for what I did there, it must be conceded that my remaining here would be useless to the public service and degrading to myself. I have never before put you in possession of all this; nor did I tell Lord Ellenborough till I saw Lord Dalhousie's jealousy of me had passed the Rubicon, and that he was beginning his reckless reprimands, all of which fall on his own head; for he so jumps to conclusions, that he does not find out his error till he has compromised himself. If there was public honesty in government and the

directors, he would be in a scrape; but as I well know there is not, I resigned rather than risk a battle with only right against might. When I get home I shall be independent, but here I am in danger and bound by my *indentures* as a member of council.

"All I have done to overthrow the quibbling system in courts-martial; the substituting acts of parliament for the articles of war; will be reversed the moment I go, and courts-martial will again sit in fear and trembling lest they should break some act, while some whipper-snapper boy, as judge advocate, takes the whole proceedings into his hands and lays down the law. I leave my successor a good adjutant-general instead of Grant, who goes home: but departments cannot do the work; it becomes a mutual, 'if you do so and so, I will do so and so.' Thus, without dishonesty, they compromise with each other. I have shortened my life trying to break down this system, and now all will go by the run! Why should I stay, even if Dalhousie supported me? I could not go on with the work I have been doing for another year.

"Fitzgerald has killed fifteen tigers in the Dejarat. One fellow got up to the howdha, and the elephant shook himself so that one of Fitz's guns was broken against the howdha, and nothing but Fitz's great strength saved him: he held on by one hand, and with the other shot the tiger enough to make him fall, and then the elephant kicked the beast between his fore and hind legs, like a shuttlecock, till every bone was broken."

Lord Dalhousie's foulness was now evinced in many ways, and one was to make his public communications differ from his private letters, yet claiming secrecy for the last, though written with the express purpose of guiding Sir C. Napier's conduct in difficult circumstances:—witness those already recorded touching the mutiny, which he pretended was no mutiny after the danger had passed. The following letters furnish another instance of this crafty folly, for that is its

proper designation; seeing that no man of sense or spirit will ever feel himself bound by such pretensions, which simply mean, a licence for falsehood.

Lord Dalhousie to Sir C. Napier, November 13th, 1849, extract.

"Before you left Simla you suggested that I should furnish you with a memo. of any subject to which I wish you to direct your attention during your journey in the Punjaub. I have taken the liberty of doing so in the paper I enclose.

"Extract from memo.—'In the province of Peshawur are many forts. Some of these have been nearly destroyed during the last war, and the deputy commissioner has expressed his opinion in favour of repairing or rebuilding them. This frontier, as his excellency is well aware, is of a very peculiar character, and brings us in close contact, and, it may be expected at first, in frequent contact with the lawless and predatory tribes beyond it, as well as near it on our own side. I am quite incompetent to give an opinion on the necessity of keeping a portion of them. I beg to be favoured with his excellency's advice after he shall have visited that country; and I have informed the board of administration that I will make known to them hereafter the decision of the supreme government on the subject of forts in the Punjaub.'

"Lady Napier, August 1850.—I send the above extract for Lord Ellenborough, because I have this day heard from Colonel Mountain, that Colonel Grant, the late adjutant-general, told him, that Lord Dalhousie had expressed to him, Grant, his lordship's displeasure at my going to Kohat! After receiving the memo., above quoted, could I have avoided going to the only fort of any real importance, viz., Kohat? Certainly not. Nor did I wish to avoid it; for, besides its importance, the board had recommended, and the engineers also, that a new and expensive fort should be constructed one mile from the old one. I had, on their own shewing, proved to Lord D., as far as a description of the ground enabled me to judge, that this new fort was not ne-

cessary; but it was my duty, when close by, to see the ground and be certain that I was right; and that I might '*favour*' his lordship with '*his excellency's advice.*' In short it was one of my most important duties to see the nature of this '*peculiar frontier.*'

"It was in other ways also my duty to go to Kohat: it would have been a stain upon our arms if, in time of peace, the commander in chief was to be arrested in his progress by a handful of robber tribes. Lord Dalhousie may say what he likes, but I know better than he does what soldiers think: they like to see their general with them. Moreover a general has always something to learn in war. My going to Kohat was therefore useful in every way. What was the objection? I know of none! But from Lord Dalhousie's speech to Grant, I suspect his lordship, forgetting his own instructions to me, has written home to say that he disapproved of my going to Kohat; and therefore the government does not like the first sentence of my dispatch being published.

"I send you a copy of my letter to Lord Dalhousie, when his minute on my Punjaub memoir shewed me he had mistaken my meaning in using the word governor, instead of the word government. He was angry, but I thought my explanation had settled the question. Not so, as I find by a letter from Sir John Hobhouse. I have therefore sent a copy of my explanation to Hobhouse, because I do not think Lord Dalhousie did so. All I can say is, that I speak the truth, and had not the most distant intention of giving offence: if they cannot bear truth I cannot help it, and am unfit to serve under men who are unfit to command.

"I do not think there is much delicacy in Colonel Grant's conduct, though I have no cause to find fault with him. Still, for a year he was, as adjutant-general, my confidential man about all the details which Lord Dalhousie and I are squabbling about. I know he thinks Lord Dalhousie used Lord Gough ill; and also that he thinks very poorly of Lord

D.'s abilities: well he goes to live alone with Lord and Lady Dalhousie in their retirement at Chens. Mark! Grant was the originator and writer of the letter about the compensation, which produced the reprimand and my resignation: it was a proper and correct letter, but he did it. I indeed suspended the operation of the rule myself; but he explained it to me in all its bearings, and was entirely mixed up with the matter. Now Lord Dalhousie, who has no one with him but Colonel Grant and a Doctor Grant, and a young civilian with a sick wife, makes all these attacks on me! I do not like to think ill of Grant, nor do I care sixpence for him if he is Lord Dalhousie's councillor; but I do not think it was what a man of delicacy would do voluntarily. Yet Lord Dalhousie's letters are so entirely different from Grant's style and clearness, that hardly can I think he has written them. They are very ingeniously written, but unfair; not honest or able; whereas Grant, who has great abilities, would I think set him right. If Grant agrees with Lord Dalhousie he is false; if he disagrees, I do not think he should remain, or go to his house at all."

To think ill of Colonel Grant was very painful to Sir Charles Napier, and that pain was augmented by a story, perhaps untrue, but came to his ears afterwards, strongly authenticated. It was to this effect, that Colonel Grant had assured Lord Dalhousie Sir C. Napier was entirely wrong as to suspending the compensation regulation! using these words "*the man has not a leg to stand upon.*"—Colonel Grant having been the adviser of what he thus condemned!

Sir C. Napier's position was now like that of a grazing bull's when plagued with flies; for Lord Dalhousie was very persevering in petty malice: "This man" said the general, "makes constant attacks which I easily overturn. I never saw such a jesuitical fellow. Well, I have sent in my resignation. I would not serve under such a creature for double his income. I confess it would please me to continue in command of this the most magnificent army in the world;

but it would take five years to make the discipline and duties as they should be, and to do that I must be governor-general: as commander in chief I am a mere chip in porridge. I am now diverted yet angry at his dirty cunning, just shewn by sending me a draft order about taking from him the Punjaub Irregulars. Now that he has entirely failed in forming them for service he wants me to take them; but contrary to all precedent keeps the patronage. This however is not the most knowing part of his scheme. He states that I must furnish garrisons for all the forts considered proper to be held, but not from these irregulars; that is to say in plain English, I am to occupy by the regular army all posts that his understrappers think should be occupied.

"Captain this, political agent of the governor-general desires a thousand men here. Lieutenant that, requires a thousand there. Major Whipjack must have five hundred to cover this bridge. Ensign Beergoble requires a thousand to keep his district in order, and so on, all being of '*urgent necessity*.' And the governor-general being 'satisfied of the importance of the object desires their requisitions should be complied with immediately.' This was the way Gough was tormented. Lawrence sent him a whole plan for the battle of Goojerat, which would, if followed, have lost the army in case of a check. Of that I speak from hearsay only, but know that an army must have been in great danger when ignorant men offer plans of battles to head-quarters: only such soldiers as our Europeans could carry a general victoriously under the suggestings of the '*advising agents*' of the governor-general.

"Colonel George Lawrence is a right good soldier, and a right good fellow, and my opinion of him is high; but he tried this advising scheme a little with me at Kohat. So did Lieutenant-Colonel Grant the adjutant-general, of whose abilities my estimate is higher than of any officer in the Company's service. I at once shewed both I would not allow of suggestions in the field. Grant and Lawrence are good men in

their position, and if we had a war I would put Grant at the head of a division; but neither of them are generals. Grant would be, if he had studied war, but he has not. The battle of Goojerat was his, and marked by a total absence of science. The Sikh army, not a manœuvring army able to change front in action, whose left rested on an impassable river, whose right was '*en l'air*,' and weak as water, whose front was strong, ought to have been attacked on its right; and the more especially that its only line of retreat was through a pass on the right, and a rapid movement of our left, when winning, would have gained that pass, and driven the Sikhs into the river, the fords of which were guarded by us on the left bank: it was an adjutant-general's battle not a scientific one.

"I told Shere Sing he should have fortified Goojerat as the centre of his position, instead of having it a mile in his rear: he said he had no power to do what he wished, the other chiefs overruled him. He did not however seem to see the advantages of his position; but possibly my interpreter did not clearly explain. He said his plan was to cross the Chenaub and march on Lahore, and he evidently thought Goolab Sing would then have joined him; indeed Lord Dalhousie told me he had proofs that such was Goolab's design when opportunity offered. The plan appears to me excellent, and had the people risen in Gough's rear the old chief would have been in a devil of a plight: I doubt if I could then have been able to join; I must have formed a fresh one in the south and marched to the rescue. All England wanted to tear poor Gough to pieces when he did not deserve it; this battle made him the first of generals and a viscount! and it made Lord Dalhousie, who had nothing to do with the matter, a marquis! Did ever the world see the like? Not since the Senate thanked Varro after Cannæ.

"When I was passing Rawul Pindee in the Punjaub, I heard of a mountain called the *Meeree*, reckoned good for a sanatarium. I ordered a committee to visit it, and the

report was admirable: hence I recommended that a sanatarium should be there formed. The government would not do so then. Afterwards, a civil political agent for that district wanted to build a house there for himself; but he dared not live there unless the place was made a military station. So, when I failed, working to save the soldiers' lives, he took the matter up, and immediately my Lord Dalhousie ordered the sanatarium. This is a capital sample of civil influence; of the boroughmongering that goes on. Well, the good thing is done, no matter by what means, but Dalhousie is unfit to govern.

"August 9th.—Just heard that the new building at Sealkote has fallen down"—building planned by him for the better lodging of the soldiers.—"The military board ordered the foundation to be made of mud, that is, unburnt bricks, and of course when the rain fell the mud bricks melted, and then the superstructure fell: this must have been to thwart me. The strange folly of the military board beats all ever heard of. Long after the foundations were laid and the walls built, they got alarmed at their own order and issued another, from Calcutta, to have the foundations of burnt bricks: this order was dated at Calcutta the very day the walls fell at Sealkote! What did they mean? How could the foundations be changed after the walls were built? I suspect that the vigour I had impressed on those concerned in the work, and the indomitable energy of Lieut. Maxwell, the engineer, were so unexpected and *new* that they had no idea the work was even begun.

"This day too I find a guard has been ordered by the governor-general direct, without any information being given to me, or to the adjutant-general. I shall let this pass. I am not going to make petty fights, if it is possible to avoid them. There is not room for the soldiers in the barracks at Agra, nor in those at Dinapore: the answer to this is a mere acknowledgment of my letter, and the soldiers are left to get sick! This little goose is quite unfit for his

place; he works at small details, and leaves the great things to take care of themselves! Another specimen. The governor-general collects the opinions of the military board, and of the engineer officer, about some new-fangled platform, and then submits their opinions for mine: he could not first inform me, and desire me to collect the opinions of engineers and artillery officers, and let me send them with my own remarks. All these little insults are intended to annoy me, but they don't. I am going away, and his lordship only receives disagreeable answers.

"August 10th.—I am 68 years old this day: and very old! My strength is gone. I could once hold a musquet out at arms length by the muzzle, and now can hardly raise the butt an inch from the ground: I have just tried to do so. Heigho! The world has gone fast for me, and now instead of chivalry, welcome physic, flannels and crutches; all very good in their way, but not warlike! I shall never see another shot fired! Just as a man feels he is able to command as a general, so far as mind goes, his carcass gets the staggers and down he goes, worthless! When he has learned how to kill in good style he is turned out of the slaughter-house. Well, it is easy to joke, but taking leave of the stage after acting for fifty-six years, is easier said than done: I am not a cabbage! Yet right feelings and right sense say—so best.

"What though I have twice been near having to save India with a handful of men, and realizing long-cherished wishes to do great deeds with small means multiplied by science? Is it not a thousand times better to have shed less blood? Had I commanded at Goojerat I would have destroyed the Sikhs, and they are all better alive, as things have turned out. I should then instantly have overrun Cashmere, when more blood would have flowed! God arranges those matters better than we do. I might not have been the worse man for doing my work well; but much I doubt if I should have been a better! If not slain

I should have made the most brilliant campaign ever made in India; but should probably have been vain and proud of it, and made a fool of myself, and have been a peer, which I do not want, and like better being *nae-peer*. I would not give the pun for the peerage: yet that is not mine, the old Scotch distich has it thus—

'Napier is a Peer, yet Nae-Peer is he!
Nae-Peer is a Peer, how can that be?'

"I am glad, at least I pray to feel glad, at having no more battles: I never sought one, thank God! His hand directed me in all things. I glory in Meeanee and Hydrabad—when I think of them, which however I rarely do; I glory in my hill campaign—when I think of it, which I rarely do: but I wish for no more battles. Only when I think that even now such a thing might happen, that I have this army in hand and could give that monster Goolab Sing such a thrashing as he deserves, and shew the Indian troops that the Sutlege and Punjaub campaigns were not specimens of generalship! Bah! Lord Dalhousie told me at Lahore that he had detected a correspondence between Goolab and Shere Sing, that proved the former to have been quite prepared to join the latter on his gaining any success."

Here may be told an anecdote not noticed in his journals or letters, but characteristic of his generous temper. When at Lahore, with the governor-general, he heard that his old opponent, the Lion, was there, and expressed his intention to shew him respect. "*Send for the damned fellow*" was the coarse-minded expression of some one in authority. *No! I will wait on him*, and he did so. He found him however sottish, either from misfortune or opium, or both.

"Had I commanded the Sikhs I would not have fought Goojerat at all, but crossed the Acesines, and have disputed the passage from the left bank if Whish had joined Gough; and if he had not I would have attacked him separately, or perhaps have marched at once on Lahore, raising all the country and the Manjha, and falling on all

the supplies going to the British. All these operations were open, according to circumstances; any were good, and would have been most dangerous. I know from all the officers with whom I have conversed, that our baggage was so enormous it could not have accompanied any active operations: when collected behind Chillianwallah in mass and in a circle the diameter was five miles! With such a weight to his tail Gough could not manœuvre. It was not his fault: there is but one way of getting rid of the impediment, viz. a baggage corps: to that every Bengalee is opposed, but every Bombay officer is favourable; and every Queen's officer too, who has served with my baggage corps. Well, I will end my sermon upon war: all my ambition will end in turnips! On the other hand, I shall have my own way in my own house, and my own garden, without a Court of Directors, or a governor-general, to thwart me. I agree with Addison, the post of honour is a private station. Not that I care for impious men—they may go to the devil their own way, but I do hate a master: especially if he be a fool and a hypocrite.

"August 26th.—A strong report that Sir H. Lawrence has been made a prisoner at Ladak; if true it will create a war, but it may be a mere report. Well I am prepared, and with God's help it will be over before Christmas, though I fear the snow will have choked the passes, in which case we must wait for hot weather, and Goolab will be able to play a stiff game: rock, sun, snow! all on his side. Diable! However, I have thought and know what I have to do. I wish they would *nab* the Laird of Cockpen."—Lord D., who was then in a retreat, far away from the troops, and within reach of Goolab.—"What fun it would be! I should however be sorry any other harm befell the little chap, or that any befell Lady Dalhousie, for I like her as much as I dislike her husband.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, August 9th.—Never was patronage in the irregular corps withheld from the commander in chief before, when once they were turned over to him. This

is however a small matter compared to the other, by which he virtually deprives me of the command of the troops; for there are not much less than 400 forts in the Punjaub, and averaging a company to each would take up half an army! About the police, Mr. Thomason told me he was against their formation, because he saw they would be done away with again: for the same reason, namely, the mischief of change, he opposed Lord Hardinge when he abolished them. Thomason is an able and a good man, but he wants merely to polish and clean without change: this will not do where the system is radically bad! The greatest evil is the army doing the civil work, while an immense civil army does nothing but plunder the land; it ruins the regular army, and so places everything in danger: our army is deteriorating while the natives are improving! A few years ago there was not a firearm in India that had not a matchlock; the other day in the Kohat defile we did not take one! All were flint-locks, and the native princes now shoot with detonators. These are seemingly small matters, but signs of the times.

"Lord Dalhousie will do mischief by his inordinate self-conceit, and ignorance of all but office work; but he is said to be a capital '*red-tapist*,' and in small matters works diligently. The roads which Kennedy is now laying out are magnificent, but entirely Kennedy's work, not Lord Dalhousie's, and in furtherance of a grand scheme of a Mr. Edwards, a civil servant and in my opinion a very clever fellow. He says that an immense trade between China and Russia passes through Ladak, and he wants us to encourage our trade with Ladak and so break this line, bringing down all the China trade to India. The idea is good, but Goolab Sing vexes the line: he, or his people, plunder it between Simla and Ladak.

"I feel quite sure that the duke will not support me against Dalhousie"—written before the duke's letter accepting his resignation had reached India.—"Neither will the

Whigs, and the public is indifferent, except when danger presses: if this news about Lawrence be true there will be plenty of danger; for the invasion of Cashmere would be a serious affair: snow and mountains, and heat, present difficulties that courage alone cannot overcome without skill. All the marches to the foot of the mountains will require preparations for heat and want of water; suddenly these will become useless, and we shall meet with extreme cold. Say however, after hard fighting, those tremendous heights are forced; you get into Cashmere, and are at once in the midst of swamps and fevers, and must bring up your provisions by the terrible passes you have forced—in itself a job of no ordinary nature, even when not opposed; but Goolab will surely close them behind you if he can. Yet only half the danger is told. While working up the sides of the mountains the Sikhs will rise in rear, and a single defeat places hosts between your army and your supplies. Even Delhi will be in danger, for all the protected states detest us. If events should come too fast for me to escape the direction of the war, I think I shall form my force at Puneh, and so threaten the Baramula pass and that of Pir Punjal; order Campbell to march from Peshawur, and crossing the Indus march on Baramula: this will force Goolab to divide his forces and I can then act according to my information. If I find Pir Punjal the best pass to attack, I can order Campbell to make a feint against Baramula, while by a forced march I could assail Pir Punjal; but if Baramula was best, join Campbell to attack that. I should also place a small force at Harawug, and thus should, from Puneh and Harawug, threaten the five passes. Forming in this way two columns, reckoning Campbell and the Puneh force as one, and Harawug the other, they would be about ten ordinary marches from one another. My notion is that the Boodul pass would be the easiest, being through a wide hollow, and therefore, though more lofty and steep than any, will not be so easily rendered impassable, which the others

can be, as I learn. The officer who has given me the best information is Major Biddulph: he was taken in the Sutlege campaign, and tied under a gun while Sobraon was being fought. He tells me that a few hours' work would render all the other passes utterly impassable!

"I am sanguine in these things. A fellow put to his shifts does more than is credible; and he who thinks himself safe does less than he ought: the balance gives victory. Still the job will be a doubtful one. These mountains are now in sight from my window; one hundred and fifty miles from here by the map, yet as clear to me as if they were but five miles: their snowy ridges are as sharp as possible, and very ugly even at this distance! Alexander I find, carried passes generally by turning them with small detachments; small compared to his army; but these passes they say cannot be turned, and they are far higher than any he dealt with: even here, near us, are mountains 18,000 feet high! Mont Blanc is I think only 13,000: and these devils are in ridges! Well, if I am to go destiny must lead; for if travellers speak truth nothing but wings can carry us into Cashmere.

"Sir Colin Campbell has been through the Baramula pass, and he writes me better accounts than most. He says, 'From Mazufferabad to Baramula, the entrance of the valley, the country is most difficult. Take a sheet of paper, crumple it, and place it on a table, and it will give you some idea of the mountainous rugged country lying between Mazufferabad and Baramula, and the valley of Cashmere. The road is a footpath running along precipices, and barely wide enough for a man on a small mule: a very few labourers would in an hour render this road impracticable for travellers.'—Yet this is said to be the easiest pass! The war with Dalhousie goes on, and I long for my successor."

Now came the duke's answer, and a letter from Sir John Hobhouse, President of the Board of Control, adding his rebuke to the duke's; not on the same subject, but uphold-

ing the meekness and propriety of Lord Dalhousie's conduct! Danger had passed, security was established by Charles Napier's genius, and all the authorities rose up to overwhelm him with reproaches and censure! At the same time the old newspaper channels of abuse were again flooded with vituperation; but both India and England then knew him, and to run him down with the public of either country was impossible: he laughed at them, and thus repelled Sir John Hobhouse's weak communication.

"Sept. 4th:—I am sorry that the tone of my memoir on the military defence of the Punjaub should have annoyed either you or the governor-general: this was far from my intention. I was on the most friendly terms with the governor-general, and thought he wished me to give him honest military opinions: when made aware that I had unintentionally given him annoyance, I wrote to him the letter of which I sent you a copy, and also his answer. My error consisted in having used the word '*government*' instead of '*board of administration*,' which I meant, and I considered my explanation to have been satisfactory. To find fault with Lord Dalhousie's government certainly was not intended by me: indeed I only found fault with the board of administration so far as regarded my own duties and responsibilities. Both the governor-general's responsibilities and mine were great, and I resolved to tell him the truth, so far as I could judge. I thought he wished this, and could bear it, but I had mistaken his lordship's character.

"I had not sought for the position in which I am placed; it was forced upon me in a great measure: but I have endeavoured to do my work honestly. I was not sent to India to be instructed in my profession by agents of no rank, and no experience, compared to my own. For most of these officers I feel a great regard, I only speak of them as commander, and while I am at the head of this army I cannot submit to be dictated to by them. I think their plans erroneous and calculated to produce disaster. My abilities may

not be, in the governor-general's opinion, equal to theirs; but then, why was I sent here?

"I saw that Lord Dalhousie's military opinions were those of Sir H. Lawrence, because I had heard them previously from the latter, and considered them to be erroneous. Seeing that they had been adopted by the governor-general I earnestly opposed them; they were adverse to my own views, and in case of war would have paralyzed my operations: and I had before me the great error of sending a force to Mooltan by Sir F. Currie, against the opinion of the commander in chief! Having been longer in the service than either Lord Dalhousie or Sir H. Lawrence have been in the world, I think I know more of war than either; and am satisfied, if the integrity and unity of command be broken, that misfortune is certain.

"As the commander in chief I am responsible for good arrangements, and it was my duty to speak openly and without reserve to the governor-general: I cannot act by the opinions of young officers, either unknown, or only known by their names being connected with disasters! Disasters produced by the interference of civil servants, and these ignorant officers, with those who were responsible and who had studied their profession. I am not I hope inflated by a foolish vanity. I neither fancy myself a Wellington, nor even a general of the second class: but I know that I cannot command an army when reprimanded for using my own discretion, and when I am controlled by an Aulic Council in fact, though not in name. Being reprimanded for using my own discretion, when doing so from necessity in the most emergent of all cases, that of mutiny, I resigned a command which I could no longer hold with advantage to the public service, or safety to my own character as an officer.

"You say that nothing can be more moderate and becoming than the language of the governor-general. I quite agree with you, so far as our private correspondence goes, and I hope mine was the same. With regard to his public,

or official correspondence, I must say I regret not being able to agree with you. I consider all his official letters, from that relative to the compensation for rations, up to the last, to be a series of undeserved reprimands, either direct or implied. I can only say that I long to hear of the arrival of my successor. I have ever since my arrival, and to the injury of my health, worked from ten to fifteen hours a day to fulfil my duties to the service, and to give the governor-general all the support in my power. At the very moment I received his first reprimand I fully expected his entire and full approbation; all my staff know this, for I felt so certain of it that I said so openly! But I had mistaken his character: I hope I have not mistaken yours in writing thus frankly to you? If I have I crave your pardon.

"My feelings are strong, and perhaps too strongly expressed; so I will conclude by again assuring you, that in writing my memoir on the defence of India, which you say annoyed you by its *tone*, I only sought earnestly to impress upon his mind what I believed to be truths: these it was right that he should know, about a country he was unacquainted with, but I had no intention of giving him offence. Now, hoping that the arrival of my successor will soon enable me to call upon you, and to explain whatever part of my conduct may appear faulty, I am, &c. C. N."

Thus ended the farce of Lord Dalhousie's offended dignity, after he had stirred the great authorities of Calcutta and the Board of Control to much anger, and all others who knew of it to laughter: the offensively *toned* memoir on the defence of India will be found in Sir C. Napier's posthumous work, and should be studied, not carped at. Napoleon has with his deep knowledge of human nature said that, "*nothing is so insolent as weakness supported by force.*" Lord Dalhousie was an instance of its truth. Supported by official power, much of it, as will be shewn, in the hands of his near relations, his insolence passed all bounds.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, September 19th.—I. decided on

my line of conduct in April, viz., to resign, and for the following reasons which you, I am sure, will concur in.

" 1°. The reprimand could not be borne.

" 2°. Hobhouse is Dalhousie's uncle.

" 3°. Lady Dalhousie is sister to Lady Douro. } influences.

" 4°. The Court of Directors is ruled by Hogg.

" 5°. All constituted authorities in India are hostile to me and I to them.

" 6°. Most of the civilians are hostile because I praise Lord Ellenborough's government.

" 7°. Such of the military as are to blame, for letting the army get into a loose state, do not like me because I pull up.

" 8°. The governor general is insolent, and his power is immense.

" 9°. My work has not any interest: it is wholly of details; and even those I cannot settle decisively: I can only recommend to the governor-general, and the labour of weeks may be, and is shelved or overturned by five words.—'*The government does not approve.*' In short, the commander in chief can originate nothing, and can only see wrong without leave to apply a remedy. I would rather not live, than live in a high post on such terms, incurring the responsibility of other men's follies.

" If I had before given battle, as I have now done about the irregular corps, and as you in your letter advise, I should have gone to the wall! Therefore I did not do so, until I knew that my resignation had reached home and put it out of their power to recall me. This they would have done had I not laid my plan to prevent the result. They may now say anything they please: I have of my own free will resigned, and any reprimand yet to come will be a sword in my hand!

" Dalhousie has made a direct complaint to the government of what he calls my '*misrepresentation.*' I had a mind to challenge him, but, as Kennedy said, he would do

some violent act; and my challenging the governor-general would, in these days, make the public support anything he did: so I gave up the idea with reluctance. Now I am glad. He has been made furious, for though I have said nothing they can take hold of he evidently tried to make me do so. I have been as obedient as possible, and yet have pushed him so that he no longer writes, but says he will have nothing to say to me, till he is protected by '*the government he serves!*' He and the government he serves, may pack together in any fitting place, the hotter the better, for all my care of them or their doings. I want nothing and can laugh at them all, even at the public if it is unjust. I have done nothing wrong, and truth will come out sooner or later. I am most in grief at parting with my beautiful Arab, *Mosaic:* he is my last, and is such a coaxing playful animal that it is hateful to sell him; and then my little fat pony *Rajah!* how fond we do get of the beasts!

"Journal, September 3rd.—My destiny has been for ten years an enviable one. I have indeed suffered much that no one knows of, nor shall they: I want no mortal's pity. But I have what the world values; and I have also, what I value most, my own consciousness that I have done no act of wrong, or of subserviency, or baseness of any kind. I have not sought either fame or riches, and have no self-reproach, no regrets: yes! one! I am not half grateful enough to that Mysterious Power which has ruled my destiny. I cannot be satisfied that I am really grateful to God. I say so in prayer, and even feel so, but also feel that I ought to be a thousand times more so: the foul fiend has too much power over me. Ambition, vanity, anger, all struggle with what is right, and dissatisfy my heart with my own conduct. Well-doing is the remedy. I am angry with myself for not despising my enemies, and forgiving them: being right in what I have done, why should I feel angry with those enemies? Yet I do feel so, and spiteful withal, which is wrong.

"September 20th.—This was once a happy day! Away memory! ever hand in hand with sorrow and with pains!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Oct. 4th.—I knew the duke would turn upon me: his habit of supporting authority has grown too strong for a sense of justice. I am sorry for this, but cannot help myself; nor does it do me much damage, except the vexation of seeing a man I so much admire take a wrong view in favour of Lord Dalhousie, who thinks him, the duke, twaddling:—aye! says so publicly, says he is drivelling, laughs at him, and wishes him out of the Horse Guards. I shall set matters right with the public about Lord Dalhousie's minute; but these people have no idea of a man supporting his own dignity in his intercourse with them.

—"I think till I get clear of India the less my family talk of the matter the better; for the governor-general has great power. If he *hallloos* his myrmidons upon me, they may give me much annoyance; and that he is capable of it I am now obliged to believe. They say he *bolted* the moment he sent his minute to me; but I do not think that. Keeping quiet until I get home is the best course."

# EIGHTEENTH EPOCH.

## FOURTH PERIOD.

CALMLY Charles Napier awaited the moment for quitting his high command, but not in idleness—he held the reins of discipline with an unrelaxing hand.

"Journal, September 25th.—I have just got the Court of Directors' answer to the Laird of Cockpen"—Dalhousie.—"I dare say the little weasel expected to have me pounded; but they merely approve of his conduct, and say that, as I have resigned, the '*less said the soonest mended.*' My banquet speech was not lost upon them: they are quite right for once.

"October 8th.—The laird having returned, I wrote to the aide-de-*scamp* in waiting, to know if the governor-general had any orders for the commander in chief? 'The governor-general had no commands for the commander in chief, but would be happy to receive his excellency on whatever day he might wish to see him.' Now the commander in chief wishes never to see the G. G. again. This it is to be pedestal to the statue of an idiot! Oh! my cabbages! my cabbages! my farm! my pigs! When Dalhousie's father was commander in chief here, he visited the King of Oude at Lucknow, and made a point of introducing her ladyship, which the king did not understand at all, and fancied the laird wanted to sell her. After a short time he said to his attendants, '*that will do, take her away.*'"—This should certainly have figured among the reasons for annexing Oude: it would have been stronger than anything yet adduced for that spoliation.

"I shall now go to Oaklands"—his place in Hampshire—"and look at my father's sword, and think of the day he gave

it into my young hands, and of this motto on a Spanish blade he had—'*Draw me not without cause, put me not up without honour!*' I have not drawn his sword without cause: nor put it up without honour! He, in his will, left his arms to his sons, and his sons have not dishonoured them. Yes! his sword shall hang up in my hall amidst the swords of friends and enemies, and neither will reproach me! They will tell that I never deserted the first, nor shrunk from the other! I am going fast, I feel it, and am ready. Looking back now on worldly things and men, I might complain of ill-treatment; for from the last campaign the actors retired with peerages and baronetcies: I retire with a reprimand. I saved life by skill, added some glory to our arms, and augmented our territories; I made no recognised blunder, failed in nothing, and yet am reprimanded by a self-sufficient young lord without abilities! If I cared for worldly glory this might make me indignant; but I am not indignant, and this matter has given me no pain of mind or regret whatever: it would have done both twenty years ago!

"October 9th.—Reading over my instructions from the Duke of Wellington I find these words. '*Observing at the same time that on a station so distant and of such magnitude and political importance, you must necessarily act in a great measure from your own discretion.*' The moment I did so I was reprimanded, and the duke thinks Lord Dalhousie right; at least he says so in his public letter: but privately, I am told he says, no one ever supported authority more than he has all his life but, '*this reprimand was shameful.*' It is thus the world wags and will always; and the man who cares about such things must be a goose, unless his bread depends on it, which, God be praised! mine does not.

"November 15th.—To-morrow I leave Simla on my return to England, after seventeen months of hard work, no thanks, and a great deal of abuse.

"December 9th, Loodiana.—This is my first division of journey, and here I shall resign command of one of the finest armies in the world—if all things be taken into account. It is full 400,000 strong, under British officers. The equipments and drill alike, and good; the men more of one nation than most other armies of such size; the officers national, as far as Europeans go, and one may almost call the native officers so, for they all look up to us as their chiefs. The Russians and Austrians have larger armies, but I doubt their discipline and moral power being equal; and their officers are not all national. I have not in twenty months done what could be done if I remained; but having no real power I could only give a vigorous tone to the army, which it had in a great degree lost. Next to tone I ought to have drawn the cords of discipline and drill tight, but could not without time and camps of instruction, neither of which could I obtain. But before I could improve discipline the troops must have been freed from the oppressive civil duties imposed on them. Until this is done no good can be done; until a police is formed no good can be done; the troops all go to the devil on those duties: and before we could do much in drill we must have good barracks. On that point my belief was that I had done some good; but I have this day heard that the '*board*' have beaten me, and that my new barracks are to be reduced from thirty feet in height to twenty-four. This upsets the whole affair at once, and the soldiers must die! Well, the next division of my long journey is to Kurrachee, and my third division will be to Bombay; the fourth to Alexandria; the fifth to England; my sixth to the grave. The last may however come first, for all!

"I have visited Alexander's fields of battle: and magnificent battles his were. I was too hurried and too ill to decide whether he fought Porus at Chillianwallah or Jelum; however I gave up a day to each field, and strongly suspect he crossed under cover of Rasool, and met the cavalry of

Porus somewhere about Chillianwallah, or Moong rather. I know the ground at both, and when I read will form an opinion with the greatest certainty, and most perfect conviction that I know nothing of the subject!—and yet that I know more of it than most men. The rocky height of Rasool, hardly more than a hillock, is some help; but what can we say of fields of battles fought 300 years before our Saviour, when I found the description of Chillianwallah wrong? At Alliwal, the officer who was adjutant-general of Smith's army could hardly shew me the ground of battle —if battle there was! If there was none, it was because the enemy did not fight, for Smith bore down to fight like an officer, with his troops well in hand: very different from what happened at Moodkee, at Feroshashur, at Sobraon, &c."

In December Charles Napier's public career terminated —yet not without indications of his ardent feelings, his never-ceasing care for military honour and discipline. First the vehemence with which he ever stirred the warlike temperament of soldiers was evinced in the following address to the 22nd Regiment on delivering new colours.

"It is a great pleasure to me, O soldiers! to close my command of the Indian armies by having the honour to present to the 22nd Regiment their new colours. It is now eight years since this brave regiment, then only 500 strong, under that noble soldier Pennefather, was joined by our dusky and brave companions in arms, the glorious 25th and 12th Regiments of Bombay Infantry, and won the battle of Meeanee—won the battle of Hydrabad — won Scinde for England: and won for themselves these proud colours decorated with the records of your fame! Soldiers! Well may I be proud of being your colonel—well may I be proud of being colonel of that regiment which stood by the King of England at Dettingen—stood by the celebrated Lord Peterborough at Barcelona: and into the arms of whose grenadiers the immortal Wolfe fell on the Heights of Abraham. Well may I exult in the command of such a regiment! But I will pass

over bygone glories to speak of what has happened in our own times. Never can I forget the banks of the Fullaillee, and the bloody bed of that river, where two thousand of our men fought thirty-five thousand enemies! where for three hours the musquet and the bayonet encountered the sword and shield in mortal combat—for on that dreadful day no man spared a foe: we were too weak for mercy! Shall I ever forget the strong and lofty entrenchments of Dubba, where the 22nd advanced in line, unshaken, a living wall, and under a murderous fire stormed the works. There, those honoured old colours of which we have just taken leave, bravely borne forward by their ensigns, Bowden and Blake, one of whom, Lieutenant Bowden, I see before me bearing them this day but in a higher rank, were in a few minutes seen waving aloft amidst the combatants on the summit.

"Men of Meeanee—you must remember with exultation, and with pride, what a view burst upon your sight, when under a heavy fire you reached the bank of the river, a hurl of shields, and Scindian capped, and turbaned heads, and flashing scimitars high brandished in the air, spread as a sea before you—35,000 valiant warriors of Beloochistan threatening you with destruction! Then the hostile armies closed and clashed together, and desperate combats thickened along the line. The superb 9th Cavalry of Bengal, and the renowned Scinde Horse, the dark chivalry of India, burst as a thunder-cloud, and charging into the dry bed of the Fullaillee drove the foe before them! At that moment a terrible cry arose on the right. It was the dreadful British shout of battle! It began with the 22nd, and was re-echoed from right to left, from regiment to regiment, along the line. Lines of levelled charging bayonets then gleamed through the smoke, and the well-fought field of Meeanee was your own! Soldiers, these are not deeds that pass away like summer clouds and are forgotten: they remain on the minds of men, they are recorded in the pages of history.

"Young soldiers of the 22nd, when future battles arise,

and the strife grows heavy and strong, remember the deeds that were done by these old soldiers of Meeanee! It was they who covered these colours with laurels—it was they who won the legends which these standards bear emblazoned in golden letters on silk. Remember these things, and, shoulder to shoulder, win the day. And now, young soldiers, a few words about drill. It is tiresome, and often disheartening, and annoys men; but remember that it is drill that makes companies and regiments, and brigades and divisions act together and to strike as it were with great and mighty blows—it is drill which gives you the battle and the glory of victory! Ensigns, take these new colours from my hands. I know you will carry them gloriously on the day of battle, and if you fall, still the colours of the 22nd will advance, for brave men will never be wanting in the field to bear them forward to victory with fire and steel! and now 22nd, take your colours, and let the ancient city of Chester, begirt by its proud old walls, exult in the glories of its own brave regiment."

It was thus he stimulated noble soldiers in the race of honour, but when reproof was called for, his moral courage was displayed, austere in rebuke as his hortatives were vehement in eulogium. A valedictory address to the armies of India, issued by him on laying down the command, was one which only a man of firmest resolution, and entire freedom from self-reproach, would have dared to publish. Singularly bold it would have been so sternly to admonish, on taking command; but more so when authority had fallen from him. When enmity was active, falsehood busy, and character the only defence left, thus to throw down such a gauntlet before evil men and the powerful friends of evil men, in India and England, was grand. For in plainest terms he told the Indian officers of all their vices and follies, of all their weaknesses; of their want of discipline, their luxurious habits, their mistaken notions of society; thus risking in a good cause, the anger and animo-

sity of wounded self-love from thousands, and the friends of thousands, sure of support from faction. Yet with so much sincere feeling did he at the same time acknowledge their real merits, and declare his admiration for them as a body of gallant men, that the mass accepted his stern reproof as the rebuke of a father, not of a censor.

His journey homeward now commenced and his correspondence continues to tell his story.

"Miss Napier, December 25th.—Being in a row boat on the ancient Hesudrus it is difficult to write; yet I must wish you a happy Christmas, as happy as old people can expect; the difference between old and young in this sort of happiness being, that the young see unreal pictures before them, and the old see real pictures behind them. You wish you had children, and think of all the pleasures of having them about you; I see all the cares which you are ignorant of—the parting from them, for ever perhaps: aye! and the being with them, and it may be having the more to bear for that. Well! I think of all the good and not the evil, and so enjoy life: I am as a sentry: sometimes it rains, sometimes thunders, but sometimes also the sun shines, and I wait patiently without a wish to quit my post, till the hour of relief comes: and with it? God knows what, I do not. As to great people, I have a good lesson about them. God knows, they were not high in my esteem at any period of my life. Now I have done with them, and all else, except my wife and cabbages:—which is treating her rather as corned beef!

"Journal, January 4th.—Comet Steamer.—Took my last look of *Sukkur-Bukkur-Roree*, as the natives call it, in one word. My first sight of it was from this very Comet, in 1842. At that time I suddenly became a negociator as well as commander of an army. I crossed the renowned Indus, made war, and won two battles; and they were great, because of their results and the remarkable inferiority of my forces. Their immediate results were the conquest of Scinde; which

country I ruled with success for five years. During that time my children married and I became a grandfather. I went home because my wife was ill, and having left England poor as Job, returned to it rich, from saving and prize money. And the public results of the conquest were more important. When we were, in fact, beaten at Feroshashur, because war cannot be made by two commanders in chief to one army, Lord Hardinge sent for me. The dearly-earned victory of Sobraon, and the policy which deprives that victory of all useful result, sent me back from my fool's errand, and next year I went to England. The whole Indian army knew I had foretold the consequences of that policy; which I believe was really the child of Sir H. Lawrence and his *protégé* Edwardes, who has, after being brought forward as 'young Clive' by the directors, proved to be no Clive at all. His advice also produced the first siege of Mooltan and its disasters. Nothing is more unlucky for a young man than being thrown forward by a lucky hit, which makes the public give its confidence, to find him break down under trial. Yet Major Edwardes really did some good service in the field.

"Another result of the Scinde conquest was, that without it the Ameers would have certainly destroyed our troops of occupation at Sukkur; for instead of the preparations for war made by me, half the force I moved and no preparation at all would have been the rule of the Bombay government. Outram would have had the real power, and the poor charlatan would have been made a tool until a Cabool tragedy closed accounts. The Ameers would then have marched one hundred thousand men upon Hardinge's left flank and rear: safety to his army was therefore a result of the Scinde conquest. Another result is more perceptible still. What would have become of Whish's army, when he was thrashed by Moolraj and compelled to raise the first siege of Mooltan, if one hundred thousand Beloochees had marched upon his rear? Young Clive would not then have grown into a lord

or lion! We should have lost him; and the wound in his thigh would have had no widow Wadman to put her finger on it!

"Meeanee, January 9th.—The 7th and 8th I held a durbar for the Sirdars of Scinde, who all flocked to see me. This day I visited both the fields of battle. At Meeanee the wall was then of great height, now in ruins. At Dubba the ground is overrun with jungle, and the ditches and their banks are lessened; they were made up and widened for the battle, and their slopes were steeper: however, they are now such as few troops would venture on, and I may say few generals would order such an attack. I doubt my own resolution, had I been aware of their tremendous strength; but I was not, until my horse was on the edge and there was no choice but to shove him down! How we shoved down, or up again on the opposite banks, I know not! It is much easier now, yet my belief is that no rider in India would cross the two ditches in cold blood, and to do so then cost plenty of hot blood:—above three hundred of the 22nd Regiment out of five hundred fell!

"10th.—Left Hydrabad in the evening of the 9th. All the sirdars accompanied me to the river. How different from the day I first entered Hydrabad! These sirdars were then sent out to meet and escort me to the Ameers! The same numbers, the same men, the same show and state were present now, but all were my friends! Between these two occasions I entered it as a conqueror, hot from the field of battle; but then no sirdars were there: British troops, British colours, British cannon accompanied me. How full of events my life has been!

"Kurrachee, 13th.—I have been just told that the sirdars have resolved to present me with a sword worth 300 guineas, as a mark of their gratitude for saving them from the miseries of conquest, and for honouring their courage and fidelity to the Ameers. This is very grateful, and quite unexpected:—it answers all the villains who have maligned me."

This sword, made by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, is an

heir-loom of real glory, and a lasting testimony of the malignancy of the general's detractors. They strenuously assured the people of England that he was 'execrated in Scinde; that the presentation of a sword, unless to cut his throat, was a lie.' It was soon exhibited by the manufacturers in all its exquisite beauty, giving the measure of enmity and falsehood; but it gave no measure of the generous temper of the chivalric Scindian sirdars. Sir C. Napier was then quitting the East for ever, and, as the sirdars and all India knew, under the ban of the governor-general. Lord Dalhousie had recently passed down the Indus, with all power and pomp and evidence of his rule being permanent, yet no unusual testimony of respect was offered. The world's practice and eastern habits were combined therefore to sway the sirdars to baseness, but their lofty Belooch spirit and character was displayed with a singular vehemence. For when they first proposed the matter to the Hydrabad collector, the foremost sirdar laid down three thousand pounds, and others would have followed in proportion, if the collector, knowing the general's temper, had not peremptorily fixed the aggregate sum at three hundred guineas, as the only condition of acceptance.

"Journal, January 16th.—On this day the glorious Moore fell at Coruña! It was my first battle. I felt great anxiety, no fear: curiosity also. It was unpleasant, until the fire opened, and then only one idea possessed me:—that of keeping the soldiers steady and animated. Personal danger did not enter my thoughts until I was cut off, and had to fight, man to man, or rather with many men. When overpowered and struggling, thinking my life gone, fear made me desperate. Had I not lost my sabre, I think I could have cut my way through; but while striving for the man's musquet nothing else was thought of: there was but one weapon for both, and death for the man who lost it.

"Journal, January 20th.—These soldiers are enough to spoil me, officers and privates alike: I have been at a play, and thought they would have pulled the house down! The

men of the 64th and 83rd made a throne for me in the middle of the theatre, with a crown over it hanging from the canopy. If we had civil troubles in England I should be a dangerous man, for half the troops would follow me: it is wonderful what a little success and kind feeling towards them does. The duke had great success, but he repulsed the soldiers, and there are few of those who served under him who love him so much as I do. He feels that he owes all to his own great abilities, and he feels that justly:—but he should not shew it, for his soldiers stood by him manfully. I owe much to my soldiers, and it is my pride and pleasure to acknowledge it: they know this, and are attached to me.

"In these days the rich do not look enough to the poor. We have great exertions for public charities indeed, but there is a separation in England between the rich and poor, and to me it is a strong indication of decline. The rich keep select society, and all strive to belong to the honoured caste just above them. This produces debt with the *set up* people, and hatred with the *set down*. This caste and luxury has also pervaded the army: no soldier can now go up to his officer and speak to him without a non-commissioned officer gives him leave and accompanies him! His captain is no longer his friend and chief: he receives him with upstart condescension, is very dignified and very insolent, nine out of ten, and as often the private goes away with disgust or contempt, instead of good, respectful, comrade feelings. Then the soldier goes daily to school, or to his library, now always at hand, and thus daily acquires knowledge, while his dignified officer goes to the billiard room, or the smoking room; or strutting about with a forage cap on the side of an empty pate, and clothed in a shooting jacket or other deformity of dress, fancies himself a great character, because he is *fast*, and belongs to a fast regiment, *i. e.* a regiment unfit for service, commanded by the adjutant and having a mess in debt!

"All this will yet produce bad results; it prepares the way for republicanism, and is dangerous in the extreme. Such

at least is my view, and I have had some experience, and have read some books of history, which shew us that all nations have declined when the richer classes fall into luxury, and insolence to the poorer classes;—when they congregate in great cities, quitting their estates and their poor;—when the soldiers become superior to their officers in all things but luxury, and yet have enough of that to take more. Well it is no affair of mine, a septuagenarian laughs at distant dangers like these; but my grandsons, if this goes on, will have troubles, unless, seeing the right way to govern men, they secure obedience and affection together. But this weak system, introduced by some of our idiotic martinets, who are by nature unfitted to command, will probably spoil all, and even good men will accept as gospel what is a dangerous fallacy.

"Your military martinet is a clever*ish* chap, brim-full of drill and discipline, but destitute of either judgment or a knowledge of mankind; and without both no man is fit for command: to deal with armed men more foresight and caution are required than people imagine. A commander who would make the most of an army, especially a large army, must be popular; but he must win his popularity by stern justice, and by kindness to all who need it; that is to every one under him, and most to those lowest in rank: the private soldier requires it most, because he is least at ease, and has the greatest physical suffering. To be kind to him is no more than justice, it is the first duty of a commander; a duty which the private and officer equally appreciate, and repay on the field of battle. A commander should always share fatigue: I did so with the 50th Regiment in Spain; and with the 102nd in America; no man went through so much as I did; but then I was thirty, and in India, sixty-one when I landed, and now nearly seventy when leaving it. In Scinde I did a great deal; more I believe than any general of my time in the country, yet far short of my desires: my body would not keep pace with my thoughts.

"Oh, this getting old is cruel work for a soldier: how

oft have I envied Alexander! Yet at his age I could perhaps have borne the same fatigue as he did. I never knew what fatigue was on horseback, until after that *coup de soleil* in 1843. Still, in 1845 I rode a camel seventy-two miles without a halt in one night, which is said to be equal in fatigue to riding one hundred and forty on horseback, and I was not tired. On the hill campaign indeed, I wore myself out much; though even then I was on horseback for twenty-two hours without being knocked up. In 1846 I began to fail, and have gone down, down, down, ever since. The work in the Kohat pass tired me much:—fifteen hours a day, more or less, for five days, with a flux of blood was too much then, though I should not have heeded it eight years before. Well, enough twaddle, I shall never command an army again."

A short voyage now took him to Bombay, where the especial newspaper organs of the government—of Willoughby, Reid, and Crawford; of Outram and his gang, had long been assuring the world that there was but one voice, and that a loud one, of execration against the "*Scinde ruffian*," the "*fellow who had disgraced the glorious age of Wellington*," "*the knight who ought to have his spurs hacked off his heels*," with other tropes of a like nature. Now came the hour for proof. No sooner was it known that Sir C. Napier was coming to Bombay, than judges, civil servants, officers, lawyers, men of every class and condition, hastened to express their admiration and to offer him all marks of honour and respect. A banquet was given, Sir W. Yardley, one of the judges, presided, having beside him Sir E. Perry, another judge, and with them more than a hundred gentlemen of Bombay. Sir William Yardley's brilliant oration will give a vivid notion of the feelings which the occasion called forth.

"It would be," said that gentleman, "as impertinent and presumptuous on my part to endeavour to demonstrate that he is a great and glorious soldier who has honoured us

with his presence here to-night, as it would be to prove that Conde, Turenne, Marlborough or Wellington were so. I may undertake to say, that there is no one spot in the civilized globe where the presence of our illustrious guest would not give rise to sentiments of the most profound veneration and respect. And here, of all places in the world, in the principal city of the Bombay Presidency, whose armies he has led to the most glorious victories, it is still less necessary to dilate on his military merits and renown."

The orator made one error: there were places where Charles Napier met with no respect, no honour, no justice, namely, in the British cabinet and the hall of the directors! But Sir William Yardley's noble eulogy being continued, carried with it by implication the just condemnation of that conduct.

"We have here amongst us," he said, "as our guest, the conqueror of Scinde, the hardy gallant veteran, who led so small a body of men that it could scarcely be called an army, to some of the most astounding and marvellous victories which history has recorded: victories more stupendous, when compared with the handfuls of men by whom those victories were achieved, than perhaps any which are emblazoned upon the pages of our country's history. By these splendid victories a great and beautiful province has been added to our empire in the East; and the same illustrious man who won that province ruled it for four or five years with the utmost humanity and wisdom."

Touching then upon the general's return to India, the speaker thus continued.

"At the command of his country, at the call of the nation, he came to retrieve any losses which the British armies might have sustained; and if the crisis had passed over before he arrived, is that a reason why his country should neglect, or why we should neglect any opportunity of doing homage to his devoted nature? Sir C. Napier

is now about to return to his native country, and I feel free to state, that he does so with the regret of every one who feels an interest in the honour and glory of the British army in India. We have all read that armies have often more dangerous enemies than those opposed to them in the field. It was of the utmost importance that a man of stoical fortitude of character, combining stern and strict control with true wisdom and benevolence, should be at the head of the army, at the period of inaction in which it has remained since his arrival; and who would enforce by his own example that spirit of self-denial and entire devotion to the public service, which is so habitual with himself as to have become a part of his very nature. But being a man of real genius, a man of real intellect, of uncompromising character, fixing his eyes on the duty he had to perform, turning neither to the right nor the left, but doing that duty without regard to consequences for himself or other individuals. It was a matter of course that such a man should have occasionally found it necessary to disturb the quiet of some good easy men, who think full sure their greatness is ripening so long as they can quietly enjoy their lives, and emoluments of office:—of course it has happened to Sir C. Napier, as to many other good men, to be assailed by obloquy and vituperation."

These were the sentiments of a fine mind kindling at the contemplation of greatness in another, and Charles Napier's acknowledgment did not fail in warmth or frankness. Eulogizing the men who had served under him generally, he particularized several, saying they had done much more for him than he had done for them:—and all men present felt that he meaned truly what he said, and feigned not. Frankly also, and amidst cheers of great significance coming from such an assembly, he stated instances of Lord Dalhousie's bad government, and denounced with indignation the infamous treatment of his gallant and worthy moonshee, Ali Mirza Acbar, then being persecuted, shamefully persecuted,

by the Bombay government. Then looking to the future he predicted that the greatness of Bombay would arise from the conquest of Scinde, which would place it finally above Calcutta, despite of Lord Dalhousie's shallow policy. This said, with a natural transition to his own services and the treatment he had received, he thus displayed his feelings.

"I do claim one merit for which Sir Wm. Yardley has given me credit, namely, a complete devotion to the honour of England and the interests of the East India Company. I have been counted an enemy of the directors. I am not their enemy. I am not an enemy of any man; but to those who attack me I will not submit; I will never submit to be treated with injustice! I will resist. I am also accused of being inimical to the press generally, and as regards that point, having been so assailed by the press I will say, that I do not like its conductors at all. This has been held to be enmity, but it is not so; it is independence of spirit, which, old as I am, I shall with God's blessing carry to the grave; and it is this spirit which makes me feel so deeply the kindness you have shewn me here in Bombay, when retiring from the public world. This very day fifty-seven years ago I received my commission as an ensign, and girded on this sword, my father's sword, which has for those long years hung at my side: I received that commission rejoicing as a boy—your kindness has made me finish my career rejoicing as a man."

For the Company's army he expressed unbounded admiration, but thus exposed the want of system, the absurd mis-management of the troops, and the anomalous position of the commander in chief.

"When first made commander in chief, I thought, like a poor baby, that it was to be a reality, but soon found that I was only a monster adjutant: I asked my adjutant-general what was the force of the army, and he could not tell me. It had never entered the heads of my predecessors to enquire; they never knew what they commanded; and truth is I don't

now know myself: I could never arrive at any exact calculation. But I think it amounted, under all sorts of names, to about 400,000 men, well armed, well equipped, well disciplined, and I will say well officered: they have British officers, and I know that wherever a British officer leads you will not find the black Sepoy hang back! I have seen this, and seen also that when their officers have fallen wounded the Sepoys' bayonets were crossed over to protect them! I shall never think of the Sepoys without respect and admiration: and when I speak of the 25th Bombay regiment I cannot speak without affection. The Europeans belonging to the Company's army are magnificent! but they have not officers enough."

This was not the only occasion on which he delivered his sentiments. On landing, he observed a guard of honour, furnished from the 78th, the regiment about whom such loathsome falsehoods had been published by Outram. Stepping hastily up to the men he spoke, and his discourse and accompanying action were thus described in a Bombay newspaper at the time.

"Men of the 78th," he said, "I have not had the pleasure of seeing you since you suffered so fearfully at Sukkur, and consequently have not had an opportunity of telling you publicly and to your faces, that an infamous falsehood was propagated, respecting your march to Sukkur by the lying papers of India. They stated that I ordered you to march to Sukkur at the most unhealthy season of the year! That was an infamous lie, men of the 78th!" The observations of the gallant veteran had by this time excited the deepest interest and attention on the part of all the officers present, and they crowded thickly around him. Observing this, he said, "Stand back gentlemen, stand back, and let the band hear what I have to say." Then continuing, "I marched you at a healthy season of the year, and when attacked by the fever you were in barracks. The proof of this is, that the European artillery, who did not quit their barracks,

who never marched at all, who had been two years stationed at Bombay, these European artillery men I say, were more unhealthy than you were.

"Men of the 78th Highlanders! I tell you men, I tell you on your parade,"—here the general threw his hands together with a most expressive gesture—"I tell you that this vile story of the march is an infamous, a damnable, a worse than damnable lie! And I wish and request you all to tell your comrades what I say. I saw you embark at Sukkur, and the state you were then in was enough to break any soldier's heart; but the low lying papers of India never broke my heart—they never will and they may go to ——!" Saying which Sir Charles gave a significant shake of his head, indicative of the word he would not utter. Then giving them a military salute, he turned and pursued his course.

After the European banquet the natives of Bombay also gave him an entertainment—and when the steamer was ready he went on board, attended with all marks of respect and honour, and esteem, and reverence, which an immense multitude could display. Thus he quitted the East, that scene of his glory, for ever!

"Journal, Feb. 4th.—The Bombay people have given me a triumph and a half, over Willoughby, Buist, and Outram; not that the last was there, but his influences were. The civilians and soldiers gave me a dinner. When I got up to speak I had no idea of what to say, having never thought about it, except that, not knowing what the chairman would say, I resolved not to think of my own sayings until guided by his speech. My intention was to return a few words of thanks and sit down: instead of which various matters rushed into my mind and I made a long speech, which produced more effect than any I ever before made by one, and it came more easily to me: the applauses were continued and outrageous. The reporters made a hash of it: they brought it to me next morning to correct; but though William and my daughter Emily, who heard it, aided, we could make no-

thing of it but nonsense. Yet William has a good memory, and had paid great attention. My thoughts were all in advance of my words, and my memory lost what was said. This is always the case with me when speaking without preparation; but I am told I speak best in that way: it is hard that my best, or more properly my least bad speeches, are not well reported. I never stammer, am never in want of words, and speak slowly, the reporters therefore might have done me some justice.

"A grand entertainment by the natives was as gratifying as the European dinner:—even more so, because the English cared little whether my reign was over or beginning, but the Eastern natives think much of this, and are timid. Nothing could more strongly mark the current of public feeling in my favour. I care about this; it is gratifying to feel that the public approves of one's conduct; and it is a slap in the face to that little 'Laird of Cockpen'; an answer to his foul dealing and fouler statements. When I embarked I think the whole population turned out, and I stepped into the boat with the satisfaction a man feels who finds his honest conduct has succeeded against intrigue and villany even in its own peculiar den! The Apollo Bunder was crowded with gentlemen of all nations, giving me cheer after cheer. I was not hooted out of India, as the shameless papers said I should be! Kennedy wrote to me that he regretted my not having gone by Calcutta, as my reception there would have been magnificent; that nothing could be more popular than I was there, and all wished to receive me with public demonstrations of their good-will. It would have been very agreeable, but I am glad to have come by Bombay, the stronghold of my enemies.

"Lazaretto, Malta.—Here, twenty-one days after leaving India! the officers have invited me to a dinner, but my hurry to get home gives me no time. I have been much shocked to hear of Lady Lucy Foley's death: we of Castletown and Celbridge go fast now:" she was his cousin.—"My own time comes on, and my wish is entirely for peace, for tranquillity:

I even doubt the good sense of defending myself against that miserable little weasel, Cockpen! Still it is good to shew this sort of creature that birth only has thrown him into power, without ability or fitness."

In March he reached England. He had gone out to the East cheered by a whole people's shouts: he came back unnoticed, even scowled upon by the government. Yet he had performed all that was implied by his engagement with the people of England when he answered their call; that is, he had saved India! not indeed by arms as was expected, but by genius, from the more imminent danger of mutiny: and he would, but for the thwarting of littleness in power, have laid a sure foundation for permanent security in a reform of the military system. These were great claims for honour and respect; but then he had offended pride, and jostled weakness in one of '*the order*,' and the nation being passive, when no longer in fear, he was marked as a light to be put out, by a mode peculiar to Englishmen in power, namely, ignoring the existence of services and celebrity, while subordinates busily malign character. The national heart however remained with him, though outward demonstrations were wanting. With the duke his intercourse was short and not explanatory; but strongly indicated that the story of a private condemnation of Lord Dalhousie's reprimand was not unfounded.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—I never was so kindly, so graciously, received as just now by the duke: I thought he would have embraced me! Will your grace let me put your name on my card for the levée on Wednesday? 'Oh yes! yes! and I will go there, and take care to tell the Queen that you are there, she will be glad to see you safe back, and so am I, so is everybody!' I have also had a talk with Lord Fitzroy: he began the conversation. I said I should not ask for anything. Next day he sent for me, to say the duke desired him to tell me, it had always been the rule to give promotion to one of a commander in chief's staff, and he wanted to know who I recommended? My answer was, that William and

McMurdo were the two eldest; but if the duke would give McMurdo the C.B. I would waive the step for William: that McMurdo had a strong claim, after seeing so many get it who had no claim, and even worse. If that could not be, my recommendation was for William as the eldest and longest in my staff. More I could not expect as I had resigned my command."

His hope of a quiet country life was at first entirely baffled. Visits, interested applications, curiosity, impertinence and sore sickness, combined to keep him in London and in a constant state of disquietude: and being thus forcibly connected with public matters, his letters, disclosing this state of affairs, will fitly terminate this turbulent epoch of his Indian life.

"Miss Napier, April.—I will never set foot in London again. I there see everybody I am indifferent about, and nobody I love, except those actually in my house. To be in London, is to be a beast, a harnessed and driven beast, and nothing more! No! I was not in spirits, or well in Black Charlie's party. I never was in spirits at a London party since I came out of my teens! You justly say that a London campaign would kill me sooner than one in India. Fancy also the pompous insolence of the Lord Mayor condescending to ask me and Lady Napier to '*a dinner and a ball.*' That I might not insult him, she wrote the refusal. I suppose he fancies this a plaister for not offering me the freedom of the City as they have done to every officer from the East but myself. I care nothing for their freedom, but I resent the insult: had they offered me the freedom on my return this time I was prepared to reject it with scorn.

"My coming home straight, instead of going to Nice, has done me harm in body, and mind, and every possible way. Had I gone to Nice my answer to Lord Dalhousie" (his posthumous work) "would ere this have been ready for the press: now I do not know when I shall even begin to write it: it was only yesterday I could get my papers out of

the custom-house. The Queen was so good as to ask me to dinner but, thank heaven! I was gone from town, and the card said—'*if in town*.' It was very kind of the Queen to put that order on her card: I am sure it was hers! I can't get rid of pain, and have suffered to-day as much as ever I did! Well, fate is fate, and all the physic and Philistines in London can't turn it a hair. Patience! a disease of four years' standing is not to be gotten rid of in a moment.

"Jotee Persaud's acquittal is a specimen of Lord Dalhousie's government: a public creditor is importunate and an attempt is made to ruin him. Had the poor man failed, the disgrace and positive loss combined would have killed any native. I do not understand my friend Mr. Thomason having anything to say to the trial of Jotee. As I understand him, he wanted to have an inquiry into the commissariat officers' accounts, not into the contractors'. My belief is that they hoped to quash Jotee, and with him all commissariat accounts, and by management got Dalhousie to attack Jotee: now the tables are turned, yet the rogues will baffle inquiry I fear."—The shameful treatment of this worthy native is known: he saved the army in the Punjaub campaign when the commissariat broke down and was rewarded by a persecution for fraud! which he victoriously repelled in the courts of law!

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—Lord Dalhousie has not gone to either Peshawur or Cashmere. I told you, on good authority, of his having received notice that Goolab meditated *pinning* him, as soon as I left Bombay: now the careful assurances in the government papers that he *has not time* to visit Goolab looks like confirmation. He had no business whatever in Cashmere, but he gave out that he would go, to shew his confidence in Goolab and the folly of my distrust of the man, and of my opinions as to his strength. He is quite right not to go, for if caught we could never recover him, save by purchase, which would be no saving."

The true story of the quarrel with the governor-general was still to be told, and it was not until this time that the whole of the latter's conduct became known to Sir C. Napier. To support his reprimand, Lord Dalhousie, as already said, had commenced a series of official minutes in India, which were answered by the general while still commander in chief: —the last excepted, which with much falsification of facts, and much added impertinence, was kept back until Sir Charles had quitted India and could no longer place his replies on record in the government archives. In that minute Lord Dalhousie complained that his private letters had been used; as if that were an unjustifiable act! Those letters were on public subjects, and being directly at variance with his public minutes were properly used; to do otherwise would establish, as before observed, a very convenient rule for official liars! Lord Dalhousie in his minutes denied that there was mutiny or danger: his private notes, previously shewn in this work, acknowledged mutiny, expressed fear of the danger and much anxiety for the result. This also was the tone of his conversation when steaming down the Indus towards his sea voyage: he then avowed great alarm at the mutiny and its probable results, as the officer of the Indian navy who was with him has since declared. Yet he fled to the ocean while that danger was menacing, and when it was past, returned to deny its existence, and to insult the brave man who remained to meet and quell the mischief. Lord Dalhousie was ill: yes! So was Sir C. Napier, far more ill than Lord Dalhousie, yet he remained, to brave heat, and fatigue and disease, the sword at Kohat, and mutiny everywhere. Lord Dalhousie's last minute, as said, was not made known to the general before he quitted India; withheld that it might be on record without an official answer. And when the general applied to the Board of Control for a copy it was refused! However one of his friends in India saw it there, and thus described its nature.

"Cockpen's reply to your last memorandum has come out; it was sent to me, but for so short a time I could do

no more than take a cursory glance at its leading points. If your paper had been handed over to a keen attorney it could not have been more quibbled upon. Broad facts are thrown into shade; petty details and complaints brought prominently forward, and dwelt upon in a *hungry* kind of spirit. In truth it is a pitiful document to come from a governor-general of India. Yet important and significant withal:—for he now tacitly acknowledges, that the compensation question was taken up against you on purpose to get rid of you: *that he and his council had been on the look-out for you to commit yourself, and had seized on the compensation question as convenient for their purpose, without reference to its merits or demerits.* This savours of conspiracy, but you will judge for yourself when you see the minute. I only give you the impression it made upon me at the time I hurriedly read it over.

"You will be amused with his reasoning. He says—to *suspend* an order was, in your position to *cancel* and therefore he made use of the term! this is analogous to '*killing no murder.*' Then he expends a page or two in repetitions and reiterations on the old subject, trying to prove that no mutinous spirit, and no extensive understanding, existed among the troops in the Punjaub. In proof, he points triumphantly to the unsympathising acts of the cavalry at Govind Ghur, forgetting, *apparently*, that the 1st cavalry was not a portion of the disaffected force at all: that it was *leaving* the Punjaub, not *going into it;* and that it came from Peshawur, where no cause for discontent ever existed.

"He says that the extent of the mutinous spirit must be judged by the overt acts; and then proceeds to review those overt acts, at Rawul Pindee, Delhi, Wuzeerabad and Govind Ghur. Now overt acts may be taken as a measure of the extent of the mutiny, if fairly dealt with:—the overt acts of Vesuvius before an irruption are few, but sufficiently significant to those experienced in such matters. So was it

with you as to the mutiny: the overt acts of the troops about to occupy the Punjaub, gave the means of judging because you had experience to guide you in judging. So was it *not* with Cockpen, twelve months after danger had past away! He reviews the measures you took to suppress those overt acts, and appeals to common sense for judgment, if so extensive a disaffection existed as you have stated, whether such unimportant measures as your message to the native officers at Delhi, and the trial of a 'few discontented scoundrels' at Wuzeerabad, could have effectually checked the understanding between the troops. The capital of Rome was saved by a goose's cackle. I wonder what Cockpen's cackle is to do for India!

"My *Lud* then proceeds to bewail your depravity in having quoted from his private letters to you—'*such documents are usually held sacred*' but you! '*You have no such scruples!*' Consequently, letters written in '*all the candour of confidence in frank familiar intercourse*' have been laid bare by your ruthless unscrupulous hand.—Ain't you ashamed of yourself? Cockpen however omits all allusion to the fact, that up to his own departure for the sea voyage all communications between you, especially regarding questions of importance, were carried on either by demi-official notes or personal interviews. His notes were never written in all the candour and confidence of frank familiar intercourse; they were uncommonly *canny*, guarded and carefully worded! quite worthy of a little Scotch lawyer. I distinctly remember that in 1849, all questions were decided between you by means of those notes, or by personal interviews. The question about Adeenanugger, and the interference of the military board was decided by an interview; the mutiny at Rawul Pindee was discussed by notes: so it was with the other mutinies. Those notes are your only references for the opinions, decisions, sanctions and approvals of the governor-general on those important questions: and if Cockpen wrote them imagining you would keep them

secret, as it would appear he did, he has egregiously over-reached himself!

"I told you I would get for you the amount of carriage in use with governor-general's travelling camp.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Elephants . . . . | 135 | Exclusive of the escort, the establishment amounts to 6000, but this I apprehend does not include private servants and followers! |
| Camels . . . . . | 1060 | |
| Bullocks . . . . | 700 | |
| Carts . . . . . | 135 | |
| Government tents . | 488 | |

"This camp in motion must cover nearly six miles of ground, and with the baggage of the escort, bazaars &c. would probably cover eight miles: but in this calculation I reckon an addition of one-third of the actual distance to meet the intervals caused by lagging of overloaded animals."

Such was the intolerable pomp of the man who drove the hard-working Charles Napier from his post, and has since dethroned a king for being luxurious!!

# NINETEENTH EPOCH.

## FIRST PERIOD.

THE successful general is now to be shewn in that private station which he had so long yearned for as the most happy and innocent existence. Bad health marred this enjoyment, death was approaching, and that he knew, but was content to die; awaiting the hour without abatement of energy, and sustaining painful decay with the same regard to duty as when striving for the world's applause: he held life and fortune only as trusts from the Creator. No personal luxury belied his ancient simplicity, and his charity was boundless, yet governed so as to respect just feelings in the recipients. To the aged and helpless he gave gently, avoiding the ostentation which so often renders the restorative a bitter draught. To the young and able he furnished aid, not in humiliating gifts but as remuneration, respecting their sense of independence. One instance will speak for all. The first winter of his retirement, finding much temporary destitution, he employed fifty labourers on full wages without having real need for five; but under pretence of improvements. This delicacy was felt by the men employed, and he was soon recognised as a real and generous friend of the poor.

Absolute quiet however, he was not to have; his enemies pursued him in retirement with as much malignity as when, moving in power, he crushed their calumny by his great actions, and rebuked their baseness by his integrity. They published that he had failed at Kohat, tarnishing his military reputation; that he had introduced a ferocious discipline, ruining the prospects of young men for venial offences,

and was become hateful to the whole army; that he had sought to usurp unmeet power and was wisely checked by Lord Dalhousie. Such were his misdeeds in India Proper, while Scinde bore testimony to his cruelty. The Ameers' wives robbed by him, even of their personal ornaments and clothes, were living in indescribable misery; and the sword from the sirdars, the existence of which had been denied altogether, was now called an offering of fear, a result of threats! The alleged destitution of the Ameers' wives was amusing. Captain Rathborne, the collector at Hydrabad, had just before supplied Lord Dalhousie, when passing through Scinde, with carpets and hangings borrowed from these destitute ladies, who lent them with over-profusion, even for that occasion. Starving ladies able to meet the requirements of a governor-general's luxury!

"Journal. Oaklands, April 6th.—At last in a house of mine own! All my life have I longed for this. It has now been granted! Riches, house, lands! May I make a good use of them! It is in my power to do so, and if I do not it will be my fault; worse! my crime! It is harder for a rich man to go to heaven than for a loaded camel to go through the eye of the needle! When man is comfortable himself, he forgets those that want; when happy, he forgets those that mourn. Well I am now in the room where I shall probably die, and that at no distant period. Meanwhile here, in peace, I have to live, and taking a retrospect of my adventurous and strange life, repent of whatever I have done amiss and in anger. The worst was my book against Adam: and yet he deserved it; but he deserved it also from John Kennedy, and John Kennedy would not attack him! If ever man or woman differs from John Kennedy they are wrong.

"April 27th.—I have been very ill and thought myself going, and that it was hard to leave my poor wife, and the pretty place she has so cleverly and so anxiously found for me, just as I reached it! But why hard? Is this world so

sweet that we cannot leave it without regret? Still when it came to what seemed the hour, I grieved much and thought of my dear wife wandering alone where her generous heart looked for some years of happiness! God has now heard my prayers, and for a few years I think we may with reason expect to enjoy happiness together in this pretty little spot; as much happiness as life can afford in this world. We hope for more in the next, according to our '*faith!*' Almost I hate this ill-used word: for when a word is constantly misapplied we grow to dislike it and the person who uses it; and fear to use it ourselves even in its right sense.

"When I die may the poor regret me: if they do, their judgment will be more in my favour than anything else. My pride and happiness through life has been that the soldiers loved me. They did not like my rigid discipline and drill, because no mortal likes labour; but I never yet neglected duty to please soldiers. I sought their good-will, and won it by justice and kindness of feeling towards them, not by improper indulgence. I treated every soldier as my friend and comrade, whatever his rank was. My feeling is that of love towards every man with a red coat that I meet; or a blue one either, for it is the same towards sailors:—this feeling is difficult to express, but it is as if I had known them all my life and only forgotten their names. It makes me, when I go into Portsmouth, inclined to take the first soldier or sailor by the arm and walk with him, certain of knowing how to talk to him of matters with which he is familiar, and which would interest him. If he seems clean and smart, I paint him as he would be in action, his mouth black with gunpowder from biting off the end of his cartridges, his hands also, black and bloody, his eager animated eyes bent fiercely on the enemy, and prompt to do my bidding; firm of frame, armed for the work, and of ready courage to follow and support me in all! Then it is I feel that I never can do too much for them; and soldiers always know what their officers' feelings towards them are.

"My indignation rises at customs now springing up in the army. As military knowledge decays, aristocratic, or rather upstart arrogance increases. A man of high breeding is hand and glove with his men, while the son of a millionaire hardly speaks to a soldier; there is much danger when soldiers cannot be familiar with their officers; for times are coming when soldiers will take part in politics: they must do so. Well, I am going to be swallowed up in oblivion and my thoughts are of the coming world, and of all those I hope to meet there! Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, my father. Yet 'tis an idle waste of thought thus to dwell on what no thought can tell us! Unless indeed some '*clairvoyant*,' with magic words, through dreamy sleep, tells us whether heaven or hell awaits our coming! These strange discoveries may be followed by others still more wonderful; yet the same ruling power directs all.

"Amongst the modern military changes there is one which has been gradually introduced in a number of regiments, by gentlemen who are usually called '*martinets*'—not soldiers, only martinets, who would not let a poor soldier eat his dinner his own way, if they could help it. The innovation is that of prohibiting a private soldier addressing his officer unless in full uniform and accompanied by a non-commissioned officer, also full dressed! This is a very dangerous innovation; it is digging a ditch between the officers and their men! When I was a regimental captain any man could speak to me when he pleased, and consult me about his affairs: I tried to be the friend of my men as their immediate chief. If they complained of a non-commissioned officer, or of any man, they had to bring that man to me, and I heard both stories. As commander of a regiment any man aggrieved complained to his company's officer, and if he got no redress, captain and soldier came to me, dressed or undressed: if the captain refused to come, the soldier came alone, and I sent for the captain, as I never listened to a complaint except in presence of, or through an officer.

"But of late years the martinets have altered this the old custom, and a private soldier dare not go to his officer, except in full dress and with a non-commissioned officer! At least it is so in many regiments, and the men in them are at the mercy of the non-commissioned officers, who, as all officers know well, will, like other men, often play into each other's hands and oppress the man who complains. Moreover, men often want to speak to their officers without having a complaint—to ask his advice, or some small indulgence: and this enables the officer to see character, to shew personal interest, to encourage or correct. This new custom cuts them off entirely: instead of promoting confidence between officer and private it changes it into disgust; and except in cases of great anger, when the private goes with a red-hot complaint, he will not speak to his officer at all!

"How are Company's officers to study men's characters when no man dare address them but in full dress, and in presence of a non-commissioned officer? This system injures the feeling of respect and affection towards officers. The spirit of aristocracy is strong in the soldiers; they respect and honour their officers generally; but these martinets who leave nothing to human nature, who would make them blow their noses by beat of drum, produce disgust at the service. Such innovations arise indeed from overzeal and want of judgment, but they are very mischievous. The proper intercourse of officer and soldier was formerly left to the captain. There were men in my company to whom I would give a licence while I held others at arm's length: it might be very proper for a captain to say to a dirty or saucily-disposed man 'Never come to me unless in full dress:'—but to have the whole regiment so trussed up in rules is, as I said before, to dig a ditch between the officers and their soldiers; it is to treat the latter as if they were enemies inclined to offend and insult their officers, which no British soldiers that I ever met with in my whole life ever were. No army in the world is more replete with cordial

feelings of regard between all ranks than the army of England.

"May 20th.—This is my first wife's birthday. It never arrives without lowness for me, and deep reflections on the folly of ever believing it possible to be happy in this life; which fact is to me a proof that there is another life. Selfishness has perhaps the best chance here; yet probably that has its sufferings. A critical examination shews us that perfect happiness does not exist; but the nearest approach is to force the mind to content—the hardest of all exertions! Happiness depends a great deal on physical formation; what would pass like a shadow, making one man smile, will make another, equally good, feel tempted to commit murder. As mere men, regarding this world, we think we see punishment fall often on the innocent: still, even in that view I feel never to have received any unjustly from heaven. Not so from man. From man I have deserved none, and received very little; and that little has been pretty well paid off; yet not from any innate love of vengeance; for though strong within me I have nearly overcome it, and I never felt it ill-naturedly, only vindictively. What I mean is, that at times my desire to shoot a fellow has been strong; yet I would not were I a despot, do even to Lord Ripon an ill-natured trick."

Lord Grey's wretched and offensive governing of the colonies at this time was provoking every mode of expressing hatred and contempt, and amongst the exercises of wit the following epigram was current.

"This point was long disputed at the Cape
What was the devil's colour and his shape?
The Hottentots of course declared him white:
The Englishmen pronounced him black as night.
But now they split the difference and say,
Beyond all question, that old Nick is Grey!"

On this Charles Napier wrote the following addition.

"This does not solve the question—by the mass!
When was the devil ever found an ass?
Besides old Nick a gentleman we name,
A title that Lord Grey can never claim!"

Let not this bitterness be condemned. Lord Grey without enquiry opposed the vote of thanks to Sir C. Napier after his first victory; on the assumed ground that he had been eager to shed blood from a lust of prize money! And his words were as forcibly condemnatory in falsehood, as they could have been in just indignation if truly applied. "*Unscrupulous aggrandizement, stained in the eyes of the Almighty with the guilt of unnecessary and wanton bloodshed.*" Now let the honour of the man who uttered these shameful words be gathered from a simple fact. Lord Grey in the debate on the sugar bill of 1846 silenced opposition by saying that so far from hurting the West India proprietors, he knew of persons who were going to invest £200,000 in West India property in face of the bill! Soon afterwards he was forced to acknowledge, that the person on whose letter he had founded that assertion had added, "*but if this bill passes we are ruined!*" This sentence he suppressed, and in the house attempted to justify the deceit! Truly he was a fit person to lecture Charles Napier upon unscrupulous conduct!

"Journal.—Van Butchel has, I believe, cured me of disease, but the quantity of arterial blood I have lost is fatal; I may however live a year or two longer, and perhaps see my children once more," (they were left in India) "but God's will be done! I might have been cured years ago if properly treated. Dr. Scott found that my liver was bad: it has given me, for four years, pain which his treatment would have saved me from! All this marks fate so distinctly that I cannot understand how men can doubt. Here have I been suffering great pain, generally every hour; but even on my best days every three or four hours, and for the last four months passing arterial blood in large quantities; yet able surgeons never examined me to discover the causes, till Dr. Scott did so. I am now without pain: and without that dreadful weakness and despondency, expecting death daily: my tether is thus a little lengthened, and I am again enabled

to bear the worries of life: for strange it is, but true, that weak as my state was, incessantly have I been worried to go to balls, and parties, and dinners. My going to Leamington" (a public dinner) "went nigh to kill me; and why I went can only be accounted for by weakness of mind springing from weakness of body. But I have gone through more suffering of mind and body these last six weeks than would have killed most men in my state of health: and, God knows, I have wished for death more than once.

"*These dinners are charlatanry!* quackery! What have I and the public to say to one another? Nothing! What do I want? to be let alone! My wish is to be out of the world altogether, to be in oblivion! What power does all this fuss give? not a grain! It takes away power; it casts one amongst rich and great people who look down upon their guest, asking him only as a wild beast that happens not to be in the Zoological Gardens, and to see whom they are willing to give a dinner instead of a shilling, and then laugh at him. All in my weak power has been done to shew the London world my dislike of its company and attentions. Being made a lion of when I came back from Coruña nearly killed me with jaundice; my return from Scinde gave me another jaundice; my return from India now has all but killed me! My first wish in youth was to live in a wilderness, at *Dinas Bran*, in that high and lonely old castle of Wales. This wish has never left me, except for a few years in Cephalonia before I married: and it is now what I would choose, were I to live my life over again with my present knowledge. When alone we have full power, and no other position gives that! But these were only youthful dreams of happiness, delightful pictures before knowing that these things cannot be done in this world. We must cut our coat according to our cloth, as my wise brother George does, and his good judgment exceeds that of all the rest of our family. It arises from his *physique* in a great measure: he makes the most of the gifts

of Providence and forms no sentimental pictures of imagination."

To this he should have added his brother George's happy management of society, his generosity, his compassion for distress, his active, unbounded kindness, all conspicuous—as Nice and many other places, at home and abroad, will vouch.

"I find they want to bring me in as member for Bath. I do not like this, yet it will be pleasant to have the power of giving way to my feelings about Ripon and Dalhousie. If brought in free of expence I will not refuse; just to have an opportunity of munching Dalhousie's head before I die! but I will not remain in parliament long, even for that pleasure. But how I am pestered with applications from people to get their sons commission in the Queen's and Company's service. I who never got common justice for myself from the directors, am to get favours for others: the mean servility which some people have when they ask favours exceeds belief, but the strongest askers of all are old maids. A maiden aunt who keeps a pet nephew in cotton, and for whom she is resolved to get a commission is a fearful one:—the devil cannot pacify the virtuous ancient; especially if there be a record in the family, that one of the race was slain at Agincourt. I always dread applications from descendants of Uncle Toby, or Corporal Trim, or the Widow Wadman.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, July 2nd.—As to the sword, the story was as you know: but the good-will of the sirdars was expressed without that. When I arrived at Hydrabad, nearly all the sirdars had assembled from hundreds of miles distance; how many I know not, but should say hundreds of sirdars; for they were in greater numbers than had assembled *by orders* to meet the governor-general of India some months before. This great meeting, each having his followers, was to do me honour they said '*Before you leave us for ever!*' Taking hold of Rathborne I said, Rathborne I hope neither you, nor any Englishman, has had anything to

do with this: if it be not spontaneous it would be to me disgusting, instead of the most gratifying honour. 'Sir Charles,' he answered, 'upon my honour! I have no more to do with it than you have: nor has any Englishman. It has wholly arisen among themselves, and was first proposed by two native nobles.' Well, the whole of these nobles and gentlemen accompanied me on horseback to the Indus, and all shook hands with me when we parted. They were the same men that met me in 1842: but fierce looks and a haughty demeanour marked their bearing then, and now they were laughing and joking with each other, and familiarly talking with me, faster than my interpreter could explain: and when I was on deck, the Belooch battalion gave me loud cheers, and the sirdars also cheered.

"Now you have all, direct and indirect, that I know of the matter. Rathborne is the man alluded to by the Bombay Times; a man of hot temper but very high honour, and all persons respect his good heart and great abilities. He lives among the natives more than any English officer I know; he is incapable of falsehood, and he will resent the shameful attack that has been made upon him: my opinion is that Dalhousie, Outram, and another, are at the bottom of it, but I have no proofs.

"The same, July 11th.—I am much vexed at being compelled to send the Rugby dinner people an excuse: Dr. Scott tells me I am in too precarious a state to risk the inevitable mischief it will do me; indeed I am unable to go, having much fever from sheer debility. I have got fifteen letters this blessed day! people say don't answer them; but one must answer poor fellows who are ill-used: the least one can do is to tell them we can do nothing. I have had fun with Black Charles: he told me to cut down some fine fir trees, which he said looked like poles for monkeys; but liking trees, I told him I would buy monkeys for the poles. Then he ridiculed my new water tank, saying my fish would be queer ones. I said I would put him in and he would

be the queerest fish there: it is surrounded by cherry trees and therefore I call it *pond-de-cherry*.

"All Bombay knew Willoughby was a proprietor of the Bombay Times: there can be neither doubt nor proof of it. Many times I was told that Buist attended Willoughby's house daily for orders, and for Willoughby's own articles: all Bombay said so, and his brother-in-law, Dr. Kennedy, was certainly a proprietor, and a frequent contributor. I do not think they dare deny this.

"Miss Napier, September 10th.—It is more honour to me that Mr. Rogers" (the poet) "should write my life than the red ribband! He does it from real feeling, and his own noble nature, which loves to bestow praise and blame where they have been earned by zeal for the public interest, or the contrary. The government also gave me the red ribband from *feeling!* What feeling? The feeling that they could not help it; having begun to give it to donkeys, they could not hold their hands from me more than from others of the race!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Oct. 5th.—Letters from William and Emily: very distressing. Their poor little child is in the last agonies; its pulse hardly felt, its eyes turned up to heaven! They have not left its cradle day or night for fourteen days, and William still persuades himself that the little thing will not die! Letters from Richard, also from Lugano; unhappy at the preparations for war he everywhere sees: this is bad enough, yet the best assurance for peace. Our motto is good: to be '*ready aye ready.*' We must take the world as God has made it; and so long as scoundrels are at hand carry pistols for defence: if suicide be both foolish and wicked, self-defence must be just and wise!

"Journal, October 18th.—My Emily has lost her little boy Charles! How proud I was of that child, bearing my own name, and I, like a fool, thinking he would in time live here and inherit this little estate! But what use is reason to men who, like me, will not use it? We look wise, and say man proposes and God disposes. And with this

saying on our tongues, we go on—looking like Confucius, or Solomon on his chair; yet still making our proposals and schemes, and plans, and painting pictures like rainbows—in every way like them!

"I doated on that little child, I would have given my own life for his, and now he is gone! Well, what then? We are idiots! It is the evil spirit that puts us on all this foolery—damnation! but he is damned, and our business is to keep out of his company. I must dry my tears, and my dream of the 'ogre of Oaklands' passes away."—The poor child was jokingly so called.—"I cannot kill his little oak, and yet it gives me sad thoughts! my wife planted it out of love for me, and if it gives pain it also gives pleasure. I will do my best to hold to the principle that to enjoy is to obey. This is reason. Why should the discontent of grief reproach the God of heaven with what He has done? We cannot indeed treat the loss of what we love with indifference. There is a loss never out of my mind, but I neither have, nor do worry others with my grief. A fair time must be given to sorrow and then the selfish feeling should be put down: this child is in heaven, what have we to grieve for on his part?

"Miss Napier, Oct.—The Freemasons of Portsmouth are to give me a grand dinner to my great annoyance; for I have no spirits now for such doings. However I must go through. The preparations are great I hear, and it is very kind of them, and so far counteracts my enemies' machinations.

"—— 28th.—At the dinner the room was well ventilated, yet I am the worse for the affair: but as you say, Yet a little while and what does it all signify? I have been amused by a book sent to me by some man at Bombay as I came through. I did not know him, but I suppose he thought I was unhappy at giving up a high command. Poor man, he little knew how glad I was! However, he had my thanks, and his book has been read through. It is called the *Mirage of Life*. All that he writes I knew as well as he does; and probably had thought about them much more! People think that men bred in war have no ideas of religion or phi-

losophy, unless they are full of *cant!* It never comes into their heads that we soldiers, knowing we may be snuffed out at any moment, think of '*what then?*' This *mirage* is printed by the Religious Tract Society, and is very good in its way: it just puts in print the words of Solomon—All is vanity! and for sixpence!

"I have been reading again Lord Grey's speech when he was Lord Howick, in 1844, wherein he said God held my conduct as 'stained with wanton and unnecessary blood-spilling; and if the house thanked me, it would share in my damnation'! Thanks my good Lord Grey! I conquered Scinde and had but one hundred men killed! one hundred in two battles, and thus saved my army from a massacre; aye! and as far as human judgment goes, saved the army at Feroshashur. You my Lord Grey have shed plenty of blood in trying to subdue savages, and will probably shed a great deal more, without saving anybody! Such are the different results of sound sense, and sounding folly: that is to say the difference, with due modesty be it spoken, between myself and Lord Grey!

"Journal.—Pamela"—Lady Campbell, daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—"has been here, and as agreeable as ever. When the devil tempted Dunstan in the form of a beautiful woman, he no more took hold of her nose with hot tongs than I would! Depend upon it he had a daughter by the she-devil, and Pamela is certainly a descendant of hers; for nothing else could be so agreeable, so pretty, so wonderful as she is! Wise as a serpent also. Well, whether of devil's blood or saint's blood, she is delightful, and so are her children.

"Nov. 1st.—One year ago military command was by me given up for ever, and here I close my journal to warlike and political matters. My pond has been dug, and in its yellow bilious-looking clayey bottom, war and politics may ever wallow as far as I am concerned: and if Lord Grey were thrown in too, and Lord Ripon upon the '*topper on him,*' they would fatten my eels famously. A pie made of eels that fed on earls' flesh! How very nice and wrong!

But as my war and politics go into the pond, my ministers of war and colonies should go in after them. Now for a fresh score, beginning my *Journal of Oaklands*.

"I leave the farming to my wife, but there are some things I keep in my own hands. Draining I understand better than the writers on it, and could write better on it than they do. My labourers are all clever in their way; but one of them, Massum, is the cleverest and shrewdest, both for his own interest and mine. Men who neglect either their own or their employer's interest are good for nothing; the first are so rare that not one was exhibited at the Crystal Palace: of the last there are plenty. The chap who looks after both is my man. Massum is one of these, but sharp as a needle, and I must look after my own affairs. I have done so, and see no reason to doubt my ability as yet. I often feel that I am treated as a fool, but it is by those I do not altogether agree with: however, wise or foolish here begins my journal. My own property! I have made it, by folly perhaps, but it is mine and I will do as I please with mine own!

"There is now a great struggle going on between machinery and hand labour. To me it seems that man has a right to do as he likes, and use a spade in preference to his hands and nails. But then in a broad form comes the question, Has the mass of proprietors a right to use machinery to such an extent as to starve the mass of hand labourers? This is spades *versus* nails: right being with spades, force with nails. But nails say:—before we use force we must ask on what basis right stands? Answer We possess money and lands. Who gave you either? We made the money and inherit the land. Who helped you to make the money? You did. And now in return you starve us? No! go to those callings and countries where you are still wanted. We cannot. Why? We are too poor, and you, having power, have deprived us of votes as to taxation; and having drawn our teeth, and pared our nails, and loaded us with imposts, tell us to go and starve.

You have free trade for yourselves but tell us to labour in competition, not only with machinery which may help us perhaps, but also with untaxed men, while our loads sink us! Give us free trade really and we go along with you: if not we will put you to the wall by emigration, robbery, fire-raising and murder! Alas! alas!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Dec. 2nd.—As they have pulled out my column of attack for the public amusement, its origin was this. At Busaco I saw French officers striking their men to make them keep file as they deployed, and I saw the men all fire the moment they came out of the column, despite of the officers. Plainly did I see all this, and turning it over in my mind taught the 102nd Regiment my remedy. My object was that every man should of right fire the moment he was uncovered from column; and also, that if occupying a height the column should follow the ridge more accurately: for by the usual deployments the line takes more ground than when following the ridge, though a longer line of course. This with large bodies is very inconvenient and dangerous; large vacancies are in the line, and to fill them up the whole line must move, which with 10,000 men is no joke when hurried in your operations.

"I agree with you about the Cape war as far as I understand that war: but I do not understand how cavalry can act where the bush, as they call it, is so thick. In America my men could not at times move with fixed bayonets, and were forced to hold their musquets by the butts and trail the muzzle after them. I do not see much prospect of any one of your three operations being adopted. *Friend Gurney's* other friends would somehow contrive to furnish arms and ammunition."—This alludes to a paper controversy, not ill-natured, nor of any duration, between the author and the late excellent Mr. Gurney.—"As to the proper force they will put off to '*hear next news*' till it will be too late. These things make me doubt the war ending well permanently, and patchnig up a peace is doing nothing. The Greeks made

powder from cowdung and a particular earth: the particulars I forget, but it did its work: perhaps the Caffres do the same. Black Charles is furious with Lord John Russell, who certainly wrote a very impertinent letter to him.

"I am getting on with my book, but I need not say how pain disheartens one. Caroline will shew you a sketch of its general course in answer to Lord Dalhousie. My plan is to check much bitterness against him: men are now growing into such refinement, that to be indignant is wrong, is '*bad taste.*' Sneaking hypocrisy is being well bred, *refined!* Right and wrong are to be so shuffled together with *ifs* and *expletives* and *doubts*, that a rascal comes out as clean as the best man. I suppose I must fall as much as possible into this tone.

"Nov. 16.—A farmer here has shot our beautiful dog, *Pastor;* it had given him no provocation, and I will prosecute him: his name is Goslin, and if by law he can be made a goose he shall be."

This animal was a very magnificent specimen of the Pyrenean wolf-dog, and of a celebrated breed. His money value was great, and the shooting him was an act of malicious cruelty, which however escaped just punishment by management. The trial took place in the county court, and the defendant having demanded a jury the verdict was so utterly against evidence and equity, that the judge quashed it and directed another trial. At the second trial a clergyman was brought forward to say the animal was dangerous, and Charles Napier, as a witness, created great amusement by his mode of rebutting this testimony. "The reverend gentleman," he said, speaking with affected solemnity, "without any previous communication or leave, or invitation, entered my premises for the avowed purpose of converting my maid-servants to his peculiar views. *Pastor*, my dog, thinking perhaps from his name, that he was the rightful guardian of the maids, and seeing a stranger, barked and advanced hos-

tilely: it was his duty. Instantly the reverend gentleman extended his umbrella, bearing it like the sevenfold shield of Ajax; but, unlike Ajax, fled for protection and consolation to the dairy-maid! Poor Pastor remained victor without a blow struck, and now after his death his defeated enemy reviles him: it is not generous!"

"M. Genl. W. Napier, December 5th.—I shall answer Jacob's letter in the Bombay Times: there is nothing else to be done with such a fellow. I can expose his foul character to all India. I will send you my letter before it is printed, and shall not hurry myself, but cool down from anger to contempt and polished composure; which will be quite in the spirit of the age! He must however have an answer as to facts: meanwhile I do not think McMurdo will be silent; I suspect he has seen and answered Jacob's pamphlet: there is something which we are ignorant of that has brought Jacob's letter out. My fear is that McMurdo will find Jacob at Sukkur, in which case there will be a duel. Jacob's quotations from my letters are false. I really think it would be good to publish all my letters to, and about him, to shew the world what trust I had put in him, and what I did for him, and what a viper he is. I find in one letter, not the exact words he quotes as mine, but nearly so, which he uses to prove a broken promise of getting him *promotion*, whereas they related to getting him *back pay*, which was his right!

"December 9th.—I have nearly finished my letter to Jacob, agreeing with you that he is not worth more. What an honest, outspoken fellow, Sir John Philippart is: he has no respect for '*the authorities*.' I see Sir Colin Campbell does not like the new expedition against the Kohat tribes; they have forty-five thousand fighting men, I had a return of them: I took them up sharp with 3000 men. Lord Dalhousie is going to attack, giving six months' notice! Campbell will do all that can be done, but I do not see what that is.

Dalhousie is always going to '*punish*,' but he has here to catch first.

"December 20th.—I have shortened my letter for Jacob much, and while putting him down have made it up to suit the taste of the 'nobility, gentry and others:' it don't suit mine, and I have much more trouble to write a proper letter when feelings are violent, than to '*jaw away*.' It does not give Jacob what he deserves, but to call him right names would be '*quite incorrect*.' We must not tell truth!

"*Your* director is a trump"—one who had privately expressed his dislike of his colleagues' enmity to Sir Charles Napier—"but I have by experience found that no man in India can be trusted until proved: look at Jacob, at Outram, and many more. Even your director, you perceive, is afraid to be known as an honest man! No one likes to be a black sheep amongst his comrades. Apropos! what a horrid wretch Louis Napoleon is!!! In the first place the scoundrel is *not* the nephew of Napoleon the Great, but the son of Flahaut! The ruffian, to go for to be the son of Flahaut! Secondly the sanguinary rascals let bullets pierce the bodies of inoffensive people who so sensibly stood in the streets while firing was going on; or who popped their patriotic heads out of window to look at his fireworks! He did even '*worser than that*,' he saved his own life, his own detestable self—he did! The fact is people can't be made to understand with Mirabeau that revolutions are not made with rose-water. Let all this stuff in the Times be as true as gospel, and what is it to that which would have taken place if the Reds had got the upper hand?

"December 31st.—Fitzclarence's book came to me in an imperfect state, just before going out to India, and being then ill of that dreadful suffocating feel from my wound, and much worried by the duke's pressing me to go I gave it little or no thought; yet I judged it would do good by inducing people to read and think of military matters. Our '*chefs de bataillon*' will do neither, and will not instruct

their young officers; indeed I doubt its being possible for them to do either, the orderly-room work is now so great. Regimental commanders are overwhelmed; there is no end to their work, and it is work which ought to be done by adjutants: but much of it ought not be done at all! Every orderly-room is now a *little war office*. I wish Fitzclarence was in India: they want minute attention to drill there; for all is loose as their way of living. I was girding my loins for that job when forced to quit.

"The three things I meant to begin with were. 1°. To fix myself in a large station, winter and summer. 2°. In person to drill selected commanders of regiments there assembled. 3°. Having drilled them, and taught their regiments myself, to transfer them to other regiments one, two, even three thousand miles off, and thus gradually correct the ignorance prevailing: but to this obstacles almost insuperable were opposed. The ordinary great age of lieutenant-colonels and majors:—averaging perhaps over sixty, and worn out by climate and Indian life. Moving them, most having families, to distant regiments would be sore expence; and they would in many instances have to go to unhealthy stations, as a *reward* for zeal and ability! Human nature would not stand all this, and immense difficulties were presented. I felt it could be done, but not in the time given to me.

"One of my chief means would have been the compelling commanders of regiments to give in diaries of the manœuvres they executed daily. English commanders hate this, but it is a good thing in India, where the distances are so vast that the commander in chief has no means of knowing what goes on, save by such a diary. Very little was done by me about drill, because it appeared silly to nibble at such a gigantic job, requiring a thorough re-organization. Fitzclarence would go to work with great power, and would do well and be supported. I should have had Court of Directors, governor-general, old officers, the press and the Whig

government all against me and in league. McMurdo says the adjutant-general tells him Jacob will be punished, if his pamphlet can be brought home to him: in my opinion there is more of Outram's than Jacob's style in it: perhaps a joint production. Whoever the author is, if he has any pluck, my letter will draw him out like a badger; and I am ready to meet the avowed author."

This was no idle intimation. Worn out of patience by the persevering hostility of Outram and Jacob, he had determined to put their manhood to the proof. His letter published in the Bombay Gazette furnished a complete exposition of Major Jacob's character, and affixed imperiously a charge of wilful falsehood on Colonel Outram. Concluding that this must bring a hostile message on Colonel Outram's arrival in England, he being then on the point of quitting Bombay, Sir Charles Napier engaged Captain Byng as a second. But to slander the brave old man at a distance, and to support that slander personally were separate articles in Colonel Outram's code of honour. Charles Napier's estimate of his and Major Jacob's temperament was a false one. Not so as to Major McMurdo's, when he supposed that officer would answer the offensive pamphlet and grapple with the writer at Sukkur: he did both. But Major Jacob, though twice unequivocally invited, was as deaf as his bosom friend Outram.

# NINETEENTH EPOCH.

## SECOND PERIOD.

FALSEHOOD supported by power never tires, invention only being required. Truth can only be presented in one way, and becomes monotonous by repetition. But a lie is a lively thing: it has, say the Chinese, no legs to stand on, yet it has wings and flies far. Nevertheless it is but carrion and feathers where it alights. Sir C. Napier disdained the winged fictions of his enemies, and the story of his life, now so near an end, is still told in his journal and correspondence, with feelings as simple and fresh as when he first stepped from the world of youthful dreams into the world of action, unwitting of its sins and sorrows.

"Miss Napier.—Mrs. Davenport is going to be married, and if Lord Hatherton is not happy, it is his own fault! Good, clever, beautiful! What more could he have? There is but one objection to her as a wife—all the world is in love with her! I am in great misery: they tell me it is neuralgia —how is that spelt? No matter, it is worse far than its spelling, be that ever so bad! At times I find myself unable to spell, why I don't know, but could not get neuralgia right just now.

"Lord Ellenborough says that Louis Napoleon's genius has shewn itself quite equal to a *coup de guerre as to a coup d'état*. If we are invaded, the country will have nothing but eyes to weep: all will be devastation. The duke is great but has no troops, and what would Paganini be without his fiddle?

"Feb. 13th.—Floored! Horse, foot, and dragoons! Just come from court about my poor dog. We brought up our

witnesses, all firm as rocks! Goslin's witnesses completely failed, and the judge, Gale, summed up entirely in my favour; he dwelt indeed more on the amount of damages than on the verdict, saying the mere value of the dog was not sufficient. Verdict for the defendant! The judge repeated the words, for the defendant? Yes! My attorneyman expressed his astonishment, and the judge said I am surprized too, and more, I am much displeased. There was a murmur through the court against the verdict, and my lawman asked for a new trial. Yes! said the judge, but there must be again a jury after the strong opinion I have expressed." A fine boy of fourteen was my chief witness, though a servant of Goslin's: he stood all the opposite bullying like steel; so resolute, calm and collected a little fellow I never saw: I will take him into my service. Trial by jury is a farce! Why! if Goslin had murdered his *wife* or *child* they could not have treated it more *gently* than they did Pastor's murder! Poor Pastor! His father got a gold medal for killing three wolves, and as being the purest of his race. The old doggie had two sons—Pastor, and another who was sent to the queen of Spain as a present from the Basques.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Feby. 16th.—McMurdo has not, I think, fought with Jacob; his friend, Major Swanson, speaks of his being at Hydrabad: he is therefore safe at all events. But how Jacob came not to fight is hard to say, as the enclosed note"—McMurdo's to Jacob—"was pretty plain. Herewith you have a letter from Lady Sale about Colin Campbell's friends, the *Momunds*. Sure I am that the burnings are not Campbell's. No! it is the doing of Lord Dalhousie.

"At Portsmouth they tell me Russia has now in the Baltic forty sail of the line well manned, and victualled for six months: Black Charles says thirty sail. Nicholas grows stronger every year, and we grow less so! My belief is that we dare not resent the slightest insult; yet Charles Fox once told me, he could not be accused of loving war but he thought an insult to national honour a just cause of war.

"Miss Napier, February 19th.—Let me tell you a curious thing. A letter from an English clergyman dated the 16th *of February* 1809, was written at Paris and directed to Coruña, to ask after my wounds; and it told me my letter had been sent to my mother"—the one of which Captain Bontems took charge, mentioned by Sir Charles at Lahore—"and could promise me it would reach London, for people at Paris were so kind to all prisoners.' This letter of the Rev. Mr. Goom reached me two days ago—Meeanee day, exactly *forty-three years and one day after it was written!* It was sent to me by the nephew of a most kind French officer, named Cazaux; he found it amongst his uncle's papers at his death: the letter reached Coruña after I got away, and I got my own letter to my mother a month after reaching London.

"I hear Lord Ellenborough would not belong to the government from principle: he is a protectionist, but thinks it would be dangerous to the peace of the country to try and upset what is now the law. Hardinge was, they say, a staunch Peelite, yet now joins the protectionists. Well, it is good to sacrifice one's self for the country; Peel did the same, but then he took leave, not the Ordnance! I do not however know if it be true that Hardinge was a Peelite.

"As to my own affairs, my hope is that Susan and her husband are not at Malta; or if so, that no mischief has happened, for they must have come from Bombay in the same ship with Outram, in which case there will have been a quarrel."

This matter had been previously settled by Major McMurdo in a very peremptory manner. Being told that Colonel Outram and his wife had taken a passage in the same ship, and that it would be advisable therefore for McMurdo to change his vessel, he answered that he would not change, and immediately sent a message to Outram, saying he hated brawling before ladies and yet would not suffer any offensive language about Sir C. Napier in his presence, wherefore a guarantee

against that, must be given, or a settlement of the quarrel in another way effected before starting. Outram changed his ship!

"M. Genl. W. Napier, March 18th.—We gained the dog cause yesterday, on the second trial. My counsel, Mr. Poulders, conducted it admirably, and his speech was very clever indeed. The jury could not help giving me a verdict; yet one fellow stood out so, that I am sure the rest must have compromised, as they only gave me ten shillings damages, doggie being worth at least fifty pounds! I am getting on at last with my book, but as a duty only: I want peace and quietness, not squabbling.

"28th.—Fully expecting that Outram would call me out when he saw my letter to Hardinge in India, I would not agree to any change of terms in it; and for the same reason, knowing Outram was coming home, I used the plain language I did about him in my letter to Jacob, viz. that I knew of no abominable falsehoods told about Scinde except those told by Colonel Outram. He has however taken the matter up in a *dignified way!* This I do not regret, though I had made up my mind to fight and should probably have shot him; but to stand a trial or fly from imprisonment at my age, and with my bad health, would have been disagreeable. His dignified answer requires no notice: these gentlemen take matters more tamely than I expected for young men! Jacob's answer is amusing, Bobadil himself could not say more, or do less.

"Miss Napier, London, April.—I dined with an old brother officer, who, rather ignorantly you will say, gave me to take down to dinner—who do you think? Sir James Weir Hogg's daughter! How I laughed in my sleeve, but did not tell old Loftus Otway that it might not be agreeable to the lady; I wanted to see how she would take it. She is the most clever, agreeable, pretty creature possible, and I am in love with her:—that is the way I took it! This is the result of trying experiments with pretty young women!"

His next letter touches on a remarkable proceeding. Lord Dalhousie, when going down the Indus on his health-seeking voyage, accepted the hospitality of Ali Moorad, and, the Ameer says, accepted presents to the value of eleven thousand pounds without making any presents in return! Pursuing his journey then, he asked of the captain of the steamer, in a casual manner, what Ali Moorad's revenue might be? So much. Oh! indeed; that will just cover our deficiency here. Some time afterwards Ali Moorad, an independent prince by treaty, was summoned to answer a charge of forgery—before a British commission! He had, it was said, forged an article in a treaty formerly made with his brother Roostum, by which he obtained some districts actually belonging to the British by right of conquest. His accusers were men of bad character, and one acknowledged that he was the actual forger, at the desire of the Ameer. Proof existed that a forgery such as the accusers charged was impossible, yet Ali was pronounced guilty, the districts were taken from him; and in addition, a great part of his rightful possessions, yielding above ninety thousand pounds annually, was confiscated as a punishment! The principal accuser afterwards, on his death bed, acknowledged that the accusation was false and made in revenge for having been dismissed by the Ameer, but the confiscated possessions have never been restored!

This was in the spirit of Sir C. Napier's Bombay enemies. Ali Moorad had been long obnoxious to them; he was, they said, a villain, a traitor, a man to be execrated and destroyed because he had betrayed his family: that is, he had remained faithful to his treaties, and would not join the other Ameers to destroy the British army. This was in their eyes inexpiable: and that it was the motive power of this persecution is clear from the minute of council alluded to by Sir C. Napier, drawn up by Mr. Willoughby, and printed in the Scinde parliamentary papers of 1854: for while pretending to be an examination of the forgery question, that minute, without any relevancy whatever, enters into

the whole history of the war against the ex-Ameers, and is from beginning to end one long, laboured, flagitious lie against Sir C. Napier—no other term suits.

"M. Genl. W. Napier.—As to the observations in Willoughby's minute, 'my advice to Roostum' was to be taken altogether or not at all. It was to *consult* his brother Ali, not to make himself his *prisoner:* on the contrary I offered him protection. It talks of the war being the result of a letter, which they say, neither Lord Ellenborough nor I knew of, and about the cession of the Turban. This is nonsense—*Roostum would not meet me:* that is enough. There could not have been anything hidden, intercepted, or falsified: it was for that very reason he would not meet me, but was afraid at one time, tired at another, in Ali's hand at a third. Such is the nonsense put forward! Lord Ellenborough tells me Lord Derby is quite as hostile to Ali Moorad as Hobhouse; and he Lord E. thinks the whole sentence against that Ameer is one of vindictive partizanship, rather than of impartial judges. I believe so too. Mr. Pringle—one of the commission, told me he doubted Ali Moorad's guilt.

"April 10th.—Just got your public letter about the glorious men of the Birkenhead! It will I hope be of use, but we are a nation of shopkeepers! Your letter will however record the devotion of those noble, glorious men, even if it fails to make the country do so.

"May 2nd.—I met Babbage at Miss Burdett Coutts'. He talked about the Birkenhead, and was very eager, saying, Cannot you speak to the Duke of Wellington? No. It would seem a criticising of his conduct. Well I as a civilian may. Yes. And you will do good, for the duke alluded to the subject at the Royal Academy dinner an hour ago. Babbage did so at once, asking him to move in the matter, and the duke said he would. I also spoke to Hardinge, who told me he had had a mind to allude to it in his speech at the dinner, but feared it might seem a reflection on the

duke. I made acquaintance at this party of Miss Coutts' with Mr. Abbot Lawrence the American minister: he is a right sort of man, and of a real good head: he said he had been delighted at meeting you. The duke shook hands with me and spoke about Jones' picture of Meeanee, which he liked much: he asked if I liked it, and who painted it. When I told him he said, Oh! yes! yes! I know the man, in a tone, as regarded Jones, that I did not like. I have been told that the duke is only awaiting an official dispatch from Harry Smith, or Cathcart, about the Birkenhead, to act: this is probable, as being like his cautious way, but to my thinking not well in this case.

"May 14th.—I was listening to Dr. Parry's account of how tables are made to dance, when your note came"—containing an account of some experiments which overturned all the scientific explanations of the mystery.—"It is the strangest thing I ever heard: the world seems inclined to play us some trick, and we can no longer doubt miracles.

"Armstrong's curvilinear fortifications I well remember, but Fergusson does not pretend to originality in that respect; his originality is that he brings an overpowering number of guns to bear, by placing them tier above tier; and he says, rightly in my opinion, that no works can be thrown up under such a fire. He writes badly, it is difficult to comprehend him; and when he treats of the defence of England he is all abroad. I am however persuaded that his system will supersede the bastion system.

"June 16th.—Our carriage was overturned two hours ago, but neither I nor my wife, nor her servants were hurt. A lady's coachman came up behind us, locked our hind wheel, and driving on with two horses overthrew our carriage and single horse. I thought my wife was killed: she was taken up senseless and carried into a chemist's shop, but it was only the shock upon her nerves. It was an ugly crash, and the lady would not even stop to ask if we were hurt! She and her coachman were pulled up by mine,

and she was then made to give her card which she refused at first, but fear of the police prevailed. 'As no one has been hurt I am off to the great Preston dinner to-morrow."

This Preston dinner was one for old soldiers, established principally by Mr. Cooper, a cotton-mill owner of a very noble and generous temper.

"Miss Napier, June 24th.—My dinner at Preston was an annual one given to the old Peninsular pensioners, who sit below the salt, the gentlemen who give the dinner being above. I found the 50th there, and was obliged to dine at my old mess: great speechifying of course. We sat down 200 gentlemen and 450 pensioners: rather a large dinner! After the cloth was removed, all the medal men of the 50th Regiment were admitted to stand around and hear the speeches; and in that immense room full six hundred British soldiers were assembled, not one without a medal on his breast, and some with two, with three, with four! all with wounds!! The 50th men were, except myself, young. It was really a fine sight and does great honour to the gentlemen of Preston: especially Mr. Cooper, who has been the founder.

"The old 50th took the horses off, and dragged the carriage I was in a long way; then the old pensioners took up the shouting; and when we reached the town the people took it up, and I entered Preston in such triumph that I was ashamed. When the 22nd Regiment met me at Dugshai I did enjoy their greeting and shouting, because we had fought together, and men and officers knew that I led them honestly in fight, but here I am taken on trust like many a bad shilling."

The following letter relates to the battle of Chillianwallah.

"Major Kennedy son of Colonel Clarke Kennedy.—I felt sure that your wish must be to do justice to your comrades in your book, and it was with this object I inquired about poor Pennycuick's conduct. I thought it probable some officer would write an account of the campaign, and

my position as commander in chief afforded me more opportunities to inquire than others had of doing so impartially, my only interest being that of doing justice to a heroic officer's memory. That the 24th Regiment charged at too great a distance may be admitted, and the question resolves itself into this. By whose order was the charge made? All my inquiries satisfy me that Lieutenant-Colonel Pennycuick did not order the charge. That no man did. That it arose from a general impulse.

"1°. The ground is said to have concealed the enemy; no man knew how far that enemy was from him.

"2°. Pennycuick's brigade was isolated; the brigade on his right had obliqued to the right in advancing.

"3°. The 24th Regiment was also isolated; the two Sepoy regiments on the right and left of the 24th, were not up in time, the jungle being too dense to preserve the line: thus the 24th advanced with its flanks exposed.

"4°. In this state, no view in front, a heavy fire from the enemy, the line broken by the jungle, sections doubling in rear of each other and doing their best to form up when possible, no man seeing above a few yards before him, no officer I say could be heard by a regiment, no officer would attempt to be heard. The commander could only address himself to those files immediately around him. On this subject no man who has ever led a regiment against an enemy in fire and through broken ground, as I have done and therefore speak now from experience, can doubt what I say. All that a commanding officer can do is to dash on with those about him, cheering and trusting that all those of his regiment out of his sight will close up to him as the jungle clears, and the loud cheering marks the ground he gains.

"5°. In these circumstances the 24th Regiment and Colonel Pennycuick were placed: and the excitement of danger, the desire to close with the enemy, the cheers of the soldiers to encourage each other as they struggled through the jungle —all conduced to change an advance in quick time to a

rush forward by a common impulse. Of course the shout to charge would be echoed along the line by hundreds without orders.

"6°. There was then nothing for a brave and able commander to do but what Colonel Pennycuick did—dash forward cheering on his men, and by his example supporting the impulse which he could not check, and ought not to check. There were but two things to do—run on, or run off: the 24th chose the nobler one. Had Colonel Pennycuick acted otherwise, he would have been unworthy to command in battle.

"7°. I have now shewn, from information carefully collected, that Colonel Pennycuick did not order the charge at such a distance as 150 yards, but necessarily joined in it. We have then to inquire—did this change succeed or fail? It succeeded. The 24th took the enemy's guns, and broke his centre! It was master of the position, and the glory of Pennycuick and his regiment was complete—but they were alone in their glory! Exhausted, isolated, unsupported, the enemy rallied and destroyed them! The intrepid Pennycuick and his unflinching soldiers fell around the guns they had so nobly won.

"Such is my defence of this hero's conduct, gathered from many mouths, and the British army may justly feel proud of him. It is easy to say 'a regiment advanced too quickly'—if so, follow it up and support. But I beg leave distinctly to say, I find no fault with any man in this battle—much less with any regiment. I merely state what I believe to be the real facts relative to the 24th Regiment and its commander: their conduct has never been surpassed by British soldiers in a field of battle. Amongst others, I collected my information from Sir Colin Campbell, who, in my opinion, was the man that decided the battle when the crisis hung upon the wheeling up of the two right companies of the 61st Regiment. But for that manœuvre I do not see how the 61st could have escaped the fate of the

24th Regiment. The destruction of the last separated the wings of the army, and the change of front and advance made by the 61st and 40th united them again. Sir Colin's decided and daring conduct was described to me by an officer on his staff.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, June 23rd.—I send you a good account of Burmah doings. The commissaries as usual, starving the troops. However I do not see why Godwyn did not feed his men, as the provisions were there, and so were the tents. I hope there will be an enquiry: it has caused a vast number of deaths."—The reader will here cry out, Crimea!

At this time a speech was made in the House of Commons by Lord Jocelyn, who thought a voyage to China and a subordinate place at the Board of Control had qualified him to judge of all Indian matters. Filled to overflowing with the old, and some new slanders, about the conquest of Scinde, he poured them forth with all the volubility of innocent ignorance to a yawning house:—answered and exposed out of the house, he was generally laughed at, in and out, and so the farce ended.

"Miss Napier, June 29th.—I have been very unwell, and have therefore been three days answering Lord Jocelyn's discreditable assertions. He has been prompted by Outram, and asserts distinct untruths; however he shall not go uncontradicted: he seems to be a vain, empty-headed man. Now, for more interesting things. Susan lost her beautiful little boy Robert for two hours; the whole house turned out, and the little fellow was found close to a very deep pool with steep banks! Not the least frightened, though perfectly aware that he was lost. '*I was ooking for oo.*' The poor little thing had been told to go out by a careless maid, and had wandered half a mile away though only two years old, and at last saw water, all that he could see, poor little fellow!"

Lord Jocelyn was not the only Indian pretender corrected

at this period by Sir C. Napier. Sir Henry Willock one of the great Indian lights amongst the directors, thought fit to write a letter for the instruction of a commercial assembly in Manchester, in which he declared the strong desire of the court to forward British trade with Central Asia by the Indus, and by the establishment of fairs in Scinde. This specimen of popularity-hunting quackery, displayed all the ignorance of the Indian governing body, and was immediately exposed in a memoir from Sir C. Napier. Already published in his posthumous work, it shall be repeated here, as being of great public value, now that personal hatred no longer blinds the directors to the enormous advantages obtained by the conquest of Scinde.

"Memoir.—The fairs announced by Sir H. Willock, have been established by Mr. Frere, who now governs Scinde admirably, so far as his proceedings are known to me; but a change has come over the Indian government. Sir H. Willock's letter, dated 26th June 1852, says *The Court of Directors have sedulously turned their attention to the improvement of British commerce with Central Asia, and have been desirous that the attention of the commercial world should be turned to the advantageous position of Kurrachee.*

"This he treats as a new and dazzling policy; but though pretended to be so by him and his colleagues, it is assuredly an old policy to others: Lord Ellenborough and every one in Scinde were familiar with it ten years ago! At that time his lordship ordered me to construct a large *serai* or depôt for merchants' goods at Sukkur, and the site was actually marked out: the pressing events of an impending war stopped the immediate building, and when conquest had enabled us to proceed, Lord Ellenborough was recalled and no money could be got from the succeeding government. My efforts were then directed to render Kurrachee the real mouth of the Indus, a matter

soon brought to a successful issue: for Lieutenant Balfour, a clever officer of the Indian army, having heard from fishermen that a navigable tide creekway along the coast communicated with the Indus, was directed to explore it with his steamer: the thing was so, and that sure communication has been used ever since.

"Kurrachee then became the virtual mouth of the Indus, because this creekway is not affected by the annual inundation, and is free from the influence of raging seas. Four of the war steamers under my orders were immediately placed at the disposal of the Kurrachee merchants, and despite of the difficulty of opening a new line of trade; despite also of the unsuitableness of war vessels for carriage of goods, the merchants found this water communication to the Indus and up to Sukkur, so much cheaper and more rapid than their old land line, that they abandoned "*kaffilas*," and poured their trade on Kurrachee so fast by water, that the steamers were unequal to the work.

"On my departure, Scinde was placed under the Bombay government; at that time the very sink of iniquity: it instantly took the steamers from the merchants, and abolished all my arrangements for establishing and nourishing trade with Central Asia and the Punjaub by the Indus! This line, pointed out by nature, was the best, the quickest, the safest, the cheapest: but as I had previously warred down the robber tribes of the Cutchee hills, who had infested all the country between the Bolan pass and the Indus, the land trade by kaffilas had also become secure:—cheaper likewise than before, because those tribes always levied black mail, and perpetrated wholesale robbery at times besides. I do not altogether fasten on the directors this atrocious attempt to crush incipient commerce by Kurrachee up the Indus to Mittenkote, to strike off from thence by the Panjaub, east, west, and north: it was the government of Bombay which did that ill turn to the com-

mercial public, and from personal hostility to me. Falsely it represented to the world the state of Scinde, and suppressed all information of the capabilities of that great and interesting country. Now Manchester pressure has extorted from the directors a common-sense view and acknowledgement of the immense opening for commercial enterprize by Kurrachee, to which I vainly strove to draw government attention when Scinde was under my rule.

"Forseeing clearly that Kurrachee must in time become a great emporium, I early commenced the construction of a quay, or mole, very considerable in dimensions: it was necessary for the commerce of the port and very much advanced at my departure; but that also the Bombay government stopped when I was gone. It remained untouched from 1847 until this year, when Mr. Frere with a proper spirit has completed it. He was however supported by Lord Falkland, the actual governor of Bombay, whose council has been purged of Messrs. Reid, Willoughby, and Crauford, persons who have unceasingly endeavoured with laboured foulness, private and official, to defame me, and to crush Mr. Pringle my first successor. Had they remained, Mr. Frere, being an honourable man, would also have been maltreated.

"With these remembrances, it is a subject for rejoicing that the Court of Directors has been constrained to admit the value of Scinde as an acquisition; and to acknowledge its vast productive powers for cotton, indigo, sugar and grain: in short for all that a fine soil and a periodical inundation can nourish: immense riches are there, and a fine race of men to work them out!

"What commercial men should urge on the directors shall be here enumerated.

"1°. The employment of an engineer to cut the bar at the entrance of Kurrachee harbour; it is not alluvial, but decayed stone easily pulverized: the water will aid the work, washing away the loosened rock.

"2°. The application of science to deepen and clear the harbour.*

"3°. To lay pipes from the Mullaree River to Kurrachee: the survey levels, and estimates were all taken by me, are complete for application, and the cost only £12,000, according to the estimate of the military engineer Captain Scott. From a reservoir thus formed at Kurrachee, pipes should be conducted along the quay or *bund* to Kemaree Point, for supplying the shipping with water.

"4°. Construct a quay at the mouth of the tide creek of Ghisree.

"5°. A railway from Kurrachee to Ghisree: three miles.

"6°. Trace a new town, to extend from Kemaree Point towards Clifton.

"7°. To fortify Kurrachee in the mode submitted by me and approved of by the supreme government of India. My plans and estimates are in the hands of the directors, they are not extensive, and the day may come when they will be wanted: but they should be executed at once in a country always liable to wars.

"8°. Make a road from Sukkur to Shikarpoor, for which I gave plans and an estimate.

"9°. Send steamers to the Indus suited to its stream. Captain Powell of the Indian navy is conversant with the navigation of that river, and can give the proper build.

"There are other things to be done, but those mentioned will put commerce in full action on the Indus and the Punjaub rivers. They would all have been done by me but for the interference of superior power; for the Court of Directors had not then 'sedulously turned its attention to the improvement of British commerce with Central Asia.' On the contrary: that court sedulously opposed all improvements

* These things are all now being considered by the directors, and Mr. Walker the celebrated civil engineer is being consulted for their execution: this would have been done ten years ago by Sir C. Napier had he been supported.

when pressed by me. I urged, but the directors disregarded and suppressed 'the advantages of the position of Kurrachee, as convenient for the introduction of British manufactures to the vast extent of countries immediately west, and north-west of that province.' Yet now Sir Henry Willock, their vice-chairman, is not ashamed to claim the merit of such conceptions for the very men who stifled its realization when mine! But this letter shews that the court is not yet aware of the full extent and value of the opening through Scinde for British manufactures. He forgets the north-east! Forgets that four great navigable rivers flow through the north-east countries, all rich and beckoning to Manchester! He forgets also, or likely never knew, that in the north there runs from east to west the great line of traffic between China and Russia, by which Russian goods are sold in the upper part of India, cheaper than English goods!

"That line passes through *Leh* or *Ladak*, in Thibet, which by the map is only two hundred and fifty miles north of Simla: the Chenaub River, a tributary of the Indus, flows within a hundred miles of Ladak; and it may be assumed that Cashmere will ere long become a British province: because justice and policy unite to dictate the wresting of that miserable country from the horrible tyranny of the infernal monster Goolab Sing. When that is done, the Chinese trade, now passing through Ladak, will descend on India, following the courses of the five rivers: for the devil's in the dice if England, with water carriage the whole way from Liverpool to within one hundred miles of Ladak, cannot win the Chinese trade from Russia!

"Ladak is assuredly the eastern battle-field for a commercial contest with Russia. To use military terms, England's line of operations, having India for a base, is short, easy and safe: that of Russia long, difficult, and insecure. Our line will pass altogether through our own territories, while that of Russia runs through barbarous nations altogether beyond her control. English goods will indeed reach

Ladak charged with a portion of the national debt; but Russian goods will go there charged with the black mail levied by wild robber tribes at every step:—impositions which would destroy the trade altogether if the caravans did not themselves pillage. Of this I have been assured by men who have a full knowledge of the subject, having travelled with the kaffilas and caravans.

"But whether we win the Chinese trade by forethought and enterprize, or lose it by supineness and misgovernment of India—and the case of Mr. Aratoon, who was unceremoniously and unfairly stopped short in a great commercial enterprize along the Punjaub rivers by Lord Dalhousie, is a sample of the latter; it is clear that the trade from the N.E. will in time be immense, if India continues a British possession; much greater than that from the countries mentioned by Sir H. Willock. Why he omitted to notice this N.E. trade is strange; probably he knew nothing of it, and his letter was merely to assuage Manchester hostility on the India bill. He must now be told that the *north-western* nations of Asia have a shorter line for mercantile operations with Europe by the Oxus, which will beat the Indus, and leave us only the *north-eastern* trade, of which he takes no notice! From the north-western countries, Persia and Russia, with their great inland waters, will carry off the rest. When I was at Peshawur, Russian goods of all kinds, sugar, tea &c., were to be had cheaper than English goods, though that place is only two marches west of the Indus: but the Russian Emperor takes more pains than the Court of Directors to assist commerce, and his line is shorter.

"Sir H. Willock, while making great display of his commercial acumen, has overlooked altogether the most important source for trade, viz. the territory *north-east* of Scinde, although under the rule of himself and his colleagues. That territory must be the most important commercial quarter, because trade will not go round about when it can go straight forward. The Calcutta interest may

writhe and twist at the growing importance of Bombay and Kurrachee; but the whole commerce of the countries north-east of Scinde will finally descend upon Kurrachee; and the march of Alexander the Great from the Beas to the ocean, with the voyage of Nearchus, marks the coming line of European trade with India. The time is not distant when it will be adopted, the commercial glory of Calcutta is departing: the Indus, the Jhelum, the Chenaub, the Ravee, the Sutlege, the Nerbudda, and railroads, will unite to give the ascendancy to Bombay and Kurrachee.

"Foreseeing, while still governor of Scinde, what was to come, I urged the purchase of Sonmeeanee, the only port besides Kurrachee on the Scindian sea frontier: the Jam of Beila was willing to sell it for a very small sum, and the bargain would have been struck had I remained. Since then it has dropped, but it ought to be completed and quickly: for though the security of Scinde under my rule had such attractions that the trade of Soonmeeanee was drawn off to Kurrachee, the former is the better harbour, and there will be trade enough for both. Those therefore who desire to have the immense opening for our manufactures presented by Scinde, must urge on the Court of Directors the works mentioned; and press on the Queen's government the reform of the Indian charter recommended by Lord Ellenborough, who alone really understands the subject in all its bearings, political, military and commercial. If England chooses to lose his services, and have an enormous empire dead for commerce —alive only for the profits of Lord Wellesley's twenty-four ignominious tyrants, be it so. But if parliament does its duty, free from private influence, it will accept the good counsels of a man so thoroughly versed in all that concerns India."

"It is now only necessary to add for the entire breaking down of Sir H. Willock's communication, that under my orders and sanction, General Hunter of the Company's

service did establish a horse fair at Sukkur, which was to have been enlarged for general commerce, but the Indian government immediately abolished it. Yet at that fair he had purchased some hundreds of horses for the Bengal army which were found to surpass all others; and he could have supplied the three presidencies with animals, of a superior description, at half the price now paid for an inferior supply!"

This exposition of the directors' "*sedulous attention*" is recommended to commercial men.

For the murder of his dog Pastor, Charles Napier had obtained "*jury-made law:*" he was now to experience in a far graver case, what Jeremy Bentham calls "*judge-made law!*" that is to say arbitrary decisions overriding the laws. The Court of Directors, as a ruling body had tried but failed, to deprive the Scinde army generally of prize money; and as the trustees for the distribution had tried but failed, to deprive the general of that army of his just share, although "*sedulous attention*" had been given to these honorable objects. They did not stop there. Scinde batta, or field allowances had been early deducted from the prize money with a miserly spirit; for the claims to each rested on totally different grounds—the one being the spoil of battle, bought with blood; the other an allowance to cover unusual expences in the field. In the same spirit the directors acted under the royal warrant appointing them trustees for the distribution of the booty. By that warrant a certain portion was given to the Ameers, the rest to the troops: this was done—the first distribution being made in 1848, the second and final one in August 1849, and the affair seemed to be concluded. Not so.

In April 1850, nearly two years after the first distribution, and nine months after the final one, the Indian financial authorities suddenly asserted that they had not deducted the sum paid to the Ameers from the general sum; that one captain had received a major's share;

and the whole must be refunded, instantly, by order of the directors.

But from the Sepoys and British soldiers they dared not demand any back; from the officers who had proceeded to England they could not get any back; wherefore, they stopped the whole from the pay of officers, Queen's and Company's, who being still in India were under their power: thus making the few bear the burthen of many. The injustice was patent, even though the demand had been fair; but it was eminently foul and oppressive. The recipients had not drawn bills for their money; had not violated any regulations; had been furnished with no accounts, bearing even the ominous corrective, of '*errors excepted.*' They had been told money was to be paid to them, and simply held out their hands; they had received and spent, and had regulated their expences and liabilities by what they had received, holding it as a lawful possession: how could they regard it otherwise? Who had made the error?—the Indian officials. Who should have borne the loss, if loss there was?—Those, clearly, who had made the error. What were the proofs that error had been made? Simply the assertions of those who demanded back the money: men who produced no accounts, and who seized the pay of a few to cover their own deficiency as to the many! What means had the persons charged for ascertaining the fairness of the claim? None! No explanations were given, no proofs produced; their pay was at once attacked, and this was extended even to the pensions of widows whose husbands had fallen in battle, fallen to pour millions into the treasury of those who thus mulct them!

Sir C. Napier on his arrival in India as commander in chief, found his pay withheld under this proceeding; and thus his acceptance of the Indian command at the call of the British people, was by the directors rendered a Jew bailiff's scheme to get him into their power as to this money! He protested at once, on legal ground, and being

then strong in popular favour was judged too powerful for the moment; wherefore his pay was issued at the time: but when he resigned his command, the order was instantly enforced by *especial* direction from Leadenhall Street! Again he protested, and in England, having taken legal opinions, moved the Queen's Bench for a mandamus to compel the restoration of his pay. But this he did entirely, and avowedly, for the interests of the officers and widows, who had been in like manner oppressed and were too poor to defend their rights by law: he also gave his counsel notice, that the money, if recovered, would be applied for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who had fallen in battle under his command.

In support of his claim, special and stringent acts of parliament, worded as if specially framed for the particular case, were adduced: nevertheless Lord Chief Justice Campbell absolutely refused a mandamus, though in support of his ruling he was reduced to the absurdity of declaring, that Acts stringently enjoining the payment of *all the forces* did not impose payment of *individuals* of those forces, and were only convenient arrangements between the Royal and Company's governments! that Acts positively and distinctly forbidding deductions from the "*pay of officers and soldiers*," did not affect the commander in chief, because he was not named as such in the Act! In other words, that the commander who led the troops to battle and victory was neither *an officer nor a soldier!* This was indeed "judge-made law," overriding statute law, and making Queen's and Company's troops alike, entirely dependent for their pay upon the directors, to grant or withhold generally, or particularly, according to their notions of integrity and justice! And what their notions on those points are, have been amply disclosed since in the matter of Dyce Sombre's will, and the claims of the Nawab of Surat!

Let not this be taken as angry declamation: the Acts adduced were the 55th sec. 53rd George III. c. 155. 33rd

George III. c. 52, s. 127, 128. The East India Mutiny Act. The 3rd and 4th Vic. c. 37, s. 35. The 1st Vic. c. 47, s. 3. 3rd and 4th—4, c. 85, s. 79. Let lawyer or layman, read these Acts, and he will at once perceive the drivelling sophistry of Lord Chief Justice Campbell's argument in support of his decision. Now to resume the wronged man's correspondence.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, July 27th.—I am again unwell, and wish to be like the cockroaches kept by a man to prove that insects have not our feelings: he disembowels them, stuffs them with cotton, and they run about, happy as princes!

"September 8th.—What rubbish the Times puts forth about the wisdom and just conduct that the Americans ought to pursue! We will not look truth in the face! Weak people, and weak nations, and religious people, are always full of justice and right in quarrels; but strong people are full of wrong. The Yankee will conquer, right or wrong!—conquest is his watchword. To avenge his failure against Cuba he will finally take Cuba and all else that he covets, till he has a split at home.

"I have been lying in great pain, and been very low, and in great danger, but all that has passed, I hope, for a return would run me hard: the writing of my book has been stopped, and people must have their own way about Scinde. Cooper writes me word that my commercial memoir has been 'done ample justice to in the Manchester Guardian.' I send you the 'justice done!' Bah! I will take no more trouble about them or their affairs: every line I write is a nail in my coffin; internal ulceration won't bear being pooh! poohed!"—The article in the Guardian was a verbose misconception of the whole matter, either from inability, or unwillingness to handle it rightly: probably both.

"October.—Your memoir on the defence of London interested me. Formerly it was proposed to make strong works at certain points of the chalk and sand hills, espe-

cially about Reigate. As to the militia, all one can say, is to repeat the duke's words, '*It is a beginning.*' As to India my opinion is that as yet there is no public interest about it; nor will there be until disaster happens: at least none that the directors cannot strangle. This I think made Lord Ellenborough follow the duke's system of not defending himself. The duke said to me—'If a man defends himself he must not expect the government to defend him. I don't want to dictate to you, but I never wrote a word of anything, even to my own family. I never made any confidences, and I advise you to do the same.' This was not strictly exact, as his dispatches shew, but he said so to me just before I went to India the last time: and formerly he sent me a like message to Kurrachee. This seems to be Lord Ellenborough's plan also, and is very well—if government will defend you! But it is not well if ministers are your enemies—or what is much worse, sacrifice you to your enemies as a peace-offering.

"October 30th, Miss Napier.—I hear from Charles the black, who came from London three days ago, that our people cannot get sailors; and that the French arsenals are working double tides to increase their navy, and finish the railroads leading to their ports opposite our coasts. He and I are agreed that our two houses are much too near the coast, he has therefore advertized his for sale. I shall not do that, but, expecting an invasion, as I am too old to fight now, mean to put on a red nightcap and sit at my door with a flannel petticoat over my knees, a black draught in my hand, and my feet in hot water, awaiting the arrival of a French general of brigade '*Je suis un pauvre ancien militaire monsieur, ayez pitié de moi!*' Oaklands shall be called *Frogmore* in compliment.

"Lord Ellenborough, October.—I believe few will feel more deeply than yourself the loss of the duke, for few more fully estimated his great mind: it is a subject which one feels strongly, and cannot write upon. I see the French

are getting up the old cry, that the Mediterranean is a 'French lake,' and that Toulon is therefore to be made like Cherbourg. The order has gone forth, and Frenchmen act with vigour on a favourite scheme. We are weak in Egypt, in the Ionian Islands, and in Malta, as the French know *better* than we do: we are weak everywhere! I have been too ill to do anything more about your plan for animating men to enlist, except sending the paper you sent me to a magistrate; but you know how little energy they have, except in cases of poaching! Then indeed they are steam-engines!

"I think your opinion of the present government is daily being confirmed: well, it has lost that mighty aid it had in the duke, and it would seem that severe trials are approaching: yet I have often observed on service, that when the whole army expected a desperate battle, the affair at once melted away and not a shot was fired. I hope it may be so now.

"My friend Colin Campbell has been driven away from India, by Lord Dalhousie and Sir H. Lawrence: he was to be guided by Lieutenant-Colonel Makeson, who is very well in his way, but whose knowledge of his profession appeared to be much below his rank, so far as I could judge; and so is Sir H. Lawrence's in my opinion. We shall see how Lord Dalhousie, General Godwyn, and Commodore Lambert boil their fish. I wish the troops were at Prome, away from the marshes—if Prome is clear from marshes. I would give a great deal to know what the duke said to Lord Derby on the Burmah campaign.

"The same, October 12th.—Your 'morning marches' are only a portion of your resemblance to Alexander in India! I believe you would have done more than he did, had not Leadenhall Street been your Beas river! But there is this difference between you and him: instead of being foiled by the army, had you had your troops on the banks of Leadenhall Street there would, I think, have been a *black mark*

where the India House once stood! and I am sure I would not as one of your generals have taken Cœnus for my model there. I am glad your marches give you health; I am no longer able to make any march but the last, and that in an awkward kind of palanquin.

"I quite concur in your opinion, that the duke's corpse should not be made a convenience of—I cannot get rid of his face as I saw it, young in battle and old in peace! those moments pass through my brain at intervals like repeated dreams, and tell a man of seventy that 'all is vanity.' I hear, but know not if it be true, that Lord Hardinge is put in till the Duke of Cambridge is prepared to take the command. Whoever has it will hold no sinecure, for our regimental schools and libraries have raised, and do daily increase, a host of very clever well-read private soldiers with powerful minds. These men begin to form, and express in anonymous letters their opinions of commanders: now as Lord Bacon has justly said that knowledge is power, what will be the increase of power if knowledge is well drilled, and carries a musquet and bayonet? I have thought much on this subject for the last two years, observing a great change in our private soldiers for the better, and in our officers for the worse—not as gentlemen but as officers. The first studying books; the last smoking cigars. This adds to the dangers with which, you truly say, India is threatened. There is there also another combustible; a feeling the reverse of cordial on the part of Catholic soldiers, because we do not treat their priests fairly: they are very discontented, and I think with reason. We forget that half our Europeans there are Catholics. The Court of Directors would do well to think of this in time, lest the pastors there should recollect that their flocks are armed men and live in one room!

"Your view of Indian affairs is not cheering, and as I believe you know better than any living man, I try to wean my thoughts from all relating to India; the truth is I gave up

all hope when I saw you out of office though the Tory party came in! I not only gave up India but feared for England: —one can shake off fears for India, but not for England. I suppose you will think me wrong, but I cannot help wishing to see you and Lord Palmerston united. I do not know him beyond a slight acquaintance, but I see he has the confidence of the country to a great degree. You will I fear think me impertinent, but I wish for what seems our best chance in our present humbled state, which old soldiers cannot stomach easily. Can we be blamed? The grandeur of England supported us through the greatest dangers, and hardships: it was our great stimulant: to see it lowered is painful. The young soldiers are as good as the old ones, but if their pride in England's grandeur goes their courage will follow.

"The duke's death has added largely to our danger; and all this danger springs from the influence of a class, for which you say, and I rejoice at your saying so, you have 'the least possible respect.' Mercantile influence, Austrian insolence unpunished, and Minié rifles, will blunt the British bayonet ere long, unless some real statesman gets into power. Apropos of bayonets I think the attacks on General Godwyn are very unjust. The governor-general and council have agreed that an army of 20,000 men is necessary to meet the Burmese force; how then could General Godwyn send 2,000 men up to Prome, into the lion's mouth, out of reach of all support in case of a check? I really do not think he would be justified in doing so, unless the papers know more than we do. The accidental success of a dashing sailor deserves the highest praise, but would not justify a general in attempting with 2,000 men what his government has given him 20,000 to do. I wish he was able to go bodily out of the marshes: I fear he will suffer much. Good barracks in a bad site are but small protection against marsh miasma.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Oct. 31st.—I have a very kind letter from Lord Raglan: his feelings are evidently deeply wounded. I am glad we shall be near one another at the

funeral. The people of Portsmouth swear that a great body of men practise embarking and disembarking every day near Cherbourg, in a small unfrequented bay; and that Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence left Paris a few days ago, and says Napoleon told him he feared an invasion of England must take place! So much for gossip."

These letters shew that the Duke of Wellington was dead. Charles Napier's emotions on hearing of that memorable event have not been recorded by himself; but the writer, having been with him at the moment, can avouch that they were acute. A first momentary sense of recent injustice, not in human nature to suppress, was instantly overborne by a tumultuous rush of remembrances—ancient times, and deeds, and kindnesses, came like a flood to wash away all but regret and reverence for the hero. He assisted as pall-bearer at the funeral, that signal notification of the dead man's worldly greatness. Too gorgeous it was for death, and scarcely in harmony with the feelings of the aged warriors who, having in youth followed him through all dangers, were then bending in grief over his bier. Pride and luxury rather than veneration and sorrow seemed to predominate, until, lowered with unseen machinery, the coffin, as if under a fiat from above, gradually descended into the dark vault below—a hundred-gun ship slowly sinking in calm waters! When that, the only deep-felt part of the pageant was over, many eyes were turned on Charles Napier, and low voices were heard to say—'the next in genius stood by the bier.' They saw, said the Times, "that eagle face, that bold strong eye, and felt that there was still a mighty man of battle before them."

Of the people's esteem he was well assured, but the hostility of his enemies was thereby aggravated, and their power was soon developed in a quarter which ought to have been least sensible of such influence. Meanwhile, in common with nearly all military men, he was pained by an irrefragable proof that ostentation, not real reverence for the great dead,

had produced the recent funeral pomp. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the comrade, the confidential approved friend of the departed — the man who had so long controlled the vast machinery of the British army, honoured and loved for his justice, fine temper and generous heart, was, when he should have stepped into the vacant command, set aside without explanation! It was a wrong to him and the nation; and was tacitly acknowledged to be so by the wrong-doers, when they advised their sovereign to create him Baron of Raglan. There was strong reason why he should be made commander in chief, no apparent one why he should be made a peer at that moment.

From this digression an easy turn leads to a new display of hostility against Charles Napier.

A virulent review of the general's conduct in subjugating Scinde, was declared by eminent lawyers to be so clearly libellous that a conviction must be obtained. From legal necessity the publisher was, reluctantly, made responsible, because the author, conscious of unmitigated falsehood, had not courage to appear in defence of his calumnies. A criminal information was moved for, and Charles Napier denied on oath, each and every accusation and innuendo of the writer. The matter was argued before Lord Chief Justice Campbell, and the Justices, Wightman, Erle, and Coleridge; and from them Charles Napier again experienced "judge-made law." The rule was refused with insult. Thus a second time he was denied even a trial by the same judge, and seemed to be placed beyond the pale of law altogether, whether for pecuniary interests or defence of character!

Lord Campbell said he gave implicit credence to all Sir C. Napier had sworn in contradiction of the reviewer's article, and would grant the criminal information, if any design to calumniate had been shewn, but in that counsel had totally failed! To this doctrine the other three judges assented. What their notion was of a design to calumniate it is hard to comprehend, seeing that the article directly imputed the wil-

ful suppression of information necessary to enable the governor-general to decide on peace or war; a desire and resolution to cause an unjust war, from a furious lust of conquest and thirst for prize money, which urged him, wantonly, foully, and dishonourably not only to withhold true information, but to foist forgeries upon the governor-general; that with ferocious and odious rapacity he authorized and urged plunder and the ill-treatment of women! in fine that his conduct disgraced the nation and the honour of our arms: for which, if only one half said had been true, he ought to have been dismissed from the army with ignominy, expelled from the Order of the Bath as a recreant, and driven from the society of gentlemen as a ruffian! These imputations the judges—while admitting their entire falsehood, by acknowledging as true Sir C. Napier's oath in contradiction, did not consider as evincing any design whatever to calumniate! And to this construction Lord Campbell added with a sneer, that Sir C. Napier would do well to imitate Cæsar by writing a book of his own deeds! Here is the book!

Who the author of the article was did not become known; but privately several persons were indicated, such as Mr. Eastwick of the Directors' College at Haileybury, Mr. Thoby Prinsep; Lord Campbell's son, or nephew, who had published a work favourable to the directors' government, and finally, most strange to say, Lord Justice Campbell himself! All this was mere gossip unworthy of notice; three out of the four must have been erroneously pointed at; and Lord Campbell's authorship was of course an amusing, preposterous joke: yet his bench argument was not less preposterous. He said the article was an allowable discussion of a point in history: and his learned brothers coincided. Their decision in this case, and Lord Campbell's on the prize-money matter, are surely, also points of history; but would they allow their judgments to be so discussed? Let it be supposed that some public writer, having as little regard for truth and decency and probability as the writer

of the article in the Quarterly, should, from mere malignancy, say that those judgments sprung from a sordid desire to please the directors, and obtain their patronage for sons, nephews, and brothers. Would that be called fair historical discussion? Yet it would not be more false and insulting than the article against Sir Charles Napier which the judges protected. Their decision was however far from agreeable to the public, and was moreover handled with authority, as a mere legal question, not an historical one, by a man competent to the task, as the following letter from Sir George Napier, dated at Nice, will shew.

"I have just seen Lord Denman, who is here for his health. His lordship, in the very kindest manner, came to me this horrid bad day, to tell me what he thought of Lord Campbell's refusing your application for a criminal information against the Quarterly Review: it is as follows.

"'Lord Campbell is perfectly wrong in the law he has laid down: under it no man's character can be safe from the slanders of the press; which may publish what it likes against any public servant of the Crown, according to Lord Campbell's law.'

"I read to him the article in the Times on the subject, whereupon he said 'That he advises you to maturely consider, and well weigh in your own mind that article; and if you do not think it sufficient to completely vindicate your character to the public, and that your feelings are not perfectly satisfied, he has no hesitation in advising you to prosecute the Review for libel in another court, where the monstrous doctrines laid down by Lord Campbell will be combated by your advocate Mr. Montague Chambers, upon whose ability and high honour you may rely.' He further said, 'I think the other judges, who are men of honourable feeling, may have concurred with Lord Campbell on the ground, that the Quarterly Review did not necessarily cast any personal reflection on Sir C. Napier; otherwise I must say, we are living under a law before unheard of, and the liberty of the

press consists in the right of publishing falsehoods *ad libitum* respecting public men.'"

Lord Denman's great legal character and universally acknowledged integrity on the bench require no support; but it is satisfactory to find the man whose judgment he thus censured, afterwards admitting the weight and gravity of his opinion in legal matters. On the 7th of July 1853, Lord Campbell enforcing a point of law in the House of Lords, thus spoke. "*I have the good fortune to agree on this subject with Lord Denman, who was not in the habit of giving his opinions rashly!*" The opinion given at Nice therefore carries great weight; and the whole affair brings forcibly to recollection Charles Fox's observation on Judge Grose's speech, when passing sentence on Mr. Gilbert Wakefield, "*That it was the most abominable, indecent production he ever read; though its being so incredibly nonsensical was in some degree a corrective.*"

An article in the Times supplied another corrective: it spoke the public opinion; and other papers, especially the Sun and Standard, were still more impressive on the subject. The writer in the Times however, though lively and keenly contemptuous on the decision of the judges, read a false lesson to the general on the propriety of despising such slanders—instancing the Duke of Wellington's forbearance. But the fact and the analogy were equally at fault. The duke's dispatches shew that he was hardly deterred from prosecuting Lord Holland for slander in the affair of Marshal Ney; and as for the analogy, he was always supported by the government, and the calumnies against him were never embodied in parliamentary speeches and parliamentary records, as those against Charles Napier were. In the duke's case the mere spray of slander sprinkled the rock of power on which he stood: in Charles Napier's a flood of falsehood was directed by power. Would the judges have refused a trial to the Duke of Wellington?

On the public these slanders had no effect, for when a

false notion of the French emperor's character and designs aroused the nation's fears, and public danger was apprehended, the people again with a sure instinct turned towards the conqueror of Scinde. Happily his services were not required, and a few letters will finish his story for the year 1852.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, December 2nd.—I gave my evidence before the committee"—on Indian affairs—"this day, and Lord Ellenborough writes to me that his colleagues were 'charmed with my evidence.' What charmed them I know not, but it is good to be in favour after having spoken pretty plainly about politicals! I saw George Brown, the adjutant-general. He read your note about the poor old fellows from Chelsea being cold at the funeral; but he says they were very warmly clothed, having had two cloth waistcoats—cloth backs as well as fronts; a thick cloth coat and a great-coat, and that they were remarkably well fed: this is orthodox according to Brown.

"John Alcock, Esquire, December.—I have given full consideration to the matter of the Review, and will not prosecute for damages. A man wantonly killed my dog Pastor, and law gave me no redress! The Court of Directors deprived me of my pay, two thousand pounds, and law gave me no redress:—not even a trial! The Quarterly Review has libelled me and law gave me no redress:—not even a trial! Why then should I trust law a fourth time? I may get damages, but am myself sure of being damaged; and great is the difference between S and D,—*'twixt tweedledum, and tweedledee.* The public opinion is now with me: a prosecution for money would turn that opinion against me, whether I won or lost; but the chances are three to four that I should lose! If I won, what should I win? perhaps a thousand pounds; perhaps a hundred; perhaps nothing! And be none the wiser as to who is the writer. Why should I expect justice from a judge, or a packed jury? the last is certain under the city influence

of the directors: and in addition to the various influences of the Court of Directors there is the government interest and influence against me. I may therefore add two to the chances against me, and call them five to one. And that one merely the chance of inflicting a fine, which my enemies would pay by subscription probably: for I know some of the directors canvassed to pay for Outram's book. A lady questioned one of them thus—'What is Outram's book?' Answer. '*Oh! I never read it, but it is against Sir C. Napier.*' 'Well, what makes you angry at him?' '*Oh! nothing: but the directors wish it.*'

"M. Genl. W. Napier, Dec. 14th.—I mean to speak of Lord Campbell in my book, for I have now had pretty clear proof that there is no safety with either judges or juries. It must be however with caution; for Lord Campbell's views of justice will not prevent him probably, from giving himself that legal protection against truth, which he refused me against falsehood. As to the Scinde commerce, the loss of trade by the Ganges to the N.W. provinces will be great for the Calcutta houses; but it can hardly be called loss to Bombay, as the great merchants there will have branches at Kurrachee: finally it will extend the Bombay trade, for railroads will make Bombay flourish hand in hand with Kurrachee.

"Miss Napier, Dec. 25th.—At our age 'a merry Christmas' is rather out of character, because merriment and ill health are not good associates: but sober reflection is, perhaps, as good as merriment after all! If there be truth in Christianity the house of mourning is better than the house of feasting. Well, my poor friend Dr. Scott's house is the former: he is on his death-bed from abscess in his liver, which broke internally, and he dies leaving a wife and five or six little children unprovided for: I fear his last moments must be sad; he took leave of them two days ago. I feel deeply for poor Mrs. Scott. Well, each has his or her troubles in this life, and I believe them equally distributed, not agreeing

with Mrs. St. Clare of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' that one has more than another. Poor Mrs. Scott's are however at the greatest."—A strange comment upon this was the final result. Dr. Scott recovered, and very soon had to direct all his skill and attention, directed in vain, to save Sir C. Napier from an abscess of the liver which had burst internally!

The next letter has no address but seems to have been for Mr. Ferguson, author of the new system of fortification. It offers, with the succeeding one, rare comments on the astounding absurdity put forth at the time by public writers and most especially in a work called "The Land we Live in" as to the impossibility of invasion!

"Dec. 19th.—Many thanks for the very interesting memorandum on our defence which you have sent me. I have a wife, daughter, and ten grandchildren; and I have a house and some land here, near Portsmouth. These form a '*vital stake*' to me in the safety of England, or the devil's in the dice! And I do feel most indignant, and so you may say to whom you please, for I make no secret of it—I do feel indignant at the reckless state of unguardedness which exposes me, and all I possess to make life worth holding, to the ravages of an invader. I speak for myself, and have a right to speak. I know England, *if prepared*, can defy the world: I know also that, as she is, she cannot resist 20,000 French troops thrown on her southern coast, where I and my children live! I may have means to get away with my family and save my life; but what is to befall the poor?—murder, rape, arson! and this because our government do not at once place us, as we ought to be, strong as a rock against waves! I repeat, that I feel indignant as a private gentleman who is helpless, and as an Englishman still more at the danger to the crown and country. To use the words of a great soldier, Sir John Moore, '*I hope that all will not happen that may happen:*' but when the Duke of Wellington was not attended to, speaking is hopeless—who will be heard?

"I ventured while he was alive to publish a letter, asking members of parliament to attend to his dread warning. I now await events. Whether the emperor means to invade us I do not pretend to know. I think, *not willingly.* Whether he will be forced I do not pretend to know. But if he does and finds us unprepared God help us: the result will be horrible, &c.—P.S. I believe we are now doing something, but it is very little, and I want vigour! I do not like General Lewis's fortresses, and think, so far as I am able to judge, that from Woolwich to Richmond by Croydon is too extensive a line of defence for London. However, these are matters for deep consideration, and depend upon our numbers.—Numbers!! Where are they? I mean our regulars.

"Lord Ellenborough, Dec.—You proved a true prophet about the last Administration, and I fear you will prove so about the present. I hope Lord Aberdeen will be quick with his measures for defence! All I possess and care for is too near the scene of danger for me to be an indifferent spectator. As a soldier, every hill, every hedge, every ditch, every brawny labourer, tells me that we are able to defy all Europe. As a gentleman I see that we are, in the south, exposed to be ravaged by a French corporal's guard. If the first inspires pride, the second inspires anger. For the rich who have money wherewith to send away their families to the north, an invasion would be a small misfortune compared to that which would befall the poor people, who can neither send away their families nor fight in defence of them: they must remain to suffer the worst horrors of a vindictive war. The English peasantry would not tamely submit to be pillaged, and the first act of resistance would be the signal for terrible scenes. The Duke of Wellington's prayer, that he might not live to see such horrors has been granted, and the danger thereby increased: it is to be hoped that the rest of his solemn warning may not be buried in his grave!

"What has been done to prepare us I know not, but I do know that nothing has been done to give confidence to the country. The power of France is daily set forth with ostentation—perhaps with exaggeration: still it is incontestably great, and dangerous from the abilities of its ruler. I therefore must think that we should raise volunteer corps, increase the numbers of the Royal Marines, and form one or two large camps of instruction the moment summer comes, so as not only to raise corps but to render them efficient. In those camps I would assemble volunteers, militia, marines, regulars, and in three months their efficiency would be doubled. I believe something is doing to erect large barracks, and Lord Hardinge told me that he hoped to have 300 pieces of field artillery soon ready. So far this is good, but let the country know it; let the guns be brought together and seen, so as to inspire confidence to the youths of England.

"I do not wish to see enthusiasm aroused falsely, like 'Dutch courage,' but by England seeing her men in arms, and numbers well disciplined. I do not pretend to say Napoleon will invade us; but if he does, I think a calm, impartial consideration of his character tells us he will do it suddenly and powerfully: not without a declaration of war; but as Frederick the Great said 'Give me the money to make war, and I will buy a pretext for half a crown.'—Napoleon has the power, and it will be more easy for him to make war than to keep peace!

"When I say we should encamp our levies together, I know the volunteers could not encamp permanently: but those near the camp could join in the field exercises, and those more remote could come the night before, sleep in standing tents kept for them, have next day's exercise, sleep a second night and march home the third day. Doing this even once in the year would teach the men what a field life is; would teach them to pitch and strike tents, mess in squads, &c. In short a corps after a night in

camp would be twice the value next day; for by such details the moral feeling of soldiers is raised nearly as much as by more powerful means, which these small matters prepare them for. Together they produce a confident spirit that can do work, and is not produced by nonsensical boasting, and singing 'Britannia rules the Waves,' which would not be very strong after the first round shot. I have had some talk with my cousin the admiral. He has advertized his place near me for sale—saying, he cannot afford to have it burned. I will not sell Oaklands, but trust to assembling volunteers enough to make a French column march compact, by lying perdue on its flanks.

"General W. Napier, Dec. 26th.—I am plagued with giddiness in the head, but after seventy is the season for ailments—the crops spring up then!

"Little do I know of our rulers or their politics, and am therefore no great judge; but how any great system can be carried on by such an *olla podrida* passes my comprehension. Lord John Russell and Palmerston, Lord Aberdeen and the Whigs! God help us! If England stands all these doctors she has the best 'constitution' in the world. Sir F. Adam says the excitement for war at Toulon, where he is residing, is incredible, and the fitting out of ships going on like a railroad train, night and day. If this be not exaggeration, as it probably is, war is preparing for us. I believe Napoleon's own wish is for peace; indeed I have no doubt of it: it is what his uncle wished for, and is open to him if others will let him alone.

"Dec. 29th.—I do not know why the good God afflicts England with Whigs, and bugs, but He does so, and we all work towards some wondrous end! As to English law I take leave of it for ever if possible: Gil Blas was safer in the robber's cave than an honest man in an English court of justice. I went to civil law at Caen, with a French printer, who had printed for me military law: he was cast, and the sentence so severe that I forgave him. My whole expence,

including the first lawyer of the place, who did everything for me, was *one napoleon!* Well may I say that 'they manage these things better in France!'

"I dare say that Adam's letter was, as you say, *pour se faire valoir;* but there was a strong letter signed D——, quere, Dundonald, which said the same thing. I think your idea of Toulon wanting to get money is the chief source of the war excitement there: I never thought of it, though I might when Portsmouth is so near! Yes! You are right: but still there is enough of excitement to keep England on the look-out. I quite agree with you as to the magnitude of such an enterprize as the invasion of England, and moreover do not think the conquest is to be achieved; for ere we could be beaten over the Tweed, we should be better soldiers than our invaders. Still to lose Portsmouth or Plymouth, and be ravaged for twenty miles around would be horrible. The spirit of France is to undertake great enterprizes without much caution; the military spirit of the nation seems to defy all obstacles, till the moment of repulse opens the eyes of the troops to danger. Well, the coming year will probably decide for peace or war: my expectation is war, because of my contempt for those who rule. There are clever men amongst them, but not one able to take the lead, and I fear they will bungle their work." —Crimea!—"When a government is afraid of war, as ours appears to be, its coming is almost certain!" So ended 1852.

# TWENTIETH EPOCH.

RAPIDLY closing now was Charles Napier's eventful life, and his letters clearly indicate a knowledge of the fact. Severely stricken by cold at the duke's funeral he never rallied much; but to quail under pain, or at the approach of death, was not of his nature, and those immediately about him were deceived by his aspect when his feet were sliding down the side of the grave.

"Journal, January.—I have no heart to keep up this journal. Long ago Solomon told the world that all was vanity: so we need not regret the approach of its closing on us. In London I see the young running after courts, and balls, and parties: this with boys and girls one understands; being thoughtless they see no end to life, no accountability for time misspent—but the old here seem as eager as the young! Well, it is a curious world, and the most difficult thing I find to account for is myself!

"Miss Napier, January 9th.—A lady, who called on me here, has an aunt who beats Mrs. Kelly Oates, for she is 105 years old! William's daughter knows of a Mrs. Power who is 109, and who lately walked six or seven miles at a stretch! We are making *'a great offer'* at Methuselah!

"— Turner, Esq., Chairman of the Manchester Commercial Association. Extracts, January 22nd.—I have to thank you for your obliging letter of the 19th, and for the Manchester Guardian: and I am much gratified at seeing therein the good opinion you were so kind as to express of my humble endeavours in the service of the East India Company. All that I did was to execute such portions of Lord

Ellenborough's enlightened general views for India as his lordship entrusted to me in Scinde. But when private interests are opposed to those of the public, if the former hold the power the latter of course go to the wall! Lord Ellenborough was recalled, and I soon afterwards resigned, for the same reason that I subsequently resigned the high situation of commander in chief, viz.—that the struggle made by an honest man for the good of the public against superior power, moved by private interests and personal antipathy, must do more harm to the country than by any honest exertions such a man can do good!——"

—— "Our defence against an invasion is easy if we are prepared; if not, such an event would be horrible. I cannot join the peace society in their views, because I believe that universal peace is to be produced by the divine will of an all-ruling Providence, and not by the force of human exertions; and because reason tells us to defend ourselves as the real way to keep peace. I feel great respect for the peace society, because I believe it sincere in wishing for peace, and in the belief that being unarmed and trusting to the Christian feelings of the French people is the surest mode to obtain their object. My views are not so charitable, and I will do my best to defend my wife and children against all who attack us, whether nations or individuals. Be assured, that if our country is prepared we can defy all Europe, and that no power in Europe will like to meddle with us—unless we provoke our neighbours, and I must say we have always been too ready to do that, being too fond of meddling with other people's affairs.

—— "We have made a war with Burmah for £90.10*s.* 6*d.*! it will cost far above a million!! and if we annex it we entail interminable warfare, as our folly has done at Peshawur on the Indus, and in Africa. Your objection to the militia is a strong one; but I see no reason why *all* troops may not labour half the year if wanted. I think volunteer corps have been foolishly rejected.

"M. Genl. W. Napier, January 25th.—I will get the Barroda blue-book, of which I had not before heard; but the internal pains I suffer make me care little for anything of a public nature: they cease to interest me. I am glad however, that Napoleon has married '*Ossian's daughter.*' This is a thousand times better than marrying an Austrian '*famale,*' stupid or mischievous—they are all one or t'other. I dare say she will be best queen or empress France ever had, better than Josephine 'by chalks.' She will be dignified and beautiful from her Spanish blood; and her Scotch blood will make her '*pit doon the beef to bile in its ain brew*' which will save the treasury.

"The same, February 7th.—I do not expect ever to be well again; six years of this suffering has tired out my patience and I feel hopeless: this gives me little care for myself, but it pains me for others:—not that it will kill me just yet, and for the sake of others I take care and put off the event as long as possible.

"What the Edinburgh article you mentioned, says on the Indian army seems good, but on one point is wrong. It says that if the native officers were gradually gotten rid of the operation would be *safe, though not economical or generous.* But however gradually it might be done, 300,000 armed men would at once see that all their hopes of rising to be lieutenants, captains and majors, and, when no longer able to serve, the getting pensions, would for those ranks be blasted for ever. The writer would soon find his plan unsafe: it would end all Indian questions at once! There is no Sepoy in that great army but expects to retire in age with a major's pension, as certainly as every ensign expects to become a general or colonel in our army. There is but one thing to be done—give the native officers rank with our own, reducing the number of ours. This may endanger, but it will not do so more than the present system does, and my own opinion is pretty well made up that our power there is crumbling very fast. Now for a good one.

Speaking lately to a sergeant about B——, of the 22nd Regiment, I asked if it were true that B—— had married two wives, both living? With great solemnity he answered 'Sir Charles, I am sorry to say, he has done worse—he has committed not only *bigamy* but *trigonometry!!*' A terrible fellow, said I.

"Lord Ellenborough, February 7th. Extracts.—There seems to be mismanagement in the Burmah warfare, added to the great error of going to Rangoon instead of Arracan for our base. We make the river our line of operations, and of course have no power to change it under any circumstances of war: it is stereotyped. For as General Godwyn has no 'carriage;' both flanks and rear of his army are open to the enemy, whose own flanks and rear are secure. Godwyn cannot get out of his boats; he cannot quit his long river line, and the enemy may chop him up like a helpless worm! Advanced guard at Prome, rear-guard at Rangoon, and along the intermediate line he is everywhere exposed! There seems no safety but in the superior discipline of our troops; but should the river fail, the troops at Prome may be left without provisions, and some disaster occur. It would be wise of Lord Dalhousie to find out if there be a road from Sandoway to Prome, preparing thus for accidents in time. By the map the distance seems about five marches: a road for guns may be made over mountains very fast, especially if the rocks be of a cracked and rotten nature — generally the case on the surface — to be dealt with by pickaxes, and when the height does not expose the men to snow-storms. Kennedy opened 70 miles of road in the Himalayas in about a month. Now, such a road from Sandoway, if begun at once, would enable Lord Dalhousie to send carriage and provisions to Prome in case of reverses, or to withdraw the troops. This road would be good for future wars, if we are so unwise as to annex Burmah or Pegu. I hope no evil will befall at Prome, for we may expect the peasants to bring supplies

to us who pay well, rather than to their own army which plunders.

"Regarding the substituting Company's European regiments for those of the Queen: the Company's are cheaper to its treasury I believe, and would free ours for home service: —it looks like the Romans abandoning Britain! but the Queen's regiments are in higher discipline, and their expence saved to England; and so, better keep them there in a school for war. But for the Company 'tis better to have their own regiments, and it seems more a question of œconomy than of war; for the Company's Europeans are very fine, with a high spirit. Their officers are not so good regimentally as ours, but are better staff officers, having so much more practice. It would be wise to open staff employment to the Queen's officers in India, as good schooling, which they never have at home till war breaks out, and then they will be '*all abroad*' I fear.

"The duke's secondary operation by Rangoon would have been merely perfecting the plan of campaign, and quite safe, as the march of the division coming up by the river would be covered by the army from Arracan, which would force all the Burmese troops in the south to hasten back to Ava.

"My great objection to the importance given to railroads now, is on the same principle as my objection to rivers—they *stereotype* the line of operations, and can only be of use in rear of an army which is independent of them.

"Godwyn might have got at the Stockade near Prome I think, for when landing in Virginia in 1813, the Marine Artillery drew our six-pounder six miles through deep sand under a fearful sun. Well I know what work it was, for though in command I yoked myself to a gun in my turn; but we did it, and nearly surprized Jonathan: perhaps Godwyn's are heavier guns, but where there is a will there is always a way.

"Sir C. Trevillyan, February.—Many thanks for the able

and interesting paper you have been so obliging as to send me. It is gratifying to me to find such a striking coincidence between this minute of Lord Metcalfe's and one that, —seeing matters in the same view—I drew up and gave Lord Dalhousie in 1850, immediately after assuming the command of the armies in India; and which memoir I would send you, were it not that I am about to publish a small work on Indian matters, and this will form a portion of it.*

"A curious fact occurred, confirming Lord Metcalfe's objections to lightly changing stations. On arriving at Simla, I found the hill stations of Dugshai, Sabathoo and Kussowlie in disgrace, and abandoned as pestilential: two regiments had been destroyed at Kussowlie and Sabathoo. This was so absurd that I went there to ascertain the truth, and had no difficulty:—the pestilence was the *military board,* which made barrack-rooms *eight feet high and crammed them full!* I altered the barracks and put half the number of men into them:—they became at once the most healthy in India! When I last saw my own regiment, with which I made the experiment in conjunction with the 60th Rifles, both having before been nearly decimated by fever, the 22nd had but 19 in hospital out of 1050 in the sickly season! and the 60th about the same.

"P.S. I have not read my own minute since I gave it to Lord Dalhousie: but if my memory be correct, it is so based on the same principle, that had I ever seen Lord Metcalfe's I should have said mine was a copy of his! I acted on my own in Scinde long before I wrote it, aye! and when I commanded in the manufacturing districts in 1839-40, 41.

"Lord Ellenborough, February. Extract.—I hope Cheape has the sense not to tell his army how good he thinks the stockades are; he should and I dare say will get up the steam, by stories of how stockades have been carried, and

* Posthumous work—published by C. Westerton, St. George's Place, Hyde Park Corner.

how an enemy loses heart when our men go on with shouts, and bayonets, and musquets that can fire three balls while a matchlock fires one! If he does not get up the spirit well it may be harder to carry the stockade than he imagines. He has great personal courage and will lead well, but it must be in the right way. The dispersion of Godwyn's army is a desperate error; I committed it at Meeanee by giving 200 Sepoys to Outram; but I had no other way to get rid of *him*, and that was worth 300, so I gained a reinforcement of 100. The going to Rangoon was the great error: and as your lordship knows, as well or better than I do, in war such errors are almost beyond repairing without great loss of life, because they force a general to commit others.

"The same, March 5th.—I think your view of the duke's opinion"—on the Burmah war—"must be the real one: that it was given on an isolated movement, not on the general plan. Covered by an army advancing from Arracan, there would be no danger in making the Irrawaddy the line of operations for reinforcements from Rangoon. How matters will now go on will be a subject of great interest.

"I am glad you think this government will do something for India. But I do not agree with you as to its being the last revision of the Charter during your life. I think you will live to see a much rougher revision than people imagine, or than we shall like in England! Revolutions are rife in the world, and in my opinion the newly sprung up 'Indian Association,' having plenty of nourishment, in what you so well name as 'our recognised misrule' will rapidly grow robust, while we are in too much peril at home to control so distant an enemy. I do not expect to see this, but I think you will—and grieved you will be to see that empire lost which you have done all that mortal could to save.

"I go on a simple chain of evidence, 150 millions hate us. Cabool and the battles on the Sutlege have shaken the prestige of our arms, while the enemy's troops improve, and

mutinies among our Sepoys increase. With the single exception of yourself, who have we had able to rule an empire like India? Who to manage such materials? And in the midst of these things up starts a widely-extended society for demanding justice! When these things are looked at, I think they do point to a speedy close of our Indian rule, and the Duke of Argyll will soon have more insolence to shock his grandeur. Time will shew. When I see you so thwarted about India, by fools, I quite despair.

"March 6th, M. Genl. W. Napier.—I am getting on with my book, and will go up to London when it is done: it will be a record if I die suddenly. The constant attacks made upon me by these villains have decided me to publish all my letters of interest, as you advised at first. A selection however must be made, as some things ought, and some ought not to be left out. There are people not to be offended from my regard for their families, and others that I wish to offend. As to things!—everything shall go in. Lord Ellenborough tells me, Lord Hardinge said:—'When all things were provided for he could parade exactly 7000 regulars to meet an invasion! Comfortable state for a commander in chief and a Queen!

"Lord Ellenborough, March 19th.—Many thanks for your dispatch, which is one of the most interesting military papers I ever read: with this in possession I cannot imagine more foolish conduct than that of Lord Dalhousie's.

"If Lord Hardinge is to meet an invader with only seven thousand regular soldiers—which will be but 5000 under arms in the field—I suppose he will take up a position on the '*Silver Trent*,' and endeavour to organize a guerilla force—the Tweed might be better—and send the Queen to 'John o' Groat's House, or the Orcades!' It is a serious subject, but really one cannot think seriously upon it: yet it is not only serious but mournful, to think that the commander in chief is expected to defend the throne of England at the head of seven thousand men—on paper!!

"We *have seen* two millions of men in arms in England, all right and disciplined; and our triumphant navy in the channel! Now we are no longer rulers of the sea, and have 7000 regulars, with 50,000 ill-drilled recruits in shape of militia! Then the nations of Europe were at our back; now I believe them all hostile! One's patriotism finds no pleasure in the contemplation of the present picture. I believe that all professional sailors, and all soldiers that are not idiots, take the one plain view of our great danger. The want of diplomatic influence, which your lordship tells me is the case, multiplies the danger, and as an Englishman I confess to feeling humbled.

"Miss Napier, March.—No wonder you are pulled down by so long and terrible an illness. Your medical man gave you up; yet it is strange that I had a conviction you would recover, and it kept me up when my own illness was pulling my spirits down. Mr. Squib's opinion that your death was at hand was resisted by my internal conviction; yet his opinion was what every medical man's would have been, and he seems very skilful: still my feeling was, as at Meeance, God is great and man knows not his resolves. William's daughter Emily, who has so closely attended you, is not a sister of charity by name but she is by nature, and you have found her to be so; I know few like her.

"Major John Kennedy, March 31st.—Having read your memorial, I must in justice make the following statement relative to your getting the rank of lieutenant-colonel. When I saw the duke, before going out to India, his words, I think nearly his exact words, were 'I have made Captain Kennedy a brevet major: it will give him a position when acting with the Company's officers. If you think it necessary I will make him lieutenant-colonel, but I think major is enough at present. I think that will do; we can increase his rank hereafter.' My answer was 'Whatever your grace thinks best he will be grateful for.' 'Oh well,' said he, 'that will do for the present.' I was fearful of saying

more at the moment, because I was trying to get you replaced in your former position with the engineers; and I knew at the time the duke was not opposed to that, for he had before said to me—'Well, I do not see any objection to that.' I really believe it would have been done, for Lord Anglesey did not, I understand, oppose it at first, but suddenly changed his mind and told the duke it could not be.

"I would have urged the lieutenant-colonelcy, but was afraid that it might prevent your return to the engineers; which for the good of the service I had at heart, thinking then you ought to be restored, and now more than ever since your great services in India. I feel assured that if Lord Dalhousie and the directors are applied to, both would concur in my opinion with cordiality. I believe no man in India has done such excellent and useful service as you did about the roads and railways, in 1851 and 1852; and since your return. As to your services in the Ionian Isles. You quitted the engineers voluntarily: yes! but entirely on public motives, which were, with a complete and very base trick of that government, baffled by abolishing the situation you had left the engineers to fill—and which a few months afterwards you could have filled without quitting the engineers! Thus, instead of being a captain of engineers and chief civil engineer in the islands, you suddenly found yourself a half-pay captain of infantry—minus the price of your commission! Let Sir Edward Blakeney say how you served him: I know his opinion. Mine is that you ought to be restored to your position in the engineers; the rank of lieutenant-colonel is in my opinion no reward equal to your services for the Irish, the Ionian, and Indian governments: I repeat it: let Sir E. Blakeney Lord Clarendon and Lord Dalhousie speak.

"Lord Ellenborough, April. Extracts.—I was indignant at the offer of a reward for the head of a brave officer"—a Burmese chief—"for defending his country and being loyal to his sovereign: I felt certain you would bring it before

the House of Lords. I have never forgot your most wise and honourable advice to me, not to attempt carrying off Shere Mohamed, by the dash of a band at his tent, with a view to save a battle. To attempt it was fair and according to usage of war in all ages; a deed replete with danger to those who made the attempt, for—succeed or die was the word! I even envied the men I should have selected for the deed; but what you urged against it convinced me I was wrong, viz. In a country where assassination was so common, were Shere Mohamed slain, that crime would at once be charged against us. These were not exactly your words, but their substance was so impressed on me, that my feeling was you had saved me from a crime, though really designed for a daring achievement! But the idea of being accused of such an act quite shocked me, and I felt grateful to you. All this came before my mind when I saw these detestable proceedings in Burmah; and I felt sure you would defend our honour, so deeply wounded as a civilized nation.

"But I can assure you it is a true picture of Lord Dalhousie's weak character and conduct. Sir Colin Campbell has been with me here a few days, and his accounts of the unprovoked attacks and cruelties on the tribes around Peshawur are almost past belief: his effort to prevent such injustice was the cause of his resignation. I wish your lordship knew him; you might get from him the shameful way in which whole districts have been devastated, and the most beautiful villages burned, without any apparent reason but the desire of politicals to appear 'vigorous' in the eyes of Lord Dalhousie!—I told Campbell what I think; that such deeds disgrace our arms and ought not to be concealed. Justice to the crown under whose flag we fight, and justice to those who are so oppressed, demands that oppression should be made public!

"But everywhere this vile barbarous spirit appears. I am told, but cannot prove, that the shooting of Kaffir women and children was encouraged, at least not punished by a

distinguished officer. When the person who told me spoke to him of his men's misconduct, his answer was 'Oh! *damn them they are all wolves alike.*' Yet the same person told me that this officer would not hurt a woman or child himself, personally:—this I doubt!

"Peter Cunningham, Esquire, April.—You must have thought it strange that I should not sooner have acknowledged your letter, with your lamented brother's book"—on the Sikh war. "You sent it to Hobart Place, and I live in the country, and therefore have only received it now, and by accident! Of one thing I beg of you to be assured, namely, the opinion I entertain of the abilities, high feelings, and anxious search after truth, of your excellent brother: and of my sincere regret for his loss. And if, when I peruse his second edition, I find any errors as to my conduct, and that I think right to notice them, it shall be done in such a way as will give his dearest friends no displeasure. I assure you I feel no vindictive spirit against any man, except such as Sir James Weir Hogg, Colonel Outram, Major Jacob, Messrs. Reid and Willoughby, of 'Bombay bribery' reputation; men of deliberate falsehood against me: but towards your brother I felt nothing but respect and regard while alive, and his memory is honoured by me," &c.

The George of the following letter—son of Sir George Napier—had just come from a Kaffir war, the second in which he had served, and with distinction in both: in the first he commanded the Cape Mounted Riflemen; in the second a brigade, gaining rank and the Companionship of the Bath.

"Miss Napier, April.—George is a genuine Kaffir, and it will take time to civilize and teach him manners: at present, if you were a cow he would certainly go to Green Street and drive you. Tell the lady 'what wants so much to see me' that she must catch a mouse, let it look out of an oakum bag, and she has my portrait: at least black Charles says so.

"Lord Ellenborough, May 3rd.—The question between

naval and military men, as regards their right to command when acting together, has never been defined: yet it is one of the highest importance. The regulations are decisive—for they decide, that on all conjoined naval and military operations of great danger, there shall be confusion, discordance and defeat, unless it pleases God to give us victory in defiance of the rules! At the risk of being prolix I will describe how I acted on such an occasion.

"In the year 1813, a floating expedition was sent to the coast of America under the joint command of Admiral Sir John Warren and Colonel Beckwith. I was second in command to Beckwith; Admiral Cockburn was second to Sir John Warren. We were five months cruising along that hostile coast, acting with so much absurdity, and so like buccaneers, that I should be ashamed to refer to it had I not protested with disgust against everything that was done: now nearly all arose from the discordance between the naval and military commanders. At Cranev Island we were defeated entirely from this discordance: there was nothing else to prevent our success.

"Soon after that defeat I was ordered on a separate expedition, and Admiral Cockburn commanded the squadron. I had then seen too much of the disgrace which attends a joint command, and begged to meet Sir J. Warren Admiral Cockburn and Colonel Beckwith in the Admiral's cabin: there I said, I would not accept of the command of the troops unless it was distinctly understood, that when we were afloat Admiral Cockburn was to be supreme and responsible for everything that took place: but the moment we set foot on shore I was to assume the command and responsibility. This was agreed to; and Admiral Cockburn, I must do him justice, strictly adhered to it when we landed at a place called Ocrakoke in North Carolina.

"Unless some distinct rule be thus laid down, more practical than the regulations, discord will arise between the naval and military commanders; and I can imagine no rule

more practical than that which I have stated, viz. that when an officer of the navy lands he must obey the commander of the troops, whatever their respective ranks may be. If the sailor's rank be superior to the soldier's, let the former remain on board, or land as a volunteer. In like manner, no soldier is to assume command, even of his own troops, the moment he sets his foot in a boat: every sailor to be under the soldier on shore; every soldier to be under the sailor on board. I would have no other rule. Special modifications may be voluntarily made on particular occasions by mutual agreement, and such agreements would, in my opinion, tend to produce cordiality: when the right of each party is unequivocally fixed there can be no dispute, and both sides are ready to concede, like Hotspur! I was five months on board the San Domingo 74, always acting with navy officers, and so far from quarrelling we never had a difference. On the contrary, I then formed some of the most intimate friendships I have ever had. The fact was that I laid down the rule, and its justice influenced all to agree: but there is no order, and I could tell you of injury to the service without end for want of it. You will do more good to both services than it is possible to describe if you can procure a good regulation: I might say any regulation, for that which you quote tends to nothing but discord.

"Lord Hardinge, June 2nd.—I enclose an official letter, which I hope you will not disapprove of, and which I shall feel much obliged if you will submit to the Secretary of State. I do not ask for a job, nor for a right, because it is neither; but merely for a fair and well-earned compliment to one of the most daring soldiers in the army. His being my son-in-law would be a crime, if the gift rested with the Court of Directors; but I do not think it will injure his claim with your lordship; with the Duke of Newcastle; with the Queen or with Prince Albert.

Enclosed letter.—"Having just seen in the Gazette, that a number of officers have received the great distinction of

Companionship of the Bath for their good conduct in the Kaffir war, I think it just to lay before your lordship the case of Major McMurdo, who was at the head of the quarter-master-general's department in Scinde, from December 1842 till December 1847. In those five years he executed all the duties of that department with great ability and vast labour, especially in the hill campaign of 1845, and when preparing for the march of the force which, by your lordship's orders, moved from Scinde to Bhawalpoor in 1846. In the battle of Meeanee he slew three of the enemy with his sword, in single combat. He slew three more in like manner at the battle of Hydrabad: the last man severely wounded him, yet he did not quit the field, nor cease to perform his duties for a single day: he slew a seventh Belooch chief in the hill campaign of 1845.

"I always hoped to see this officer made a Companion of the Bath, thinking his deeds in the Scinde war would in due time ensure that honour, which his services had so well earned. But time passes, and when I now see the African officers honoured, I think your lordship will not deem my present request unseasonable, namely, that you will submit the strong claims of my son-in-law to the notice of Her Majesty. Few who have received the honour of being made Companions of the Bath have done better deeds of arms personally than Major McMurdo—or more successfully conducted a department in the field, for five successive years."

This application failed entirely. McMurdo has indeed obtained the Companionship of the Bath now, in 1857—but after having added to his former claims the raising, organizing and disciplining of the Land Transport Corps, which, with all its animals, he placed in the Crimea and commanded at the siege of Sebastopol, with an energy, intelligence, and vigour not to be surpassed. And for the amount of labour, mental and bodily, demanded and expended, let this be the measure. The command was equal to that of four cavalry divisions, involving, in addition all the details

of commissariat arrangements and staff duties as well as regimental discipline and mechanical contrivances—and the dangers of the trenches, which were constantly braved. Certainly he has not won his spurs lightly!

"Colonel Franks, June 7th.—I have received a letter from a soldier named John Power; in which he very fairly asks me to recommend him to you. When I was in the Bhoogtee hills, Sergeant Power commanded an advance of ten men; he reached a point where the path divided them" —here a diagram occurs—"his guide led him to B; his officer had no files of communication, and suddenly found himself at C, with a tremendous impassable chasm between him and Sergeant Power: he made signals to the latter to retire, they were mistaken, and Power gallantly led his party against the enemy, who was posted on a high precipitous rock B. On reaching the top Power was charged by, as he afterwards learned, eighty Beloochee swordsmen. He and his men made a gallant fight: six were killed and four wounded and driven down hill; but they killed and wounded eighteen of the enemy! I am writing from memory and may be wrong, but I believe Power was not wounded, yet his men spoke highly of his leading when I visited them in hospital. One named Burke, killed three of the enemy and then fell desperately wounded: his comrade, named Maloney, stood over him and killed two in defending him. Maloney drove his bayonet into the breast of the second enemy, who unfixed it, pulled it out of his own breast and drove it into Maloney's groin! a desperate wound — the Belooch then fell dead! Good pluck on both sides!

"I cannot recommend Power better than by this account of the fight; and I promised the men, that, if in my power, I would recommend them, and now do so accordingly. Of his conduct in other respects I know nothing, and on that score he of course must not depend on my recommendation as I have told him.

"I have no doubt that you regret not being in Burmah to

share the glories of that immortal campaign, displaying the military genius of the little, great Marquis 'Laird of Cockpen.' The plan and execution seem unrivalled. Well, I fear the arrival of the next mail: if it does not bring disastrous news the Burmese generals are very good-natured and forbearing!"

The following is the last letter that illness permitted Charles Napier to write to the author of this work. Unhappily it is one of resentment too well founded to be suppressed, though grating to long-cherished feelings of friendship.

"May.—Hardinge has presented Outram at court! Is Hardinge consistent? I feel indignant, for I too have a letter from him about Outram, pretty nearly to the same effect as that written to you"—one expressive of the greatest contempt and disgust.—"Yet he now presents him at court!"

So ends Charles Napier's own story, told by him with matchless candour, and with feelings as fresh at seventy-one as at seventeen: a hero when a child, he was, when an acknowledged hero, a child in simplicity of heart. Three months' tenure of life remained, but months of augmenting pains and failing strength: death had before this given the warning knock. Early in June the proud spirit and strong heart bent, and he took to a bed from whence he was never voluntarily to rise again. In July, at his own desire he was conveyed, still in bed, to the railway station, from whence, with great consideration and reverence from the officials, he was carried to Oaklands and placed in a large ground floor room built by himself. Well he knew his own state, though to soothe others at times he declared himself still able to wrestle with success; but his friend Dr. Scott, in sorrowful opposition soon intimated that hope must be relinquished.

At times his mind wandered, but when clear he always gave proofs of constant consideration for others, and evinced his generous feelings for everything instinct with life that had served him: to the last also remained his extreme love

of horses. He desired that Red Rover, his Arab charger in the battles, should be brought to the bedside, once more to be praised and caressed; but the poor unconscious beast was startled and would not approach: then with a sad look and sigh of disappointment Charles Napier turned from the gallant animal, recommending it to the care of his wife and children.

His sufferings were severe, unceasing; and unceasing was the attendance of his sons-in-law, William Napier and Montagu McMurdo: suppressing grief, they watched and waited on him through the melancholy hours of his protracted agony, with the tenderness of women and the strength of men: for it was long before the spirit would depart from the shattered body, seeming loath to abandon a companion so chastened to obey its noblest dictates. It would be unprofitable to dwell on the many changes that occurred, or on his sayings, often obscure and incoherent; yet more than once, anticipating what proved true — that the malice of his enemies would not cease with death, he enjoined his brother William to guard him from their defamation.

On the morning of August the 29th, at five o'clock, he expired like a soldier, on a naked camp bedstead, the windows of the room open and the fresh air of heaven blowing on his manly face. Surrounded by his family and some of his brothers he died. All his grieving servants were present, and at his feet stood two veterans of his regiment, gazing with terrible emotion at a countenance, then settling in death, which they had first seen beaming in the light of battle! Easy was the actual dissolution however, and as the last breath escaped, Montagu McMurdo, with a sudden inspiration snatched the old colours of the 22nd Regiment, the colours that had been borne at Meeanee and Hydrabad, and waved them over the dying hero. Thus Charles Napier passed from this world.

An intrepid soldier in life, he died amidst trophies of battle, and his camp bed was his bier; the glorious

colours of the 22nd gently waved over him, and between them the grand picture of Meeanee leaned forward above the pale heroic countenance, as if to claim his corpse for that bloody field. On each side were placed Indian spears, supporting Belooch shields and interspersed with rich sabres, matchlocks, and other spoils. At his feet was the chief Ameer's white marble chair of State, bearing on its seat his own good service sword, inherited from his father and never disgraced. Over the back of the chair hung the grand cross and collar of the Bath:—mean glittering symbols of the ministerial littleness that had conferred them, and scarcely to be noted amongst the signs of real greatness so profusely scattered around! Pitiful indeed seemed those shining tinsel baubles near one black blood-stained shield of vile material, the slim defence of a poor Belooch soldier, but adorned with three bullet marks and four bayonet stabs, telling how fiercely the gallant bearer shook it aloft in fight: he was the type of his race; and surging hosts of such heroic men Charles Napier had met and conquered!

Facing the marble chair was a testimonial of great richness and beauty, presented by the men of the civil service in Scinde! and, at its foot were two swords of honour:—one from Lord Ellenborough as governor-general; the other from the 102d Regiment, presented after his American warfare. Last and most esteemed was laid, close to his side, the sword of peace, the sword of gratitude, the testimony of the Belooch Sirdars to his beneficent government! Thus he lay in death amidst irrefragable proofs, that his genius had been strong in war, his head wise in government, his heart compassionate.

Pandering to the directors' malignancy, two successive Administrations had sought to abase the hero's reputation, and render the nation oblivious of his deeds by exaggerated praise of others, accompanied with overblown honours and rewards. But a planet's light cannot be long obscured by the smoke of straw, and his death was the signal for another

burst of national reverence, coming from every quarter of the United Kingdom, in evidence that his loss was a great historical event. Every newspaper was filled with sketches of his life, his sayings, his adventures, his great actions. Here and there indeed, some pitiful falsehoods were insinuated by his enemies, but none dared to deny him greatness; and very many, with honest indignation denounced the baseness of the governments which had neglected him.

He had given to the directors of the Indian government a kingdom's revenues, and safety to their empire; to the Queen's government, a wreath of glory for England without one obscure spot: he was repaid with obloquy during life, and in death with silence! No expression of regret, no declaration of his worth escaped from high quarters; no evidence was given that his deeds had ever reached high places. What then! A testimony awaited him, immeasurably exceeding in honour and sincerity any that ministerial grace could have accorded.

The place of interment was the small churchyard of the military chapel at Portsmouth; chosen that his bones might rest along with those of the brave soldiers he had so loved in life. And though the funeral was projected as a private one, and by his family so conducted, public feeling overwhelmed that arrangement, and rendered his burial a national event:—a warning lesson for power to beware of history as the avenger of foul deeds, and the restorer of real greatness.

The reproach of indifference did not however affect all persons composing the government. Lord Hardinge came to Oaklands, not indeed as commander in chief, but with simple sincerity of feeling, as a friend, to accompany the hearse to Portsmouth; there it was met by Lord Ellenborough as a chief mourner, and thus two governors-general of India evinced their sense of his great services in the East. With them were the Adjutant General Brown, General Simpson, and many officers of distinction, anxious

to show their respect for a great commander. There also stood, though not officially, Sir James Graham and the Lords of the Admiralty, the Port Admiral, Sir Thomas Cochrane, and very many naval officers; and amongst them the Prussian Consul and the officers of two Prussian ships of war—a homage offered, and accepted with pride as signifying that the dead man's exploits had stirred even the warlike and renowned people of Frederick the Great!

The Mayor of Portsmouth and the Town Councillors attended in their robes of office; the Freemasons' lodges with their insignia. But that which was most grateful and touching, was the love and reverence displayed by the soldiers of the garrison. With a fine tact, they had been simply told by their commander the hour of interment, and that they might attend or not, following their feelings; and this notice, so in unison with the dead man's character, was instantly accepted as British soldiers always accept an opportunity of displaying noble feelings. The whole garrison, consisting of the Royal Marines and their Artillery Company, the 35th, 42nd, and 79th Regiments, and the Rifle Brigade, crowded to evince their respect; and this though the greatest number could only reach the place at a pecuniary cost for passing the harbour ferry. Colonel Menzies, commandant of Marines, temporary commander of the district, thus described the event.

"The moment the time was communicated to the troops, they, as it were with one voice, expressed a wish to attend. What a proud scene to contemplate! History does not present a parallel: the whole of an extensive garrison, the finest troops in the world, turning out with one accord to do homage to and crowding round his honoured remains! What prodigies of valour have been, and would have been again accomplished, had an All-wise Providence so ordained it, under such a leader, whose name and heroic deeds must ever adorn the brightest pages of our history."

Now be it remembered, that not one of those soldiers

had ever served under Sir C. Napier; not twenty perhaps had ever seen him! it was the freemasonry of warriors, the instinctive perception of greatness that stirred them: they knew he was a great commander, brave, skilful, successful: that he was a just man and the soldiers' friend, and they loved him. Was this love gained by unworthy means? Let his dying words to his son-in-law McMurdo answer!

"I took up my sword at eleven years of age, and I now sheathe it at seventy-two, with honour. I have never stained it by a dishonourable, or a mean action, or by a desire to use it for my own aggrandizement. I have served my country zealously and honourably, but my chief aim has been to protect the poor soldier. I may have to reproach myself for some things, but not for my regard for the soldiers' welfare: tell them so Montagu, you who have followed me! Yet even in that I had to check myself, lest my bitter enemies should say I courted popularity. I never courted popularity with the soldiers, I only strove for their rights."

Were soldiers and naval men, and municipal bodies, the only persons to testify their esteem around his grave? The knowledge of his worthiness was not so circumscribed. Sixty thousand people of all ranks were there, and came with such reverence, such humility of feeling, that a blind man might have supposed himself in solitude! Honour to the English people, emphatically the poorer people, for with them the sense of honour is deep-seated, and they know when to pour it forth in commendation. Charles Napier's grave is close beside the narrow pathway leading to the chapel door: his gravestone, for which there was scarcely room, is a block of granite bearing a reclining effigy, with the hands clasped, after the ancient knightly and expressive manner. No titles conferred by authority tell who rests beneath, but "CHARLES JAMES NAPIER" and the names

of his principal actions are there, and will need no interpretation for posterity!

He was buried on the 8th of September, 1853.

Dissection after death disclosed some facts bearing on his fortitude and his genius. As to the first, it was found that his liver presented two very large ulcers; one of recent formation, which had destroyed life: the other of such long standing, having nearly healed, as to show that his labours of body and mind in India, his long journeys in extreme heat, his expedition to Kohat, his vigour and vivacity of command, his extensive reform, his resistance to insult and oppression, were the exertions of a man afflicted by a disease proverbially depressing to the mind and weakening for the body.

The second relates to the brain, which was not large, but remarkable for the great depth of the convolutions: a fact confirmative of a phrenological doctrine, now advancing in the estimation of those who endeavour to trace and fix the mysterious connection of mind and matter. But in a man whose whole life was a continual display of mental power, and vigorous application of it, phrenological appearances must be taken as guiding not as subservient facts. His genius and character were both powerful and unmistakable; his actions were always in accord with his principles, and his principles were pure and holy. Amidst the turmoil of a life cast for the roughest scenes of war and government, he was always meditating upon and striving to attain excellence, like a great and good man. Had he no faults? Many! but they were so overspread by his goodness, his justice, his generosity and tenderness, that his friends could not remember them; he has treated his own failings with a searching severity which no friend could employ: and has he not in his journals laid his own character bare, even to the bones? Has he not been in this work presented naked; shown as the dead body of

Hector was, when crowding Greeks admired its "manly beauty and superior size"? and like that hero's corpse, his fame will, with divine aid, remain uncorrupt amidst his enemies.

By those enemies he has been accused of violence, ferocity, harshness in command, coarseness of passion in rebukes; of overbearing offensive manners, and intemperate language: and as being constantly engaged in controversies, especially in Scinde! How little these accusations attach to him has been shewn; and it is curious, yet quite true, that he engaged in no controversy whatever in Scinde, or about Scinde! Nor in India: for even the defence of his conduct against Lord Dalhousie was not published until after death. A stream of slander and falsehood was poured incessantly against him, but unheeded, save in an official application to government for redress, and then he found the stream itself issued from the government reservoirs! He was indeed from the first a man marked for ill-usage, and by him might be employed with most exact propriety the words of Thomas Radclyffe, the wise and noble Earl of Sussex, in Queen Elizabeth's day.—A man by Camden called of "solid judgement and innate generosity of mind."

"Trewe service diserveth honor and credite, and not reproche and open defaming: but seeing the one is ever delyvered to me instede of the other, I must leave to serve or lose my honor, which being continued so long in my home I wolde be lothe shoolde take blemish with me. These matters I knowe procede not from lacke of good and honorabell meaning in the Queen's Majestie towards me, nor from lacke of dewte and trewthe in me towards her, which grevethe me the more; and therefore, seeing I shal be still a camelyon, and yelde no other, I have shewe, then as it shall please others to give the couller, I will content myself to live a private life. God send her Majeste others that mean as well as I have done."

Why this great earl was so misused does not appear:

Charles Napier's ill-usage was from this:—he would not aid the swinish cry of the directors against Lord Ellenborough's government and policy. That policy, they told the people of England was sure to lead to disasters; but in truth they felt it would be a deadly policy for their nepotism, and hence their clamours resounded until smothered by the sound of guns from Meeanee and Dubba. They had opened their mouths for lies, and were gagged with victories. To revile the victor remained, and to represent him as the reviler was an obvious advantage; and he was so proclaimed by men who had a hundred newspapers, parasites, and backbiters at command.

He was by nature and habit, courteous and polite:—over-much so for men who only accept of gentleness as weakness: such persons indeed often found that he had a rough remedy for their disease. But when heated by argument his voice, naturally loud and strong, was vehement from earnestness, not passion, as often supposed when it was indeed rather complimentary than offensive, for what so insulting as cool contempt? In political discussions however, he was not disposed to shew only his herbivorous teeth; and the cruelties he had seen perpetrated in Ireland during his youth always affected his censures of government.

With a capacity for labour, approaching even that of Napoleon the Great, and an intellect powerful enough to sustain the errors of subordinates, he treated their failures without anger, and merely restricted their trusts according to their strength. But where he found studied neglect of duty, and wilful disobedience, he gave a loose to indignation without much nicety of expression; then those who had aroused his wrath complained of his violent temper, suppressing their own misconduct in provocation: this is human nature, but does not carry condemnation for him, or justification for them.

To the Duke of Wellington's military genius he always

bowed in homage, studying to adapt that great master's system of war to his own peculiar turn of mind, rather than to imitate it; for he knew their idiosyncracies were different, and felt the force of Michael Angelo's quaint apophthegm, that *he who follows will always be behind.* The Duke of Wellington governed armies, Charles Napier inspired them; and both were daring in the extreme as to execution, yet with a wonderful care and providence in preparation. The duke's capacity for war was perhaps more sure, more solid; Charles Napier's genius was more fierce, more vehement, and rapid; and this is the only comparison that can be made. For however astonishing, and indicative of a vast and towering spirit the glorious actions of the one were in Scinde, the long-sustained successful labours of the other against the greatest European commanders defy English rivalry.

What might have been thought of Charles Napier, had he, when in the full vigour of manhood, been placed at the head of an army with the support of his government, is another question. Starting from the Indus at the head of British troops organized and inspired by himself, his halt would possibly have been on the Bosphorus, reversing the conquests of Alexander. As it was, his actions when oppressed by age displayed the greatest mastery of war in conception, in providence, and in execution, leaving nothing to be desired but fortune, which was never averse. His genius had not however fair play. The call to Lahore and the misjudged peace which ensued, stopped a military operation so vast, so well calculated, so finely conceived and organized, that if executed it would alone have placed him amongst the most remarkable commanders of any age!

With regard to his Indian career as commander in chief, a comparison has been made between his conduct, as to endurance of opposition and ill-usage, with Marlborough's patience under thwartings. Charles Napier, it is said, might, by following that great man's abstinence from resentment,

have been the reformer of the great Indian army, and consequently the second founder of our now tottering empire in the East. But this analogy and comparison, founded in error, a short analysis will dispel. Marlborough was some fifteen years younger when he assumed command, and had therefore more life in reserve for patience: he was a duke, a generalissimo with almost unlimited power, and immense emoluments; which last he loved more than Charles Napier ever loved his smaller salary. Marlborough had the entire confidence and support of his Queen: his wife was at once her bosom friend and imperious counsellor. He was moreover sustained by powerful ministers, and a powerful party in the English parliament; and in Holland the Grand Pensionary was his political friend and upholder with the Dutch government, which, though jealous, was not inimical. Personally also Marlborough enjoyed the friendship of all the allied sovereigns, and communicated directly with them. His authority was entire over his troops as to discipline, entire as to rewards and punishments. His object was war, not reformation of abuses; and he was in war, and victorious! Wherefore his patience was only taxed when, amidst a blaze of glory and vehement action, he was, at times, required to be passive when he desired to strike: but had he always patience? No! He menaced resignation and obtained redress.

Charles Napier, aged, with a deep-rooted and as it proved a mortal disease, was constantly thwarted by power: he loved not money like Marlborough; was not personally ambitious of command; had no political party to sustain by his retaining of the command: in fine, had no incentive to tenacity. For six years, while it was possible to effect good, he had endured with exemplary patience, crossings and insults such as Marlborough never suffered. When Marlborough was libelled ample redress was afforded, the libeller was brought to his knees by a government prosecution—the libellers of Charles Napier were rewarded by government!

He had no support save a momentary popular favour, which sent him out to India as commander against his own will and judgment, and against the wish of men in power; he had therefore no parliamentary favour, and the Queen's favour was not for him: no female friend was near the sovereign to urge his merits, but the reverse; and her ministers were foully inimical to him. And what sustaining aid had he in India? None! From the governor-general to almost the lowest subordinate, all were seeking his ruin; and, unlike Marlborough's, his position was not the highest in dignity: it was below many of those who were so hostile to him. Moreover the directors, with unlimited authority and influence and enmity, and no responsibility, had a tool all-powerful in India to thwart and baffle, and one most willing to do so: and his official myrmidons were watchful and willing as himself.

What then was Charles Napier to have patience for? What to wait for? Reform the Indian army! He could not do it, even with the aid of power, under many years, and he was aged and had only to expect the opposition of power. He could not, like Marlborough, abide his time, and offer victories in answer to malice; he was not to fight but to reform; not to array a battle but to ask for sanctions, for money, for attention; and all from men resolute in power to refuse everything. The very ground of his resignation was an intolerable reprimand and insult, and a prohibition to ever use his discretion even in the most desperate emergency. Would Marlborough have had patience for that? Charles Napier was bound hand and foot, and his resignation was the bursting of ignominious bonds! In war, he said, "I could ride rough-shod over these things, but in peace the Lilliputians tie down Gulliver with a thousand small threads."

The cause of resignation was thus briefly stated in his posthumous work.

"Had the matter between Lord Dalhousie and myself been of a private nature, it should have struggled as it could to light under my contempt; but it is essentially of public interest, and not peculiarly affecting me. I am the ninth or tenth commander in chief, who in a short period has been driven to resign by the intermeddling of overbearing, and not overwise governors-general: and the well-being of our Indian empire demands that so great an office should not be rendered despicable by an interference, commonly conducive to mischief, and always degrading to the general weak enough to submit. Nevertheless a wronged man I have been; more wronged than this work tells of; for ever the public good has guided me in suffering, as it has in action: but when falsehood is in vigorous activity, with the encouragement and support of power; when even from the judgment-seat, insolence and oppression are dealt forth, the dignity of human nature gives a right, without imputation of vanity, to avow good services. To me also has come, as an inspired truth, that passionate burst of eloquence with which Charles Fox repelled foul enmity.—*'There is a spirit of resistance implanted by the Deity in the breast of man, proportioned to the size of the wrongs he is destined to endure.'*

"That spirit prompts me to vindicate a claim to better usage. I have won victories, subdued a great kingdom by arms, and by legislation—governing so as to enable a million of human beings to enjoy life and lift their heads in freedom: I have opened a vast field for commercial enterprize by the Indus; augmented the revenue of the Indian government by millions; and in a moment of imminent peril saved the Anglo-Indian empire from a mutiny more formidable than ever before menaced its stability. The return has been, twice to drive me from high and honourable positions, and to all but proclaim me a public enemy. In Parliament vilified by men without truth or

honour, out of it libelled; and from the Bench with vulgar insolence refused protection against slander. I leave my actions to history."

These actions and his most secret thoughts are now before the world in all their integrity, and for them may be claimed with confidence the having fulfilled all the conditions of the poet Wordsworth's exquisite portrait of:—

"THE HAPPY WARRIOR."

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Sufficient this for the man: but for his posthumous work, "Indian Misgovernment" there is still something to unfold. The writing of it was so interrupted by sickness, that as a fragment only can it be regarded. The original design was to have probed and exposed every source of decay and danger for the eastern empire. Death refused assent to the full execution; but enough was done to guide Indian statesmen, and Indian generals, capable of profiting; and enough to enable the public to judge those who are not. A principal object was to expose Lord Dalhousie's misrepresentation as to the mutiny of the Sepoys; and so far as they were known to the object of them that was done: but the most important, and injurious of those misrepresentations, was withheld until death debarred personal defence; and then thrust ostentatiously, and with much foulness in the process, before the world. To give them weight a secret memorandum by the Duke of Wellington was promulgated: most readily given by the same Board of Control, which had peremptorily refused Sir C. Napier a copy of Lord Dalhousie's accusatory minute!

This memorandum Charles Napier had never seen, or even heard of; but his enemies vaunted that it was conclusive in condemnation of his conduct as to the mutiny: their manner of using it however, clearly shewed that they felt it was not conclusive; and indeed they were no friends to the great man whose authority they thus exposed to an examination it was not fitted to sustain.

But Charles Napier's posthumous work had so damnified Lord Dalhousie, and the directors, that it could not be passed over in silence. Hence at a general court of proprietors, one of the members, evidently by pre-arrangement, asked the chairman, Mr. Russell Ellis, "If there were no documents touching Sir C. Napier's book to be laid before the Court?" "Yes! and amongst them a memorandum by the late Duke of Wellington, condemning Sir C. Napier's conduct, which shall be *read* to the Court." Mr. Lewin, and Mr. Serjeant Gazelee, generously opposed that mode of assailing such a man, and insisted that all documents bearing on the matter should be presented, and be, not read but printed. Their opposition caused a large blue book to be, not published, but printed for the use of the proprietors.

Let this pitiful trickery be considered. A governor-general and the supreme authorities of a great empire, are publicly arraigned by their late general in chief, for mischievous ignorance, factious proceedings, internal misgovernment, and oppressive external policy. How do they reply? By *reading*, after death, a censure of the Duke of Wellington's, not made known to that general during life, but thus palmed on the public after death. But for the opposition of Mr. Lewin and Serjeant Gazelee that censure would have been read, and the proprietors have dispersed with an impression that Sir C. Napier's conduct had been condemned by Wellington, yet from a mere reading would have been unable to appreciate the matter truly. The duke's authority would then have been bandied about as conclusive, and a herd of anonymous writers hired to poison the public mind with added falsehoods, offered as fair deductions from a very weak memorandum, founded on false information.

This foul course was thus denounced by Lord Ellenborough:—"I do not remember a scene more disgraceful to the actors in it, than that which seems to have taken place

at the India House the other day. Had a minister in Parliament acted as the chairman did, there would have been a cry of indignation and disgust from both sides of the House."

Sir C. Napier, in his posthumous work, anticipated and demolished the sophistries of Lord Dalhousie and the directors; but that neither care for; their object in printing their heavy volume was to enable hired writers to foist on the public vile assertions and spurious arguments as matters proved, trusting to the indolence of the world for escaping detection, and knowing that as bulky a volume would be required to expose the deceptions. They hoped that the ponderous mass, put in their archives, would mislead future historians. Sir Charles Napier's posthumous work and authority as a great man, will however last as long as their slanderous records; and much longer than their power will last over the miserable people whom they have been, by the inscrutable God, permitted to misgovern and oppress. Short therefore shall be the present notice of their production, and principally directed to the Duke of Wellington's memorandum, which they have mixed up with their own folly, as spice is infused to flavour a mawkish dish.

Why was this memorandum withheld during Sir C. Napier's life? Why produced after death? "Justice to Lord Dalhousie compelled its delivery to the Directors by the Board of Control." But where was that sense of justice when the same Board of Control refused Sir C. Napier the copy of a condemnatory minute drawn up by Lord Dalhousie in council, and cunningly placed on record when the general had quitted India, and could neither acquire an official knowledge of its contents, nor place an answer on record as one of the Council? That minute, also produced after death, makes this admission, redolent of folly and foulness, '*hat the ration and mutiny question, which led to Sir harles Napier's resignation, was not the real ground for the reprimand; but the style of the com-*

*mander in chief's correspondence had become offensive.*" Lord Dalhousie, while apparently standing only as governor-general towards the Punjaub, secretly held the administration, even to small details, in his own hands, directing all; and Sir C. Napier's animadversions, innocently designed to procure his beneficial interference, were like caustic, burning deep into Lord Dalhousie's inordinate self-conceit: this was the offensive correspondence. From that moment he became the unsuspecting veteran's enemy, nurturing secret venom and pouring his "leprous distilment" into the Duke of Wellington's ear! Hence this memorandum, which the directors, in their pitiful hatred of Sir C. Napier, brought forward after death as high authority, though knowing it to have been written when the duke, aged and infirm, had been imposed upon as to facts. So be it. If his authority is of weight here, they cannot repulse the damning censure of their own system recorded by the same Wellington, when in the prime and vigour of his understanding, and when no false view of facts could be imposed on him. Substitute Charles Napier for Arthur Wellesley, and the following letter paints his case to the life.

January 1805, Sir Arthur Wellesley wrote thus,—See Lord de Grey's "Characteristics of Wellington."—"In regard to staying longer, the question is exactly whether the Court of Directors or the King's Ministers have any claim upon me to remain for a great length of time in this country. I have served the Company in important situations for many years, and have never received anything but injury from the Court of Directors; although I am a singular instance of an officer who has served under all the Governments, and there is not a single instance on record, or in any private correspondence, of disapprobation of any one of my acts; or of a single complaint, or even a symptom of ill-temper, from any one of the political or civil authorities with whom I have served.—The King's Ministers have as little claim upon me as the Court of Directors."

## *Wellington's Memorandum.*

It is with forbearance this document is approached, for to evince irreverence towards the author would be neither seemly nor wise. Nevertheless the Duke of Wellington, though confessedly the greatest, was not the only great man of our country; nor has he, or any human being, a title to overbear justice and reason by mere weight of position. Sir Charles Napier was also a great man: in glorious achievements approaching the duke; perhaps inferior only in opportunity; his equal in public devotion and integrity, and certainly not behind him as to legislation and government, if success be a criterion of merit. Both are in their final resting-places. The one beneath the Cupola of St. Paul's, beside the embalmed body of Nelson; the other laid by the festering corpse of some brave unnoticed private soldier, in an obscure churchyard at Portsmouth:—no mean association for either. Yet the pomp of Wellington's interment was not more solemn than the affecting tribute of esteem offered by the countless multitude, voluntarily assembled, silent and mournful, at the private burial of Charles Napier.

Both died without knowledge of what either could say in support of their views on this question; for though each has told his story, Sir C. Napier's posthumous work, curtailed by sickness and death, was never seen by the duke; nor was the nature of the duke's memorandum ever made known to Sir Charles. Had it been so, he would have answered with a force and clearness of explanation which none could do for him; and the great authority of the duke could not have been brought to bear, after death, with undue weight in censure.

Is this authority good beyond the name? Shall the dead man's brother be deemed irreverent if he brings forward truth to repel the injurious power of error proceeding from such a source? Yet shall the glorious man be

separated from the vicious document, and even from himself, where a want of harmony with the general tenour of his great intellect is evident:—a distinction not to be omitted in the consideration of a document, written when the mental beam was hastening towards re-absorption in the divine essence from whence it originally emanated.

An ancestor of Sir C. Napier, the first lord of the name, a great statesman and well acquainted with factions, has laid down the following maxims respecting state affairs, and singularly applicable are they here in favour of his descendant.

"*Errors are induced by false information, which is always to be expected in matters of State, where private ends are to be gained.*"

"*Truth can hardly be obtained, to the disadvantage of powerful men, when such men are the sources of the information on which the cause is to be judged; and it is never to be expected from factious men.*"

Applying these maxims to the duke's memorandum, it will be found, that he accepted Lord Dalhousie's tale implicitly, although coming from a "powerful man with private ends to gain;" and moreover with private means to forward them, having a direct family connection with the duke, which could scarcely fail imperceptibly to influence him.

The duke's memorandum commences with this premonition:—

"The suppression of mutiny, particularly if at all general or extended to numbers, and the restoration of order and subordination to authority and discipline among troops who have mutinied, is the most arduous and delicate duty upon which an officer can be employed, and which requires in the person who undertakes it all the highest qualifications of an officer, and moral qualities; and he who should undertake to perform the duty should enjoy in a high degree the respect and confidence of the troops and of the government."

Let Sir Charles Napier be judged by this rule.

Scarcely had he assumed command in India, when a mutinous spirit amongst the Sepoys was displayed in several quarters distant from each other; a spirit said to be animating many regiments and having for object an increase of pay. Overt acts were perpetrated, combination was apparent, the civil community alarmed, and all the generals and officers commanding regiments expected evil. Lord Dalhousie was as much alarmed as other men, while near the danger; but throwing all the responsibility of meeting it upon Sir C. Napier, fled from the scene, at the age of thirty-seven, to seek health on the ocean.

He was ill. So was Sir Charles Napier—very ill; stricken at the age of seventy by that mortal disease which two years later laid him in a tomb. No! not in a tomb! but in the obscure grass-covered grave, assigned to him for having conquered kingdoms and governed them with matchless justice and success! Neither age, nor sickness, nor danger, nor responsibility checked him in grappling with the mischief; and he then performed what the Duke of Wellington characterises in his memorandum as "the most arduous and delicate duty upon which an officer can be employed."

The memorandum says, that an officer employed on such a service is ordinarily "highly instructed by the government, and particularly instructed in respect to the terms which he is to hold out to the mutineers, whether pecuniary or other," and that "it rarely happens that it is not necessary to perform some act, before order is established, which is not consistent with the provisions of the existing law, and which the commander in chief cannot have authority to carry into execution."

Sir C. Napier was not instructed at all! Lord Dalhousie admitted the danger, assured him of confidence in all he should think fit to do, and promised him "unreserved support," even though he should shed blood in torrents. Privately he thus assured him; but, as after events proved, with the design of ignoring such assurances when it might

be convenient. Let those who doubt read his letters in the general's posthumous work.

But though without instructions from Lord Dalhousie, Sir C. Napier had from the Duke of Wellington instructions, which, as if anticipating the very event which happened, laid down this leading maxim:—"On a station so distant, and of such magnitude and political importance, you must necessarily act in a great measure from your own discretion." Thus the governor-general's private communications, the Duke of Wellington's instructions, and the exigencies of the moment, united to throw Sir C. Napier on his own resources. He accepted the responsibility, and stifled the mutinous spirit without bloodshed, thus displaying the "highest qualifications of an officer, and moral qualities."

The memorandum proceeds thus:—"If circumstances should have occasioned the omission fully to instruct the commander in chief, or an officer employed to quell a mutiny; and such officer should have assumed authority with which he should not have been regularly invested, it is usual, and is but FAIR towards one who should have undertaken the performance of a duty so necessary but so arduous and dangerous, to examine minutely all the circumstances attending the case; to see that the mutiny existed and was formidable on account of the numbers engaged; the territorial extent and political circumstances at the moment; and that it was URGENTLY NECESSARY to interfere; and that there was no time for reference to superior orders on the measures adopted."

More exactly to describe Sir C. Napier's position is impossible. A crisis of mutiny was approaching but had not arrived, when an injurious impolitic regulation, known to few persons and not at all to the soldiers it was immediately to affect, became, under the routine orders of a commissary, applicable to a quarter where overt mutiny had just been repressed, not suppressed. The mischief likely to ensue was pointed out by the general officer on the spot, by the general

of division, and by the head-quarter staff—all men experienced in the habits and feelings of the Sepoys. Sir C. Napier, his own judgment concurring, suspended the application of the regulation, reported the fact to the supreme council, and demanded further instruction. He thus assumed a momentary authority with which he was not regularly invested, but it was "*urgently necessary*" to interfere, and he acted for the public good; with reliance on the Duke of Wellington's public instructions quoted above, and on Lord Dalhousie's private assurances of confidence and support.

Now, adopting the doctrine laid down in the duke's memorandum, let these questions be answered,—What was the extent of the danger as to numbers, and as to territorial and political circumstances? What the urgent necessity? What the difficulty of reference? What the responsibility?

The danger was the provoking an outburst from one regiment known to be disaffected, when the spirit of mutiny was believed to pervade twenty-four others; an outbreak which might draw after it not only the mutiny of those others, but an insurrection of the recently-conquered Sikhs, then peculiarly excited by the removal of their prince, Duleep Sing—to be followed by an invasion of the Affghans, and of the Maharajah of Cashmere, Goolab Sing.

The "urgent necessity" was the "danger;" the "difficulty of reference," the distance of the supreme council, and the total disappearance of the governor-general. The responsibility was the suspending a reduction of the soldiers' pay to the amount of *nine pounds six shillings* in the aggregate, for one month, and that by a commander in chief and member of the supreme council!

Following this, the duke complains, that he had, "called in vain for the inquiries of the governor-general in council or the president in council, into the fact of a general mutiny of the native troops, stationed throughout the Punjaub in the month of January 1850, and most particularly the mutiny of the native corps at Wuzzeerabad at that period.

Yet he was certain, that if the governor-general in council had examined this subject minutely, as his lordship in council *ought*, before he recorded the minute which appears against his colleague in council the commander of Her Majesty's forces in the field, there would have been no want of information in the offices of the India House which would elucidate the whole transaction."

The governor general had not examined the matter at all, for he had not communicated with the commander in chief on the subject; but when pushed to defence by the latter's resignation, concocted certain minutes, founded on false data, to sustain injustice and folly. Yet on those minutes, without calling on Sir Charles for an answer; nay, taking, as shall be shewn, the most virulent of them, that one a copy of which was refused by the Board of Control, the duke's memorandum decides in Lord Dalhousie's favour! thus "*accepting as truth, information coming from a powerful man having private ends to gain.*"

There could be no report of a mutiny at Wuzzeerabad, in January 1850, because none had happened there in that month. The duke was therefore in the dark as to facts: but suddenly a change came over him, which his memorandum thus announces:—

"Since writing the above, I have received, from the Board of Control papers, which contain a review of the course of proceedings of the government of India in relation to the orders given by General Sir C. Napier, in respect to the payment of certain troops at Wuzzeerabad, of which the governor-general disapproved, and which led to the resignation of his office of commander in chief of Her Majesty's forces in India by General Sir C. Napier."—"A close examination of the papers sent to me by Sir C. Napier himself with his report of the transactions, convinced me that there was no mutiny of the troops at Wuzzeerabad in December 1849, or January 1850. There were murmurings and complaints, but no mutiny."—"The pay-day had not been fixed,

the fixation thereof might be postponed. But if the Sepoys required money, a measure not uncommon might have been adopted, that is to say, that of making to each of them an advance on account. In short, the commander in chief should have availed himself of every resource to prevent or delay the explosion of disorder, and to avoid the extreme measure of altering the regulation of government, which on the contrary it was his duty to enforce."

There is here a confusing of distinct matters. The Wuzzeerabad insubordination in December 1849, was one thing; the suspension of the government regulation at that place in January 1850, which led to Sir C. Napier's resignation, was another, having no connection with the first as to facts or circumstances. One was a demand for higher pay, which was resisted and the affair settled by courts-martial. The second was a resolution, adopted privately, on secret consultation between the general and some leading officers, to avoid exciting the Sepoys to fresh insubordination.

The duke affirms that there was *no mutiny* at Wuzzeerabad, in December 1849. How is this startling conclusion reached? By a close examination, he says, of papers furnished by the Board of Control as coming from Lord Dalhousie; and by papers furnished by Sir C. Napier. That is his report of the 22nd May 1850. Now that report merely accounted for his resignation, and was devoid of details: for he had no idea that the mutiny could be disputed, and he was never called on to support his general statement. The duke's judgment could not therefore have been formed on the whole case, and exhibits the confusion attending false information.

Sir Charles Napier asserted, that a dangerous mutinous spirit was evinced openly by five regiments; that circumstances went to shew eight regiments combined for an outbreak when time should serve; that officers competent to judge believed thirty regiments infected with the same spirit, and secret information corroborated this view; that an un-

usual correspondence was in activity between the regiments suspected; that overt acts had been committed, unlawful oaths administered, and the object was, obtaining higher pay, one likely to stimulate numbers to join a combination evidently in progress: in fine that there was great danger.

Lord Dalhousie assented to this view while personally involved, but afterwards assumed that there was only slight discontent, no danger, no combination, no mutiny, and that to say so was a libel on the army. The duke's memorandum adopts his view.

Let the weight of each authority be ascertained.

Sir C. Napier was on the spot, and could have no personal motive for pretending a non-existent danger. His view was founded on the reports of General Gilbert, General Campbell, General Hearsey, and the officers commanding the regiments most openly mutinous; on the distribution of seditious papers, and the administration of unlawful oaths; on the detection of agitators; on the written curses, of awful import to the Hindoos, denounced against those who refused to combine; on the general uneasiness of the civil community cognizant of the secret ferment; on overt acts of violence with insolent and mutinous speeches; on secret information, that the insubordinate regiments avowed an intention to await the arrival of others on the march. Courts-martial and courts of inquiry confirmed this view of the matter, men were condemned to death, and finally a sudden attempt was made by one regiment to seize the strongest fortress of the Punjaub, in the most disaffected province, and at a critical moment.

Lord Dalhousie was interested to justify his reprimand, by denying that danger existed; but his denial rests entirely upon hearsay. He had gone to sea acknowledging the danger, and giving Sir C. Napier assurance of unreserved support, even though he should shed blood without stint: his personal knowledge of facts had therefore then led him to

believe a dangerous outbreak was at hand—else, why the assent to shedding of blood? Indeed his expectation of mischief was the common subject of conversation with his household on the voyage down the Indus, as the officers of the Indian navy who took him down said. Nor did he change his note even when he came back to Calcutta, until all danger was over: then, from personal motives, he reprimanded the man who had suppressed it, and to support injustice asserted that there was no danger.

Who told him so? Surely not the officers whose reports to Sir C. Napier shewed the existence of great danger. Who then gave Lord Dalhousie information so opposed to facts? Not a name is mentioned, or hinted at; no reports were called for, no examination took place, no intimation was given to Sir C. Napier that a doubt of danger had been entertained until after the reprimand, when his resignation rendered it necessary to suppress the truth—an easier thing for Lord Dalhousie than to suppress a mutiny. The memorandum has therefore, no support but Lord Dalhousie's assertions, founded upon the hearsay of unknown men, whose position and means of judging were concealed, and their information directly opposed to all the military men engaged in the affair. This denial of danger carried with it however internal evidence conclusive as to danger; for it admitted that mercenaries in arms were demanding higher pay from a government of a different race, colour and religion!

How does the duke's memorandum get over these facts established by courts martial? By a simple assertion that there was no mutiny! How does it propose that Sir C. Napier should have met the murmurings on such a subject?

"*The pay day was not fixed, the fixation thereof might have been postponed.*"

Soldiers of course do not know when their pay is due! "*But if the Sepoys wanted money*"—the very thing they

were demanding—"a measure not uncommon might have been adopted; that is to say, that of making to each of them an advance on account. In short the commander in chief should have availed himself of every resource to prevent or delay the explosion of disorder, and to avoid the extreme measure of altering a regulation of government which, on the contrary, it was his duty to enforce."

Would not an uninformed person suppose from these observations that some great error had been committed; that some dire calamity had occurred; that Sir C. Napier had failed to meet the evil and plunged India into trouble? Could it possibly be supposed that he had, without disturbance, without shedding a drop of blood, and at an expense of only nine pounds six shillings to the State, completely quelled this insubordination?

Take the matter even as "murmurings and complaints."

Murmuring Sepoys reject their pay as insufficient, and the memorandum would have the commander in chief, without settling the question of their demand, advance money on account, as a means of delaying, or preventing an explosion of disorder! It would have been precisely the way to hasten disorder, shewing that the authorities feared to deny them! and the more so here, because, as General Hearsey, their immediate commander, had sternly rebuked them, the commander in chief must have appeared willing to yield.

Delay also was what they desired: to await the arrival of other regiments was part of their plan, and then it would have been seen, whether advancing money in answer to a mutinous demand, was a method to prevent the "*explosion of disorder.*" Yet again there was no explosion, no necessity for other measures than those pursued by Sir C. Napier. And it would seem from this strange doctrine that to advance money on a demand for high pay, was in the duke's view, one of "*the highest military and moral qualifications, of an officer engaged in the most arduous of duties!*" Can we recognise here, the man who with

such noble audacity seized all the powers of government in England, merely to check factious disorder?

There is great confusion of facts likewise. The demand for higher pay at Wuzzeerabad was made in December 1849; and then settled by the commander in chief, who therefore could not, for he had then no knowledge of its existence, adopt the "extreme measure of altering a regulation of government." Nor did he ever alter any regulation—he merely suspended one, pending a reference to higher authority!

The inconsistency of the memorandum is however quite as striking as the singularity of the proposed remedies. The commander in chief should have adopted any remedy rather than the extreme measure of altering a government regulation. Now, offering money on account, contrary to the general custom and rule for paying the soldiers, would have been also a serious altering of a government regulation; for there is nothing more imperatively enjoined than regularity in paying the troops. So also would have been a retarding of the Sepoys' accounts and obtaining their acquittances, which are regulations of higher moment than a commissariat arrangement accidentally brought into partial operation. This strange logic is however pushed even to more singular conclusions.

The duke says, "*I put out of the question altogether Sir C. Napier's opinion that the regulation was impolitic and unjust; he had no right to consider of such an opinion, and act upon it at Wuzzeerabad. He ought to have given such an opinion to the president in council, or to the governor-general in council, and have gone to Fort William, taken his seat in council, and then with that body have discussed that opinion. He had no right to act upon this opinion at Wuzzeerabad in December* 1849, *or January* 1850. *And above all to omit any measure which would avoid or even delay the explosion of mutiny!!*"

What miserable finite beings we are! God gives and He takes away: an unseen wave of His hand and the glorious light of reason is obscured!

Sir C. Napier did not act on that opinion in December 1849, he had not even formed it; and he is here accused of an error imaginary. Again he ought to have postponed the regular payment of insubordinate Sepoys, and given money on account; anything to delay or prevent an explosion—except suspending the partial operation of a commissariat charge of nine pounds six shillings! Rather than do that, he should have gone, at seventy years of age to Calcutta, fifteen hundred miles distant, in the very crisis of a threatened mutiny!—and come back to find the native army in arms! Nay! he should have made this journey, rather than have given *an opinion* on the policy of the regulation, even in a letter! He, a member of council and commander in chief, had "*no right*" to form an opinion upon the policy of a measure immediately affecting the fidelity of the troops under his command! He might have altered the government's permanent system and advanced money largely without authority; but to suspend a casual charge of a few pounds was inexpiable. He should have "omitted no measure to prevent the explosion of disorder," except the only one which could prevent that explosion! But what measure did he omit? and what explosion was to be feared, if there was "*no mutiny?*"

The memorandum says, that if an officer suppressing mutiny should assume authority with which he was not strictly invested, "it would be but fair" to weigh all the circumstances, the "urgent necessity," and that there was "no time for reference." Well! Here all the officers on the spot thought an assumption of authority "urgent;" it required thirty-seven days for reference to the supreme council; and with the governor-general there could be no communication, for he was at sea. Is it then "*fair*" to condemn Sir C. Napier, because he did not make a journey

of three thousand miles, in the very crisis of danger, to avoid the responsibility of suspending a subtraction of nine pounds six shillings from the Sepoys' allowances? He had no right to think of it says the memorandum: his judgment, nay, his senses, were to be in abeyance until he joined the council board! But what if the mutineers had followed him in arms to ask for the result at the door of that council room! He had no right to form an opinion, much less to act upon it; yet he ought not to omit any measure which could delay or prevent the explosion of disorder: that is, he was bound to act and not to act, and between those stools India might have fallen to the ground!

The memorandum says, the suspended regulation had been "adopted by Lord Gough and Lord Hardinge: the latter being one of the first military authorities, particularly in matters of financial regulation." What then? It was not finance but mutiny that was to be dealt with, and the temporary assumption of authority was founded on the danger, not the financial demerit. And as to Lord Gough, his son-in-law, his chief staff officer, his amanuensis, Colonel Grant officially assured Sir C. Napier that Lord Gough had adopted the regulation under an entire misconception of its import and bearing!

To support the censure, the duke, adopting the minute of the supreme council condemning the suspension, says the regulation was not new, not unknown; that it had been announced generally, and even acted upon in the Punjaub. But if it was, as General Hearsey clearly shewed, new to those Sepoys at Wuzzeerabad whom it was immediately to affect, that was sufficient for the commander in chief to act upon. Indeed the duke, in the next paragraph, admits that the original object was to give higher allowances to the Sepoys, but that accident caused it there to lower those allowances; moreover that "it had seldom been necessary to carry it into execution, and its details

were not accurately and familiarly known to the officers or troops."

What if known? the danger of enforcing it was the same, seeing that the Sepoys at Wuzzeerabad would have known it went to lower their receipts when they were demanding higher pay.

Feeling here the necessity of supporting his assumption, that there was "*no mutiny*" or giving up the argument, the duke's memorandum proceeds thus.

"*But it appears, according to Sir C. Napier's statement, that there existed in the country a general mutiny which pervaded the whole army of* 40,000 *men in the Punjaub in the month of January* 1850."

An error. It nowhere appears in Sir C. Napier's statements that 40,000 men were in mutiny; but that a spirit of mutiny existed in an army which numbered 40,000 men, and might spread to the whole. Lord Dalhousie's attempt to give it another interpretation was falsely subtle, and imposed on the duke, who asks, "*Where is the report, where the evidence of that mutiny, excepting in Sir C. Napier's report sent to the Horse Guards? And in the 66th Regiment, the corps at Govind Ghur, which had been suppressed in a most signal manner without difficulty and without effort.*"

"Where is the report? Where the evidence of mutiny?" This is proof that the duke decided without knowledge. He knew nothing of the mutiny of the 13th and 22nd Regiments at Rawul Pindee in July 1849; nothing of the reports of Sir Colin Campbell on that subject; nothing of the measures taken by Sir C. Napier to put it down; nothing of the alarm then felt and expressed by Lord Dalhousie; nothing of the insubordination of the 41st Regiment at Delhi, in November 1849; and certainly very little of the mutiny of the 32nd Regiment at Wuzzeerabad in December 1849, or he would not have confused it with the suspension of the regulation at that place in January 1850. Nor could

he have known of its vigorous repression there by Brigadier Hearsey; the capital sentences passed by courts-martial; or the important fact, that a *powerful European forcé overawed the mutineers at that station.* He seems to have known nothing of the civil community's alarm, evinced in the newspapers of the day. In fine, he adopted, without calling on Sir C. Napier for information, all that Lord Dalhousie, his near connection, chose to tell him, and even his words, as may be seen by collation: thus illustrating the maxim: "*That truth can hardly be obtained to the disadvantage of powerful men, when such men are the sources of the information on which a cause is to be judged.*"

But was the Govind Ghur mutiny put down without an effort? Far from it. It was Captain M'Donald's strength and daring that alone prevented the gates from being closed against Bradford's cavalry; and the accidental presence of that cavalry rendered M'Donald's action efficient. And is it to the Duke of Wellington we must point out, that there is a crisis in all affairs of this nature, which may be turned by trifling accidents to a decisive advantage? How did Cromwell suppress mutiny? How did Prince Rupert suppress the mutiny of his unpaid seamen? Each by a single act of personal vigour like that of Captain M'Donald. Cromwell seized two recusants with his own hand and shot them; Rupert seized a sailor and threw him into the sea.

"The memorandum says, "The 66th, at Govind Ghur, piled its arms in the fort under its officers, was marched out, disbanded, and sent into the Company's provinces in the very month of January 1850, with the knowledge of the whole army of the Punjaub, and that there had not been the sign of movement of a man in favour or support of the mutinous regiment thus punished and disarmed; *the commander in chief having quitted Wuzzeerabad and proceeded to Peshawur!*"

Does not the last sentence imply, that Sir Charles Napier

had gone to Peshawur *after* the 66th had mutinied, and heedless of it? Yet that mutiny happened the 2nd of February, and on the 30th of January he was not going to, but was *at* Peshawur. He did not hear of the Govind Ghur mutiny until the 20th of February, when *returning*, and instantly took the vigorous resolution of disbanding the regiment and substituting the Goorkas. Wherefore it was not in January, but March, that the 66th were disbanded, and the whole passage evinces very imperfect information: but the memorandum only adopted Lord Dalhousie's reports and nearly his words; the duke was misled.

Why did the mutineers submit so passively? Having failed in their blow, they were naturally dejected and crestfallen; and were instantly disarmed and put forth, under fear of the artillerymen of the fort, and the cavalry which had baffled their attempt. It is upon these reactions that great men always calculate. Moreover, the most mutinous, ninety in number, were seized and confined separately. If it was a slight event, why did Sir Walter Gilbert, the commanding general, ride thirty-four miles on one horse to reach the place? Why did Sir H. Lawrence, chief of the Punjaub civil administration, come down in haste with the judge advocate general to hold courts-martial? Why were troops of all kinds, Europeans and natives, horse foot and artillery, even the governor-general's body-guard, put in motion to enforce obedience? It was under this pressure that the general in chief disbanded the regiment, and substituted the Goorka regiment:—a politic blow which shewed the Brahmins, the chief instigators of the insubordination, that their services were not as they supposed, essential to the existence of the Bengal army.

Not "the sign of a movement of a man" had occurred in their favour, says the duke. Certainly not: their's was the last display of the mutinous spirit, all the other insubordinations having been before put down and the mutineers punished. Moreover, Bengal troops only had been infected,

and a movable column had been previously formed by Sir C. Napier, of two European regiments, the Scinde horse and Bombay artillery, to meet any outbreak, and the general-officers were all alive to the danger. In fine, his measures were so well taken that disaffection was everywhere met and baffled, and the mutinously disposed were made to know that the European and Bombay forces were ready to fall on them.

But lo! the deduction from all this is—not that Sir C. Napier was able and successful, but that there was no mutiny!

Absolute violent mutiny there was not, except at Govind Ghur: it was never said there was. Passive mutiny was adopted until numbers could be collected for active mutiny; and in that lay the great danger, as it shewed systematic combination. But to faction nothing comes amiss. Even the orders issued at first to encourage the well-disposed, and open a door for repentance to the least criminal, are brought forward to prove that he did not himself believe there was danger! whereas those very orders shew, by their caution, how imminent the danger was: he has in his posthumous work exposed the futility and disingenuousness of this argument. But the great man whose name is attached to the statement only repeated Lord Dalhousie's sophistry, and in Lord Dalhousie's words, as a collation of the latter's minutes with the memorandum will shew.

Sir C. Napier, to prevent an outbreak, to save bloodshed, and to stir up any latent loyalty, to give force to the fears of the timid and repentance of the misled; addressed the bulk of the army as good men in those orders, pretending only to see criminality in those who had committed overt acts. Moreover, he spoke of the India army at large—four hundred thousand men, of which only the Bengalees regiments were even supposed to be tainted. His dread was, lest such a cause as high pay should extend from the Bengal to the Bombay troops, from the Punjaub to India;

and his aim was, by praise and expression of confidence, accompanied with menaces against the known guilty, to keep all quiet.

This most sagacious course, prompted alike by justice and a knowledge of human nature; the course that all great men have followed in like circumstances, was entirely successful, and proved that he exercised "the highest qualifications of an officer, and moral qualities for performing the most arduous and delicate duties upon which an officer can be employed." Yet the very success attending their display is adduced to shew that there was no occasion for them!

Here a very discreditable argument used by Lord Dalhousie demands notice. He said that when the letters of the 66th were opened, not a trace of any mutinous design could be found in them—this was for Englishmen. He know that never do the natives, when corresponding, address one another openly on dangerous matters: always they disguise their meaning under common phrases, such as the crop is coming on, for the advance of a conspiracy, and so forth. So entirely is this in their customs, that the circumstance of a letter with any plain indication of design being put in as evidence, would be taken at once as indicating a forgery.

Returning to the duke, "there was no recorded report of the existence of such mutiny in any part of the country, excepting the one in the 66th Regiment at Govind Ghur."

What is this but to say Lord Dalhousie had entirely suppressed the true facts, "no recorded reports;" that is, Lord Dalhousie did not send them, and the duke decided without asking Sir C. Napier. There were however recorded reports from general officers, and others; and recorded courts-martial, and capital sentences; and records of movable columns formed to meet outbreaks; in fine, all that has been before noticed in these comments, and the question resolves itself into this:—The Duke of Wellington in England, at eighty years of age, having but one-sided informa-

tion, came to conclusions, as to certain facts which happened in India, directly opposed to the conclusions of Sir C. Napier, and all the military men on the spot! Yet—Sir C. Napier had been acknowledged the better man for the nonce by himself, when he said "*either you or I must go.*" Surely to insist on this authority as irrefragable here, is demanding too much homage to a name!

Having arrived at this false conclusion, his memorandum terminates thus:—"I have no hesitation in stating my opinion that there existed no sufficient reason for the suspension of the rule or order of the 15th of August 1845, at Wuzzeerabad. That the governor-general in council was right, and did no more than his duty in the expression of his disapprobation of the act of the commander in chief in suspending an order of government in relation to the pay of the troops, and in ordering the adoption of a former repealed order in providing for the same object."

"I regret that the commander in chief, Sir C. Napier, should have thought proper to resign the highest and most desired situation in the British army, to fill which he had been selected in a manner so honourable to his professional character. But as he has resigned, and I declare my decided opinion that the governor-general in council could not with propriety have acted otherwise than have expressed his disapprobation of the conduct of General Sir C. Napier, in suspending the order of government of the 15th of August 1845, at Wuzzeerabad, I must recommend to Her Majesty to accept his resignation of his office. W."

The frail foundation for this opinion has been shewn; but if the whole matter had been correctly laid down by the duke, his conclusion would not be consistent with the guiding principles advanced in the beginning of his own memorandum.

Suppose there was no mutiny save that of Govind Ghur; no insubordination, only "murmurs," without danger. The worst that could be imputed is that, misled by those about

him, Sir C. Napier, at seventy years of age, from over-zeal in the public cause, took an unauthorized step to avoid a great danger, which he erroneously believed to exist: that step being only the partial suspension for a month of a state charge of nine pounds six shillings! Was that ground for conveying a gross reprimand through a subordinate officer to a veteran commander in chief, whose scars, victories and age should have shielded him even from private reproach; much more from public insult, with the added intimation, from a man only thirty-seven years old and inexperienced, that he was never "again to exercise his discretion;" thus rendering him a mere cipher in an office to which he was called by the voice of the English people? And is it the Duke of Wellington who says that so to insult, so to bind a hero, almost his own equal in glory, was quite right: and that it was wrong in the lofty-minded old soldier to quit a command so degraded!

THE END.

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